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Everybody's Magazine

May 1919

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"Marseillaise"

By Arthur B. Carles

THIS painting of heroic size was the "sensation" of the recent annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, winning the Stotesbury prize. The New York *Times* said of it: "Mr. Carles has expressed an emotion of a greater intensity than most of us knew before the war struck new chords of feeling in us; the abstract emotion of patriotism, that passion for the ideal of country stronger than any of the selfish passions, which is a sublimated form of these, a glorious avenue of escape from self and from defeat. It was appropriate that he should have made his figure abstract, as Blake's figures are abstract; not emptied of feeling, elevated, on the contrary, to being a mere vehicle for feeling, and without the materialism of a more human and physical appeal . . . . When all reservations have been made it is still a great picture, a genuine outcome of the stimulus and moral renewal of war."

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Everybody's Magazine
NUMBER FIVE MAY 1919 VOLUME XL

Lest We Forget

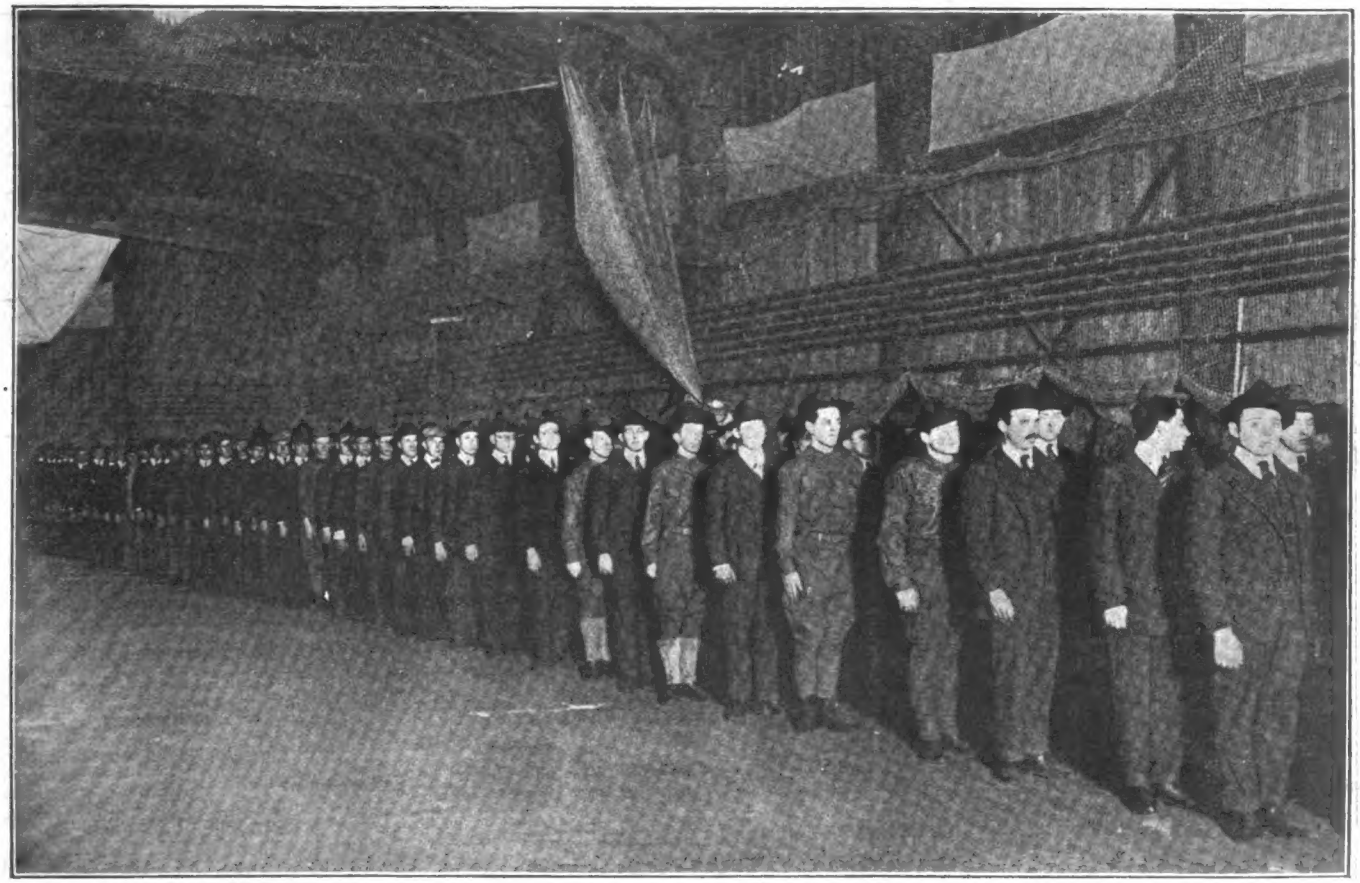
By

Captain Archibald Roosevelt, 26th Infantry, 1st Division, A. E. F.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE presents in the following pages the first part of a new and tragic story of the great war. It is not going to be easy for Americans to turn from the inspiring stories of heroism and glorious achievement to the contemplation of the things that this soldier has to tell. It is not going to be easy reading, nor pleasant reading, this story of a man who speaks from personal experience and observation, and whose patriotic purpose can no more be questioned than can his full measure of service for his country. But it is necessary that this story be told now, in the hope that it may not have to be told again.

Before the war ***Everybody's*** was the first national magazine to warn the country against the things that are here revealed, and to make a determined stand for that principle by which alone they might have been and can be for the future avoided—the principle of universal military training. We have seen nothing, since Emory Upton with fine courage laid open the real facts of the Revolution and the Civil War, which has carried so strong an argument for universal training as does this narrative, written by Captain Roosevelt in response to our request for his war experiences. In the light of it ***Everybody's*** again maintains that this nation should adopt immediately a system of universal physical and military training as a democratic, common-sense means not only of elevating the grade of American manhood, but of insuring that position of dignity and power that must go with America's new place of leadership among the free peoples of the earth; of guaranteeing, without another ghastly conflict, the observance by all nations of those things which we have shed blood to establish as right and just and human.

Captain Roosevelt's story will be concluded in the June number.



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"Almost to a man the Harvard students were behind the movement for military training."

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Foreword

ON THE eleventh of November, 1918, the United States had a wild, spontaneous celebration of the declaration of the humiliating terms of armistice accepted by the German army from General Foch. And indeed the termination of the four years' nightmare was worth celebrating.

Yet some few in the United States, rejoiced as they were at the downfall of the Prussian, felt too deeply to join in the wild celebration: mothers who had lost their sons, wives their husbands, and many who, like myself, had been returned from France wounded.

Nor do I write with any feeling of bitterness, for although all my brothers were in the thickest of the fighting, yet two will safely come back. And while one sleeps in France, he met a soldier's death in battle and died fighting for the principles in which we believe—that is all we can ask.

For my own part, I went in as second lieutenant of infantry, was promoted to captain while in France, had the great good fortune of being cited and decorated, and still have a useful right arm and leg and a fairly useful left arm and leg. All of which is more good luck than I deserve.

It is for the men killed and crippled, and for the future crusaders like them, that I write this reminiscence. I want the events on record for the pacifists of a later date, who will of course refuse, precisely as the pacifists of this war refused, to keep our nation in such a state that she can defy threats of armed force.

We have lost by disease and mismanagement many a priceless life, lives sacrificed by the pacifists, those bloody priests of inefficiency.

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"In the Spanish-American War he had been among the first to land in Cuba."

(Photopress) By Paul Thompson.

Captain Archibald Roosevelt—"the son of his father."

Plattsburg

IN THE winter of 1915, while at Harvard University, in common with many of my friends, I began to get alarmed over the international situation. It did not seem possible that a proud and righteous people could long be kept out of war with the nation that had destroyed Belgium, had insulted our flag and killed American men, women and children on the high seas against the law of civilization. Yet in spite of this shadow of war looming over us, few and feeble were the attempts at preparing the nation for the inevitable conflict. Indeed, those who should have been our leaders prevented our preparing.

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Lieutenant-Colonel Richard Derby.

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Quentin.

General Leonard Wood was the only man in the United States able to combine deeds with words. He not only spoke for preparedness, but because of his position he was able to start a system of summer military training-camps for boys in high schools and colleges—this in spite of the active hostility of our then pacifist Government. The situation was such that permission to hold the camps could not very well be denied him. However, no financial aid was given him. The students themselves had to pay the expense of running the camps, and the vast and far-reaching success of those camps has been General Wood's only reward. At a time when we needed great men, when all petty jealousies should have been buried, when there should have been no thought but for the welfare of the nation, General Wood was punished—punished for his efficiency and foresightedness.

July, 1915, found me in the first summer camp at Plattsburg, with many boys who have since made the supreme sacrifice in this war. I was assigned to a company commanded by Lieutenant Samuel J. Sutherland of the Regular Army, and whatever valuable military training I received before I took command of fighting-troops, was under his eye.

At Plattsburg I was in the same company as my brother Quentin, who was then still in school, but who later, in France, on July 14, 1918—France's Independence Day—gave his life in the launching of Foch's great counter-offensive at Soissons.

In Lieutenant Orde's company, encamped next to us, was Hamilton ("Ham") Coolidge, also a schoolboy, later a captain in the Aviation. He gave his life during the American offensive in the Argonne, which was the final Allied drive in the great war. "Ham" and Quentin were like David and Jonathan, and arrangements have been made for them to lie side by side in France.

These boys and their comrades were the pioneers in a great cause. They gave up their vacations and their money to prepare for war, and on account of their extra training were among the first to give their lives for a great, even though slothful, nation. And yet the extra training in military matters which pushed them so far ahead of the average American youth, was pitiful indeed.

Although both Ham and Quentin went into the aviation branch of the service, I doubt if either of them saw an airplane before the United States had drifted into war. There were no airplanes at Plattsburg, and I am told that, even after Villa's Columbus raid, we had only an insignificant number of planes, and these were utterly useless for war service. Yet the paramount necessity for air supremacy had been common knowledge to the warring nations even before hostilities began in Europe.

Reynard Bolling, afterward killed in France, Phillip Carroll and Captain Reed, more farsighted than the Administration, were at that time taking training in flying at their own expense.

During the students' camp of 1915, some New York business men, with whom my brother, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., was associated, persuaded General Wood to organize a second camp for training business men. As they could spare less time than school and college boys, only four weeks instead of five weeks were allowed, and I was fortunate enough to be able to remain for an extra week after the students' camp closed, in the first Business-Men's Training-Camp.

One thing the Plattsburg camps of 1915 taught me: I know how important is a long study of military affairs. And during the next winter at Harvard I had many a talk with my friends as to how we should prepare ourselves for the coming war. We all intended to go to General Wood's summer camps, then given added impetus by the business men of the large cities; but we felt that, having more leisure than the business man, we must

By Paul Thompson.

Kermit and Theodore Jr.

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accomplish more than was possible in the summer camps alone. For those of us graduating and leaving the vicinity in a short time, the militia with its three-year enlistment period was obviously impossible. Therefore it seemed essential to organize a military movement within the university.

But we had not realized that the college authorities, indifferent, nay, often actively hostile, to any practical idea of military preparation, matched the slothful inactivity of the United States Government officials. Wells Blanchard (later, in spite of his physical disqualification, in the Army), Charles Lund (a crew man) and myself formed a committee with the idea of introducing military training into Harvard. Almost to a man the students were behind the movement. Wells Blanchard with remarkable ability managed to obtain money and encouragement from graduates, and General Wood provided a Regular officer for the command.

Later the Harvard authorities blessed the First Harvard Regiment, for from that organization grew, in 1917, the Reserve Officers' Training Corps, instructed in modern warfare by expert French officers. The original Harvard training regiment of 1916, in charge of a Regular officer, was based on the old-fashioned pre-war tactics; those tactics were the only tactics authorized in the United States Army up to 1917.

The training of the Harvard regiment and militia organizations consisting, as it did, of an occasional maneuver and a few hours' training each week, was hardly worth the effort. Training, to make good soldiers and officers, must be intensive, even if short, and it should be in camps under military authorities.

The money given by the Business Men's Training Camps Association enabled the 1916 summer camps to be better equipped than those of the preceding two years. Motor-trucks, supplied by the Garford and Packard Companies, gave the camps a much more modern appearance. These were almost the first automobile trucks used in our Army. Indeed, a medical officer told me that up to the time of the Columbus raid the border army was not supplied even with motor ambulances, and it is a fact that many of the highest officers of our Regular Army went to France believing that only mule wagons could be used in the transport system of an army.

IN THE summer of 1916, after graduating from Harvard, I again went up to the Plattsburg camps. In that year the attendance was better than ever. Infantry officers from the Regular Army had been drawn from all over the country, and the companies were recruited to what was then war strength—one hundred and fifty men, exactly one hundred less than the modern war-strength company. And at that, I remember hearing one Regular Army captain state that a company of one hundred and fifty men was too much for him to handle. Although over ten years in the Regular Army of the United States, he had never seen a company of over seventy!

Lieutenant Sutherland offered me a commission as a student lieutenant in the Business Men's Training Camp of August, 1916, but owing to the age and business positions of the men in the camps, I felt it impossible to accept anything higher than first sergeant—the senior N. C. O. (non-commissioned officer) in a company.

Even as first sergeant in the September camp, matters were a little bit embarrassing. Among the privates and sergeants under me were Mr. Pickering, a lawyer of Boston, who, had he been but a few years older, would have fought in the Civil War. Mr. George Wharton Pepper, not much younger, and as prominent as Mr. Pickering, and his cousin Mr. Franklin Pepper, of Philadelphia, were sergeants. Franklin Pepper went into the line at the outbreak of war, became a major, and fell with his face toward the Huns. Another of my sergeants was my brother-in-law, Richard Derby, a well-known New York surgeon, some ten years older than I, and later, at Château-Thierry, medical lieutenant-colonel in the famous Second Division. So it can easily be seen why a youngster just graduated from college had no desire for too much rank.

WHAT a lot we thought we were learning at those camps! But measured by the yardstick of actual war experience, the value of the Plattsburg summer camps was very small. The only modern weapon we had was the Springfield rifle—the best military rifle in the world. But, alas! so small was the output of this, our one modern weapon, that shortly after the outbreak of war in 1917, our Army had to abandon the Springfield and adopt a modification of the British Lee-Enfield—a good rifle, but not comparable with the Springfield.

Lack of horses in the Plattsburg camps made cavalry training possible for only a few, and there was an even greater deficiency in artillery training, caused by the fact that of the three batteries of Field Artillery in the Eastern Department, only one could be spared for training purposes at Plattsburg. Now, three batteries of artillery means twelve guns. That means that in our mobile Army, we had twelve guns to protect our Atlantic seaboard from Florida to Maine against sudden hostile invasion. Moreover, our batteries were made up of American three-inch field-pieces, a gun abandoned by our Army immediately on our entrance into the war.

Organization—a most important feature—could not be taught at Plattsburg, even with the most efficient and benevolent staff in the world. Officers in charge of men must know how and when and where to get food, clothing, arms, and equipment for their outfits. We had little material with which to give practical demonstrations. And our staff after April fourteenth, due to the enormous expansion of the Army, and the necessary rapid promotion of inexperienced officers, did not measure up to the standard of a first-class power.

Lack of time and of a progressive and unified system of training, made it impossible to produce men—to say nothing of officers—with even a small portion of military knowledge. And so little value did the officers of the Regular Army place on the Reserve commissions received for training in the summer camps, that at the first Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburg, in 1917, Reserve officers were placed on the same status as those who had received no training at all.

Immediately after the September camp, I closed my career as a student soldier, going to work in the carpet mills at Thompsonville, Connecticut, where military training was out of the question. Not living in a big city, and with no intention of staying permanently in Connecticut, I could not join any National Guard organization, but planned, instead, to attend at least one of the 1917 Plattsburg summer camps.

But the war broke out. I gave up my business right away, even though it was several weeks before the government officials decided that going to war meant fighting and called for men for the first training-camp for officers, in May, 1917.

Being from New York Department, I was assigned to the Plattsburg training-camps, and with my brother Ted, then a major in the Reserve, joined Company 1 of the New York camp.

The first Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburg, during the time I was there, differed but little from General Wood's summer camps. But the fact that all men were placed in direct control of, and were paid by the Government helped enormously, and gave a chance for real military law and discipline. A three-months' period gave the student officers a more comprehensive view of military matters. And the realization that after the camp, quotas of raw, untrained, unorganized men, had to be trained, equipped and thrown into war, steadied and sobered all of us.

There is but little excuse that the United States Army was given no opportunity for development along modern lines before May, 1917. But there was no excuse at all that the Plattsburg camp of that date, after we had drifted into the war, was not equipped with officers capable of training men in modern warfare, and the material with which to teach it.

Foreign officers, fresh from the battle-fields, should have been brought immediately to this country as instructors. This would have saved much time and effort in antiquated training which could not be applied in this war.

BUT although over two weeks had elapsed between the opening of the officers' camp and the time we had been pulled into the war, there was fearful confusion at Plattsburg. Officers from the Regular Army had been wildly and without system rushed to the various camps. Hence, we had the remarkable spectacle of artillery officers attempting to train infantry units. How amused our infantry company was when the artillery officer in command used to order us to close in at the rear of the "battery!"

Though poorly trained, the personnel were good. But modern material was entirely lacking. The automatic rifle (where the recoil is taken up by the body of the man) and the machine gun (where the recoil is taken up by a fixed tripod) were unknown, not only to the student officers, but to nearly all the officers of the Regular Army. The Lewis automatic rifle, three years successfully used by the British and Belgian armies in actual warfare, had been, after several highly successful trials, condemned by our War Department; hence its advantages were known only by a few who had seen the trials. I was with General Wood when these trials were given in 1916. The Bénet-Mercier, too heavy to be carried by a "doughboy," yet not placed on fixed rests, had the disadvantage of being neither an automatic rifle nor a machine gun.

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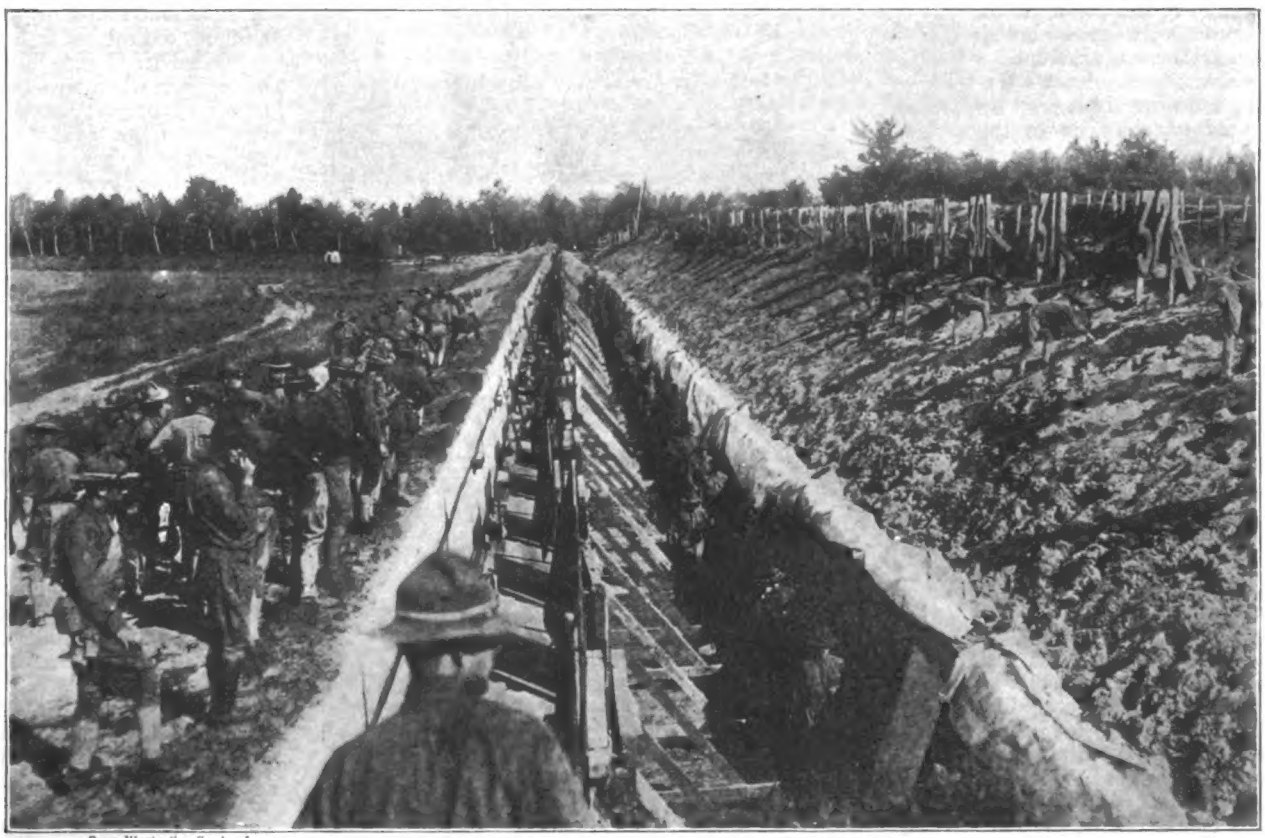
By Paul Thompson.

"Many a weary hour we wasted on wigwag and semaphore signaling—long since abandoned by European armies."



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"The paraphernalia, expense and time required to put up a target-range according to Army regulations was such that our troops in France abandoned any attempt to follow out the prescribed course."

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"The authorized bayonet training was more befitting to the ballroom than to the battle-field."

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Steel helmets had never been used. The grenade, highly developed and extensively used by all the fighting armies since the earliest months of the struggle, had never been seen by most of our Regular officers; neither had the rifle grenade or Stokes mortar, which, until the invention of the tanks, were the most effective mobile weapons against machine-gun strongholds.

A limited use on the border, and with the motor-trucks generously lent by the various auto manufacturers at the Plattsburg Business Men's Camp, was the only experience officers of the Regular Army had had with modern army transportation. Later, practical experience in warfare proved that the Packard truck adopted by the Army was too light and speedy to be used for heavy work and heavy loading on the western front.

United States Army airplanes had never been seen by the training-camps up to the time I left in June, 1917.

Lack of artillery and cavalry equipment rendered training in these branches difficult—indeed, ludicrous—until long after the camps had begun.

In spite of the well-known employment of poison gases by the Huns and our allies, not one man in our Army had ever been equipped or trained with the gas-mask until long after our first division had landed in France.

Target practise, though fair, had been formalized by years of Army rules and regulations, and hitting the target became an end in itself, instead of the means of learning how to put a possible enemy out of action. And the paraphernalia, expense and time required to put up a target-range according to Army regulations, were such that our troops training in France shortly abandoned any attempt to follow out the prescribed course of rifle practise.

The authorized bayonet training was, with its systems of fair and foul blows and its complicated footwork, more befitting to the ballroom than to the battle-field. What could be more absurd than to expect a man fighting for his life to refuse to hit a treacherous German below the belt? In certain organizations, indeed, the drill was done to music.

Only after the Plattsburg officers' camp had been opened, did the Army discover the absurdity of our bayonet training, and adopt the splendid British system. And Regular officers were forced to teach and learn out of a book at the same time. The results, as I found out when I was assigned to troops, though startling, were not entirely satisfactory.

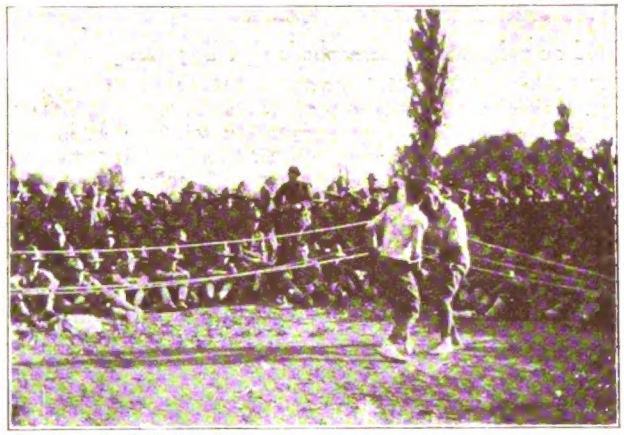
Many a weary hour have we wasted on wigwag and semaphore signaling only to find out later that the European armies had long since abandoned these methods as impractical and substituted the blinker lights, T. P. S. (ground wireless) and wireless. Not until long after I had landed in France did I even hear of those methods, to say nothing of learning how to handle them.

In tactics, we were as far behind as in equipment. The Field Service Regulations are filled with statements such as that limiting the use of machine guns (i. e., the Bénet-Mercier, which is really an unhandy automatic rifle) to covering defiles. Airplanes were mentioned but casually, and armies were considered as supplied mainly by mule wagons.

For a text-book we were instructed from Major Bjornstad's book of minor tactics. For Major Bjornstad I have nothing but praise. His work in Europe has been such as to win him the praise and respect of those who worked with him. Had the Government sent men of his caliber abroad during the early part of the war, and had he been given the chance to train and practise as are the Italian, French and Swiss army officers, Major Bjornstad would have produced a really valuable book on tactics.

But it so happened that Major Bjornstad's book from which we studied was based entirely on pre-war tactics. No cognizance was taken of any modern weapon except the rifle and the three-inch field-piece. If the soldiers of Grant and Lee had been trained with the weapons and tactics of Hannibal, they would have obtained about as much benefit from those tactics, discipline and physical training as the soldiers of Pershing obtained from the tactics and training required in the army until long after we had been at war with Germany. This Government made no attempt to catch up with the German methods even after the war began in 1914.

All of us—reserve and student officers, and officers of the Regular Army—were so ignorant of modern warfare that we knew not our ignorance. And I think I can safely assert that the good obtained from the early part of the Plattsburg officers' camp in June, 1917, was due entirely to the enthusiasm of the student officers and to the efforts of Majors Stewart and Collins of the Regular Army and those Regular Army officers like them who realized that the only and most important thing to obtain under such conditions were the military habit of mind, and the habit of discipline. Imagine the dismay, when after about a month's training at Plattsburg, we heard that a small force of Regulars would be sent immediately to Europe.



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Sergeant Ross and Bugler Smith of my company in an exhibition bout.

Copyright, by Captain Henri Du Glas

"Shoe-pile" race in honor of the "Blue Devils."

Since our earliest days it had been the ambition of my brother and me "to beat out father," as we called it. I remember one moose hunt where we let several moose escape, just because they were not quite as big as the moose my father had killed. We could not bear the thought of going home with a smaller specimen than his. At last we did get a bigger head, only to have my father shoot one next season so much bigger than ours that we gave up the attempt. And now again it looked as if father would "beat us out." In the Spanish-American War he had been among the first to land in Cuba. It seemed that we were doomed to remain home training, while other American soldiers were fighting in Europe.

My brother Kermit, being a student officer, could not be taken, but with rare initiative managed to enroll himself in the British army and later transferred to the A. E. F.

Fortunately, my father had some friends among the higher officers in the Army and was sportsman enough to want us to beat him, so he sent a message to General Pershing, asking the General to take us as privates in his first Expeditionary Force. General Pershing refused to take Ted and me as privates, but ordered us overseas in our respective ranks—a major and a second lieutenant in the Infantry Reserve. We were ordered to be assigned to the General Staff, but General Pershing well knew that staff duty is not wanted by active, healthy young men who have never been in the line, and at once acceded to our requests to go into an Infantry regiment of the line.

I arrived in Paris just in time to be assigned to the Sixteenth Infantry Regiment, Regular Army, of the First Expeditionary Division, and had the good fortune to parade through Paris, July 4, 1917.

Like nearly every one else in the United States at that time, I, too, believed that the Regular Army itself (outside the Plattsburg camps) was sufficiently well organized, trained and equipped.

I had heard of the "small but splendidly equipped" Regular Army which the President finally landed in France on June 26 1917. For fear of giving information to our enemies, all information as to its size

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and manner of equipment was kept secret from every one—except the Germans.

Never have I seen such rejoicing as that of the French populace when one battalion of the Sixteenth Infantry paraded through Paris in 1917. And yet at that time there was little reason for our allies to rejoice. It did not take an experienced eye to perceive that the reviewing battalion, like the rest of the First Division—alas! like the rest of the United States Army—was a badly armed, undisciplined mob of splendid recruits.

The Sixteenth Infantry, in common, I believe, with most Regular regiments, had marched out of Mexico with about forty men to a company. After the United States had drifted into war with Germany, it was discovered that infantry companies had to carry a war strength considerably greater than what had been anticipated, and the companies were rapidly recruited to two hundred men each. Men were picked in wild haste. Some were detailed to us from other regiments, and you can well imagine that most captains of such regiments took care not to send to us their best-trained and most intelligent men. Others were snatched from recruiting-camps before they knew the butt of a rifle from the muzzle. And probably not more than forty per cent. of our men had ever fired a service rifle in their lives before embarking for Europe.

To add to our confusion, the Army had discovered, at that late period, that the European armies apportioned one machine-gun company to each infantry battalion. After recovering from the effects of this staggering bit of information, so well known to every well-instructed army officer in the European and Asiatic world, our Army at last hit upon a solution. One company of each battalion was disarmed of its rifles, given pistols, called a machine-gun company, and, armed thus, the military representatives of a nation renowned for its intelligence—a nation whose inventive genius had supplied two of the best fighting armies (the Belgian and British) with the invention of the Lewis automatic rifle—marched through the streets of Paris.

And for many a day to come this was all the armament of the machine-gun companies of the United States Army. Better would it have been to have left those men their rifles, for it is not very often a soldier gets the chance to use the pistol in fighting, whereas the rifle and machine gun are vitally important.

Shortly after July 14, 1917, I was transferred to the Twenty-sixth Infantry, and the real training began. Each company was assigned for purposes of instruction to a French company of Chasseurs Alpins—the famous "blue devils" of France—Company B, to which I had been assigned, being placed in charge of a company commanded by a French *chasseur* by the name of Glas. Captain Glas had a curious history to his name. He was descended from a Scottish family named Douglas, a member of which had settled in Lyons, France, in the time of King Louis XI. Becoming wealthy in the silk-manufacturing business, the family decided that Douglas was too plebeian a name, and Du Glas was adopted from the old Douglas as a sign of nobility. Then came the Revolution. Any one with a *de* or a *du* in his name became nervous about his head, so the *du* was dropped and the name became Glas.

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A party—the center two are Captain Roosevelt and Captain Glas of the "Blue Devils."

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Captain Roosevelt at machine-gun instruction under the Chasseurs Alpins.

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A practise trench in France.

Day by day, Captain Glas and his company trained our men and officers in the first essentials of modern warfare. We practised in the technique and tactics of weapons hitherto unknown to us—the auto rifle, grenade, rifle grenade, machine gun, and that all-important weapon of defense, the gas-mask.

The management of gas defense is typical of the confusion engendered by war in the War Department and Army. Our division landed in France with no gas-masks. Late in July we were supplied with French gas-masks. We later adopted what was supposed to be an improved British respirator type, manufactured in America. Fortunately, the chemical service of the A. E. F. discovered in time that the so-called improvements made the masks leak when subjected to one of the most dangerous German gases—the mustard gas. So General Pershing had to obtain directly from England the British respirators.

Nothing daunted, the swivel-chair experts in the United States produced another child of their mighty intellects. This time, built on the same model as the British respirator, it was so encumbered with safety devices that, in spite of minor improvements, the weight of the mask was a serious handicap.

From a young officer in the chemical service, I later learned that the staff in the United States had sent over another absolutely safe type of respirator. The safety was obtained by having the face-piece fit so tightly that after fifteen minutes circulation was stopped. As a gas attack often lasts eight hours, a man wearing such a mask was either obliged to remove the mask and die of gas poisoning, or else he was apt to lose consciousness from the effects of the face-piece.

I understood from this same lieutenant that we were eventually going to have an excellent and effective gas-mask, but up to

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the time I left France, twenty months after we had drifted into the war, the new American gas-masks were in the same place as the Liberty airplanes, the Liberty trucks and the Browning machine guns. All were figments of the imagination.

The automatic rifle fiasco is perhaps even more glaring than the airplane because even less excusable.

An automatic rifle in both the French and British armies has clips which carry varying amounts of ammunition. With the French, eighteen cartridges. It is served by a crew of four men, and there are eight automatic rifles to a company. It is fired like a rifle, but supported near the muzzle by a bipod, the recoil being taken up by the body of the man firing it. It is, at close ranges, almost as effective as a machine gun, with the great advantage of being so light (weighing about eighteen pounds) that it can be carried by one man. To avoid confusion in the front line, for the sake of economy and to facilitate transportation, the ammunition for automatic rifle and machine gun should be identical with that of the service rifle.

LONG before we entered the war, General Lewis had invented an automatic rifle proved by the British and Belgians to be successful in the actual shock of battle, and long before we entered the war—in Villa's Columbus raid—the Bénet-Mercier, used in the United States Army, had been proved a failure both as an automatic rifle and a machine gun.

Whether, as some say, due to private pique against General Lewis, or whether due to mere short-sighted stupidity, the Army officers turned the weapon down, after it had been subjected to rigid and successful tests.

But the American Expeditionary Force in France had to adopt the French automatic rifle—a weapon vastly inferior in accuracy, speed of fire, and handiness to the Lewis. And in adopting the French weapon, one of the greatest advantages of the automatic rifles was lost. We were forced to carry French ammunition for our automatic rifles and machine guns, and American ammunition for our rifles.

I suppose there was some reason why the General Staff in France did not adopt the British Lewis instead of the French automatic rifle. But there can have been no reason why our whole American Army could not have been equipped with the Lewis automatic rifle, built in America for American ammunition. The United States Marine Corps had been equipped with the Lewis automatic rifle made by the Savage Arms Company for some time before the war. Surely this company could have kept pace in its output with the divisions embarking for France. I know that any improvement or change in model could have been carried on while we were fighting with American Lewis automatic rifles and American service ammunition.

Though in the Army since the outbreak of the war, I have never seen the Browning gun, and do not know whether it is an improvement on the Lewis or not. But I do know that up to the time I was invalided home, in August, 1918, no Browning automatic rifles or machine guns had been employed with any of the fighting divisions on the firing-line. And I have since found out that at the end of hostilities, only a very few of the very latest arrived units were equipped with the Browning machine gun or automatic rifle, clearly showing that the Browning automatic rifle or machine gun was never used in the heavy fighting.

The machine-gun episode parallels almost exactly that of the automatic rifle. In spite of the fact that we were prepared to produce a heavy machine gun, Vickers type, employed by the British, we refused to adopt it while awaiting the Browning machine gun. With the result that we had to employ the slightly inferior French machine gun with French ammunition.

In grenades, the "Brain Trust" at home (as our doughboys called the General Staff) adopted their usual dilatory experimental methods. While we were fighting with grenades borrowed from the hard-pressed French, the governmental officials were experimenting with the idea of obtaining a perfectly safe grenade. They found it. It was safe both for us and for the Germans. Only a trained mechanic in a large quiet field could set one off. So up to my departure from France, American troops used only French grenades.

With rifle grenades, our case was more ludicrous. The French V. B. is the most successful rifle grenade because it can be used either as a rifle or a hand grenade. A sort of cup (called by the French a *tromblon*) is attached at will to the muzzle of an ordinary French service rifle. A special and heavy grenade fits into the *tromblon* and is propelled by an ordinary French service cartridge fired from the rifle, the grenade exploding about twelve seconds after being launched from the *tromblon*. With a range of nearly two hundred yards, a curved trajectory and a danger zone of about twenty yards, it is a formidable infantry weapon against machine-gun nests.

Of course, we had no such weapon in our Army, so the first time we entered the trenches we were forced to disarm eight men per company of their Springfields, and arm them with the antiquated French service rifles fitted for *tromblons*. Eventually modifications were made fitting them to the United States Army rifle. But even then, it was not until late in January, 1918, that the defects were entirely remedied, and a serviceable *tromblon* issued. And at that, up to the time I left for the United States we were still using French rifle grenades.

THE French V. B. *tromblon* also fired a signal rocket. But as each of these rockets had attached to it a special cartridge of the French caliber, specially loaded to fire the rockets, up to the time I was wounded we were forced to disarm our eight company runners of their Springfield rifles, and arm them with the antiquated and heavy French rifle.

For visual signaling the rocket is perhaps the most simple of all the signal apparatus of a modern infantry company, and is used for illuminating "no man's land" at night, and calling for artillery barrages. The system of calling for barrages, and instructing artillery in the wishes of the infantry, depends on the number or the color of the stars shot by the rocket.

But here again we were entirely dependent on the French. And we had several serious times because our doughboys were unable to read the directions written in French on the rockets.

There were several ways of launching these signal rockets: From the V. B. *tromblon*, as I have already described; or like a regular Fourth-of-July rocket, from a stand; or from the "Veri" pistol, a short brass pistol, carrying a rocket cartridge of about the diameter of a ten-gage shotgun shell, but quite a little longer. And nothing did we know of this signaling before we arrived in France. I remember one of my sergeants (Ross, I think it was) staring at the pistol when we issued it to him, and asking "why the Frogs (soldier's slang for Frenchmen) had wished a three-inch field-piece on an infantry company!" I must confess I was at that time just as ignorant of its uses as he was.

Indeed, all signal equipment was French, and remained French probably to the end of the war, and certainly until I was invalided home in August, 1918.

AS I have before mentioned, wigwag and semaphore flag signaling were the only methods taught by the United States Regular Army to the Reserve officers before our entry into the war. But a short experience with our French instructors proved to us line officers the utter futility of the wigwag and semaphore-flag signaling system. Wherever signaling was badly needed on the front line, the situation was such that no man could stand out and wave a flag around without all the German army seeing him and most of it taking a shot at him. Besides which, his whole message could be read as well by Germans as by Americans. Hence blinker lights, rockets and runners, were the main methods used by the company commanders for communicating with the rear. Further to the rear, added to the above methods, were the telegraph, telephone, wireless, and ground wireless.

The blinkers are powerful, compact electric lights connected to portable dry batteries and are used in signaling from front to rear. In only one way had the wigwag benefited us. It had taught us the Morse code, the basic code for all signaling. The semaphore training had been entirely wasted.

Carrier-pigeons, used in the United States Army for experimental purposes only before our entrance into the war, had been extensively used by the European armies since the earliest months of the war. We had no organized corps of this service, so important in saving the lives of runners. I remember hearing in the hospital how "Scotty" Leonard—why the men nicknamed an Irishman Scotty I don't know—a "roughneck," but one of the best fighting men in my company, had shot down what proved to be a German carrier-pigeon, which gave to my brother Ted, our battalion commander, the information that the Germans were still advancing against the French toward the Marne. Incidentally, being signed by a captain commanding a regiment, it showed the shortage of German officers.

But by far the surest and swiftest method of communication between infantry units is the runner. But it is costly in human life—the most dangerous service in war. And the runner must be well trained, intelligent and courageous. He must have a keen sense of direction to be able to locate that elusive being, a superior officer, under all circumstances, and know how to use the blinker light perfectly. He

(*Continued on page 83*)

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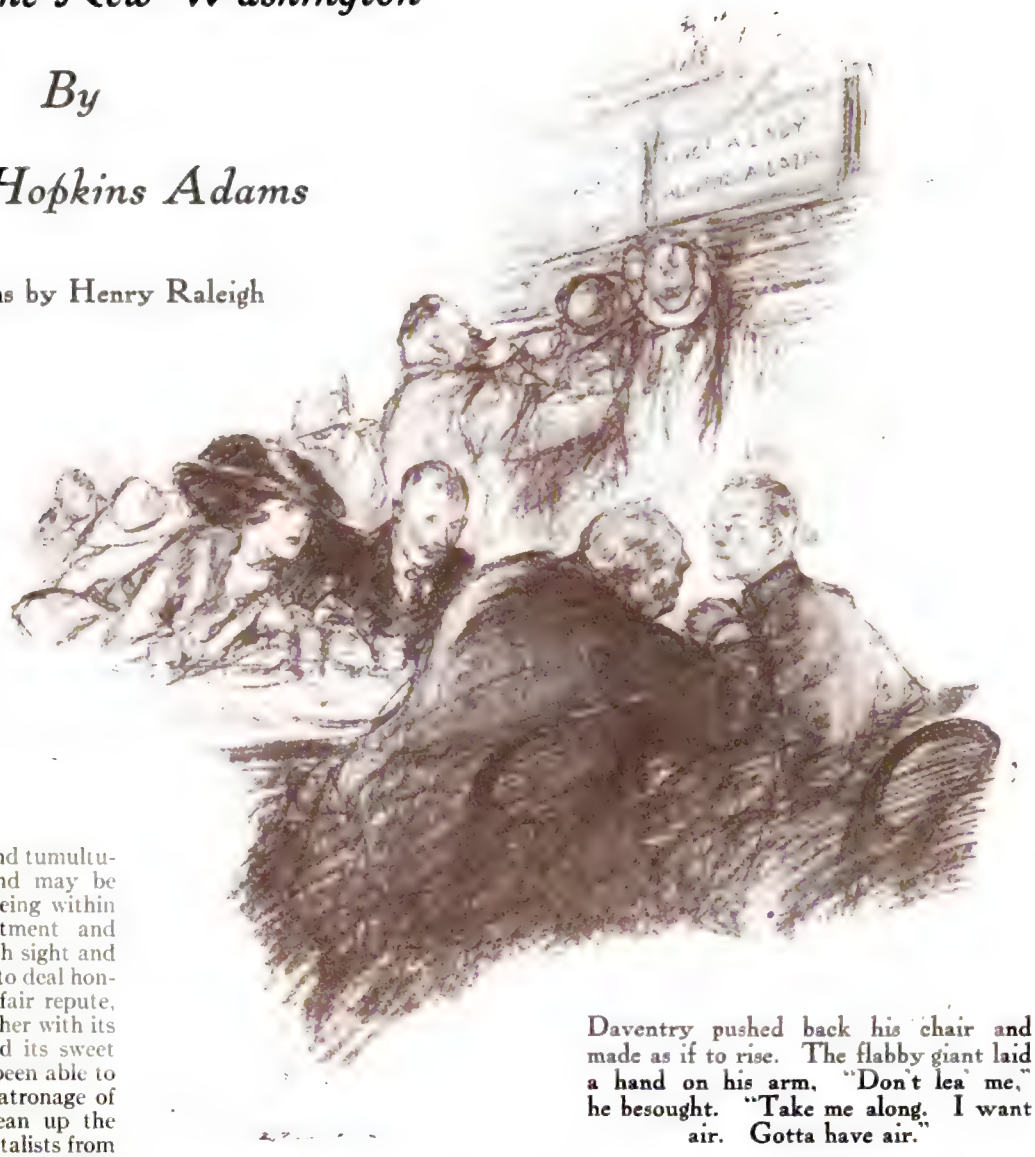
Silver Stripes Among the Gold

A Story of the New Washington

By

Samuel Hopkins Adams

Illustrations by Henry Raleigh



Daventry pushed back his chair and made as if to rise. The flabby giant laid a hand on his arm. "Don't lea' me," he besought. "Take me along. I want air. Gotta have air."

INTIMATES of the place call it the Millionaires' Grab, though it is also known among its older frequenters as the Hobos' Snack. Both characterizations are justified by its clientele, albeit far less impressive than its official title, which is (in gold-leaf with scroll and curlicues) The Lunch Palatial. It dispenses its catholic hospitality in return for dimes and nickels, on a conspicuous and tumultuous corner of Washington, and may be geographically designated as being within sight of the Interior Department and within smell of the State. Both sight and smell, though pronounced, are, to deal honorably by the establishment's fair repute, seemly. Because of this, together with its surpassing speed of service and its sweet reasonableness of price, it has been able to retain a goodly share of the patronage of those remaining behind to clean up the rubbish of the war: hurried capitalists from the commissions and bureaus; odd-job drifters from the streets where lucky chances still befall; clerks, stenographers, minor statesmen, heavy-browed with the weight of undelivered advice; teamsters, watchmen, flaming souls from anti-suffrage headquarters, officers from all the services, messenger girls and a thousand other devotees of the ham-and school of gastronomy.

Among those present reckon Captain Carr Daventry. Every day at twelve-forty he entered the Grab, advanced to the counter, gave his order, which was instantly echoed through a resonant chute to a mysterious nether region, and presently executed a strategic retirement to a corner seat against the wall, bearing a platter of scrambled eggs crisscrossed with a plate of apple-pie upon which teetered and trembled in peril of its life a cup of coffee between two rolls. These he consumed absent-mindedly, while reading abstruse pamphlets through distorting glasses. He was lean, firm and precise in his movements, had the noonday pie-eater's complexion, and was mildly afflicted with splotches on the sleeves of his uniform which looked like grease, but weren't. All that he asked of the Grab (and, indeed, of the world) was that it leave him alone. Instead of which, on this particular dull and dispiriting March day—

"Won't you *please* pass the mustard?"

Accent on the "please" in a clear and soft voice apparently addressed to him. But why the stress? Was it a repetition of a former and unsuccessful appeal? And mustard. What in the devil had he to do with mustard? One doesn't eat mustard on scrambled eggs. Still less on apple-pie. He moved irritably, and the mustard pot, which had been hiding with malicious intent behind his elbow, jumped and rolled. Daventry retrieved it with a pounce and delivered it with a thump. Now perhaps he'd be allowed to resume his reading. What! *No?*

"Thank you so much. I do hope I haven't disturbed you."

Exaggerated politeness was in the tone, too obviously with a sardonic inspiration. It had the effect of a challenge. Daventry set aside his pamphlet, took off his glasses, revealing a pair of slightly yellowish eyes, directed an annoyed glance at the intruder, and sustained a severe shock. What was this gleaming, rose-and-snow creature, with her air of luxurious, girlish well-being, doing at the Grab? Something snicked at an adjoining table, and the officer, turning, beheld a small, inky girl of the lesser office species brandishing a camera, and heard her say in a strained whisper to a companion:

"I tell you it *is* her, too. I seen her Sunday."

"Looka them clo'es!" returned the other in rapt admiration. "She—she kinda dazzles you."

"Dazzles" was the appropriate word, resentfully decided Daventry, for this interloper from a world which he had left years behind. He didn't want thoughts and visions of that world to be thrust upon his scientific calm. He didn't want to be

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dazzled. He wanted to be let alone. But this beautiful, big, young, fairy-feminine creature seemed maliciously determined not to let him alone.

"Did I?" she persisted.

"It doesn't matter," he answered, resuming his glasses significantly.

As a hint, this was a signal failure. "Perhaps," she surmised with a meekness which roused suspicions in Daventry's soul, "it isn't the etiquette of the place to ask strangers to pass things. You see, we're new to the place, Mr. Rathbun and I."

Thus apprised of the presence of an escort, Daventry took in, slowly and with disfavor, a pallid, stumpy youth with a shrewd, tired eye and an intensive floral composition in his buttonhole.

"Yes, I'm afraid you've made a mistake in your choice of a place," said Daventry with chill politeness. "The Hotel Allingham, now, four squares down——"

"The Allingham is a bore," promptly pronounced the girl. "This is much more interesting."

"As for the local etiquette," he pursued, "I believe you will find that fully set forth on the walls."

She raised a pair of large, clear and inquiring eyes to a fascinated contemplation of those framed and elegantly lettered guides to correct conduct which the Grab lavishes murally upon its patrons: "DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE BY," "WATCH YOUR HAT AND OVERCOAT," "ACT LIKE YOU WOULD AT HOME," "IT'S YOUR MOVE; OTHERS ARE WAITING," "HELP YOURSELF AND SAVE TIME," and that relic of a more poetical and epigrammatic age: "NO TRUST; NO BUST." While she read, a flabby giant of a man in rough clothing stumbled into the chair next to Daventry's, and set down a plate and a saucer. The escort leaned to the girl's ear.

"Look at that, Doe!" he murmured. "Canned salmon and vanilla ice-cream. How the other half lives. There's atmosphere, ready to hand."

But the dazzling intruder had no eyes for the newcomer, who proceeded to decorate his interior with slow, alternating layers of pink and white, the while he was heard to observe dully that he s'posed a guy 'ud oughter eat somethin', anyway; she was too intent upon a framed and embossed rubric above Daventry's head, and she now lowered her regard to meet his.

"SO THAT is what you had in mind," she said with elaborate ruefulness. "I stand rebuked."

Turning, the puzzled officer read in purple and admonitory script: "ONCE A LADY ALWAYS A LADY." His sallow face flushed with annoyance.

"No; I didn't mean that at all," he denied.

"Anyway, it must have a wonderfully stimulating influence on manners and morals to lunch among such improving precepts. Do you come here often?"

"Every day," he said shortly. He was becoming quite unreasonably annoyed. What were these people doing here? And what did the heavily floralized Rathbun's remark mean? That youth's cynical eye was now set upon the flabby man, who had just emerged from a brown study and was carefully sugaring his salmon.

"How do they do it?" he inquired softly, with wonder and admiration in his voice; "in a town, dry like this!"

"Do you two suppose yourselves, by any chance, to be slumming?" said Daventry, enlightened.

"Of course not," returned the girl hastily. "We're just looking about. We're interested in—er—human nature—I mean —you know—just people."

"That's what I meant by slumming," he retorted.

"But it isn't that at all. For instance, if you wouldn't think me impertinent and" —she glanced slyly upward to the monitive legend—"and unladylike, I'd like to know more about you."

"I don't for the life of me see why," returned the puzzled officer. "But go ahead, if you like."

"What are those crossed pipes on your collar? Are you in one of those nice organizations that furnish tobacco to the soldiers?"

AGAIN he took off his glasses, this time to stare at her very hard and straight. "Impertinence to myself I will accept," he said; "but when it comes to a question of my service——"

"Oh, I'm sorry!" she exclaimed, quite genuinely. "I didn't mean it. You're regularly in the army then?"

"I am. And those are not pipes."

"Cut it, Doe," advised Rathbun. "That's the Chemical Warfare Division insignium."

"How interesting!" said the girl. "And you've been over?"

"I have not."

"That's too bad. Weren't you awfully disappointed?"

"I was not."

"You weren't? I don't see how a man could help but be sorry all his life that he didn't get to the front. To sit safe and sheltered," she went on impulsively, "and not even have a taste of the danger! And now, the war is all over and you've lost your chance."

The flabby giant raised his head and regarded space intently. "The war," he said in thick tones; "over, is it? Yes, it is! Like hell!"

"Here!" said Rathbun. "That'll be enough from you. Behave!"

But Daventry looked curiously at the sodden, expressionless face, before he turned to his fair catechist again.

"Is there anything else you would like to ask me?" he inquired slowly. "Because if not, I will take my turn. Do you habitually go about doing this sort of thing? Will you kindly stop jogging my elbow?" he added to his huge neighbor, who had spread a letter on the table and was pushing it at him.

The girl looked toward her escort and got a nod, apparently permissive, for she said, in an altered tone: "No, I don't. This is professional. We're—I am doing a series of articles 'Quaint Corners of the Capital' for——"

"Good God!" muttered Daventry in appalled accents. "A journalist!" He pushed back his chair and made as if to rise.

The flabby farer upon strange viands laid a hand upon his arm. "Don't lea' me," he besought. "Take me along. I want air. Gotta have air. Where's—a paper?" He clutched the letter. "Read that. That'll tell you. Pretty rotten deal. Eh?" And as Daventry read, the giant laid his head upon his shoulder and peacefully went to sleep. He would have rolled on the floor, but the slight officer gathered the bulk into his arms and, amid the astonished silence of Washington's speediest lunchers, bore his burden down the Grab's aisle, past the fuzzy and wonder-stricken cashier, beneath the for-once disregarded appeal over the door: "PAY AS YOU GO AND YOU'LL GO FAR" and so into the outer air.

"Going to kill and eat him outside," chuckled Rathbun. "There's incident for you, for me—for us."

"Would you ever have thought he'd be so strong?" said the wide-eyed girl.

"He's sure some husky. And, believe me, Doe, he's been stung in print some time. Did you notice how he bucked when you told him? Wonder who he is? Let's ask the cashier."

But that fuzzy little official didn't know; knew only, with a face of melancholy, that burden and bearer had departed without payment of either check.

"I'll pay them," said the girl.

"That's awful good of you, Miss—Miss Spencer," said the cashier gratefully. "They take it out o' my wages when folks gimme the slip." She hesitated, then added shyly: "You are Dorothy Spencer, ain't you?"

The girl nodded, smiling. "But don't tell the funny little chemical captain when he comes back."

"Ain't he on?" cried the other, incredulous.

"He thinks I'm a reporter."

"Ah, well," said the fuzzy little cashier, with the contempt of a worldling for a dreamer, "he's one of them science guys. They're wise—not!"

II

PRESS-AGENTING Miss Dorothy Spencer, of "The Maid Triumphant" company, was one of the easiest jobs that ever fell to the lot of Mr. Steve Rathbun. The glowing "Doe" seemed fairly made for print. Newspapers cheerfully ran her portrait, even on consecutive days, just to beautify their columns. Her entry into the theatrical profession might have been made to order for publicity purposes; it landed her in the headlines from the first. Having too artistically portrayed in college theatricals the wife of the Dean, she was invited to take a mid-term vacation, which, being of an adventurous disposition, she put in as an odd-jobber in a Los Angeles movie mob.

Her face, flashing out of a ballroom crowd on the screen, had later appeared as a providential answer to the search of Tommy Albert, the playwright, questing for a type for his mystic *Joan of Arc*, in "The Maid Triumphant," then about to begin rehearsals. After a romantic transcontinental sleuthing expedition, which lost nothing at the hands of Mr. Rathbun, Miss Spencer, who had meantime returned to college quite unchastened and with her thirst for adventure still unslaked, was discovered and transferred to the realm of drama.

Her part, while pivotal, was artistically unimportant. It bore about the same relation to the play that the *Ghost* does to "Hamlet." But her triumphant beauty, a

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certain unspoiled simplicity of bearing, and the ability to deliver her few lines in a peculiarly sweet and appealing voice, established her at once as the success of the show. In the great scene of the vision, set from Bastien-Lepage's world-famous painting, wherein Joan stands mazed, with that look of unearthly and fateful wonder in her wide eyes, while the spirit-warrior, dressed in a tin stove, floats like a spirit balloon down through the boughs of the carefully arranged trees, she had achieved (with the aid of a clever make-up artist) the exact expression; and the Joan-of-Arc gaze became a recognized weapon in the feminine armament of the season. To Doe Spencer it was all huge fun. She had no illusions about herself, and no particular ambitions as to a "career." This glittering, changeful, impressionable, eager, vivid world of the theatre had fallen into her lap like a toy from a Christmas-tree, and she purposed to enjoy it to the utmost. In fact, she enjoyed it with a care-free abandon which caused Mr. Steve Rathbun a degree of professional concern. He didn't know at what moment there might be a scandal which would spoil things.

Scandal, as such, did not particularly affect Mr. Rathbun. It might even, in certain cases, have publicity value. But, being an artist in his own line and an expert as well, he felt that the Spotless Maid of

She considered him intently. The bilious hue had gone from his eyes. The yellow complexion, having mysteriously faded to the normal, had left the face seemingly altered.

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Orleans ought in private life to maintain the status of Cæsar's wife; the public would expect it. Not that he entertained, personally, any serious doubts as to Doe's character; he was a shrewd judge and he had seen much of her. But from the first she had been casual, not to say careless; and when she found that she was being talked about, became imperiously resentful and rebelliously independent.

One can not motor indiscriminately with the handsome leading man, nor dine intimately with the manager, without arousing comment in a profession which is as sharp-tongued as it is kind-hearted. When Rathbun, who was, in his languid way, more than half in love with her, remonstrated, she assured him with some directness that his concern was with her public, not her private, life, which she was capable of managing herself. Certainly he did well with the publicity end of it, and never better than in the series of little sidelights on Washington which he wrote and Dorothy Spencer signed, with her pictured face looking out upon inconceivable things with that marveling gaze, from top of column.

"Best of the lot, so far," said he, holding up a copy of the *Post*, the day after the luncheon at the Grab. "You certainly pulled that chemical captain out of his hole for me to measure for a suit of type."

The girl took the page and read it with nods of approval, for Rathbun had described with a deft and amusing, though not too kindly, pen the drawing of the badgered captain and the eviction of the salmon-eater. A whistling intake of breath on the part of the press-agent, who had been perusing the rest of the paper, interrupted her reading.

"Who do you suppose your captain is?" he exclaimed.

"How should I know? Thomas A. Edison in disguise?"

"Carr Daventry. One of the Daventrys of Daventry Cross-roads, just over the Maryland line."

"What *is* a Daventry?" inquired Doe, paraphrasing a classic query.

"Easy to see you don't know Washington. 'Daventrys for deviltry,' they say here. They're a hot bunch."

Doe laughed her silvery amusement. "He must be a disgrace to the family, then," she remarked.

"Maybe he's the white sheep. They've had a record. The old man died of vintage booze. One of the boys was killed trying to burn down Nagasaki after a dinner-party. One of 'em got his, flying over Essen. Then there's an explorer guy that used to get lost in Africa for amusement. Another of 'em is a big-game hunter, and then there was—or maybe I'm getting 'em mixed—anyway, you're too young to remember the St. Just scandal. The British Secretary of Embassy tried to kill one of the Daventrys because of his attentions to Mrs. British Secretary, and got thrown through a second-story window himself. It was nearly an international complication."

"What about our specimen of the breed? Something else in the paper?"

"Enough," replied the other ruefully. "I guess that big gink he lugged out wasn't as drunk as I hinted in the story. Read that."

The report set forth briefly that Henry Maddy, a janitor, had collapsed in a lunch-room after being notified of the death of his youngest son in the United States Army in Russia, and had been taken by Captain Daventry to the University Hospital, where his condition was serious.

"*Oh!*" gasped Dorothy, horror in her tone. "And you wrote that awful stuff about them!"

"Why, you thought it was great a minute ago!" cried the aggrieved Rathbun. "Where you going, Doe?"

"Straight back to the Grab, to apologize."

"It's too late. You won't catch him there."

"To the hospital, then, to see that poor man. Get me a taxi!"

"Good stuff!" approved Rathbun, building up the structure of a "sob-story" in his ready mind. He went to the phone.

But the girl read his intent and fixed him with a freezing eye. "You stay behind," she commanded. "And, Steve, not a line! Not a whisper.

"From all I hear, that gas'd kill you as soon as look at you. You tackle friend captain and get him to put us up a neat little fake test, and I'll do the rest."

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There's no publicity about this." Nor could his pathetic expostulations over such a chance wasted move her.

At the hospital an amazed and bedazzled intern regretted that Maddy was asleep and mustn't be roused. Getting along favorably. Yes, certainly, he—the intern—would be glad to see that Miss Spencer's flowers got to him. No name with them? Very well. Why, yes, of course; newspapers could be kept from him; he wouldn't be in condition to read for some days, anyway. Wouldn't Miss Spencer like to look through the place? No? Well, would she mind (quite diffidently) writing her autograph on a picture of her which he had cut out of the paper after seeing her *wonderful* performance? Awfully good of her. Thanks, so much. The side door out; it was handier. And going out, she almost ran into Captain Daventry coming in.

"Oh!" said Doe.

"Eh?" said Daventry.

"I—I came to inquire after Mr. Maddy," she said nervously.

"I see. In your capacity as a journalist."

The intern gasped. "This is Miss Dorothy Spencer, Captain," he explained.

"Dorothy Spencer," mused the other. "I've seen or heard that name somewhere, haven't I?"

The intern almost fainted. "If you've got an eye in your head," he began; but the girl checked him with an imperious look.

"Maddy, the doctor tells me, is doing well," she said to Daventry. "He's sleeping."

"In that case, I'll be off," said the captain.

They went down the steps together. Dorothy found it difficult to keep up with his long, smooth stride, the pace of an out-of-door man. She found it difficult also to reconcile this with his skin, which was that of a pastry-pampered hermit. It was worse than sallow. It was yellow. On the other hand, he had displayed the muscular power of a longshoreman. It was very puzzling. Also, the situation was a bit embarrassing. Would he speak about that unfortunate *Post* article? Or should she? Apparently he wasn't going to. And they were nearing her waiting taxi. She drew breath and said in a small and desperate voice: "Well, I apologize."

She could have held out. She *knew* she could. She wouldn't have fainted, except——

He stopped short. "For what?"

"Haven't you seen this morning's *Post*?"

"I've read the headlines."

"Is that all?"

"Yes, all I recall. Is there something else I should have read?"

"Oh, no! Please don't. I mean—certainly not."

He turned his heavy-lensed glasses upon her—how fishy his eyes looked behind them! "Evidently there is!"

"Will you do something for me?" she begged. "Will you please *not* look, at all? I know it's a lot to ask a stranger——"

"Oh, no," he said coolly. "I'm not particularly curious about such matters."

"You're not!" she said incredulously. Then, in the tone of one thinking aloud: "One must be awfully old not to be curious about oneself."

He accepted this with a suave gravity. "That's it. Awfully old."

"How old?" she asked with the interested frankness of a child, which somehow was quite free of offense.

"Oh, middle-aged," he said. "Nearer forty than thirty. Or, at least, as near. Are you going to put that in your paper?"

She flushed. "I'm never going to put anything in the paper again," she declared.

"Then you're going to abandon the delights and—and impertinences of journalism?"

"I'm not a journalist. Do you want to know who I am? Or haven't you a glint

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of human curiosity about that, either?" she teased.

"About you? I confess that I'm beginning to have."

"Then I'll give you directions later," she promised, "on the understanding that you'll follow them." He nodded. "I'm going to the Red Cross tea. May I set you down somewhere?"

But Captain Daventry, it appeared, preferred his easy stride to her taxi, and went on his way.

One of the first objects to attract her attention at the tea was the insignium she had mistaken on the collar of Daventry's jacket. There was a man inside the coat to which this design was attached—a Doctor Conroy,—but that didn't matter at the time. What did matter was that there might be information inside Conroy. To have him presented was simple. The flattered physician learned that Miss Spencer was deeply interested in the chemical service. Wasn't it fascinating work?

It was. Indeed, it was, Miss Spencer.

But very demanding and limiting, wasn't it? The officers hadn't seen much active service, had they?

"Oh, yes," said Conroy. "Take my own subsection: that's poison gas. We have the field work to check up. Yes, all of us have been over except old Davvy. That's Captain Daventry, afirst-class man, but a queer fish."

"Couldn't he get across?" asked the girl carelessly.

"He could, but he wouldn't."

"I should think he'd be ashamed," she began indignantly.

"Ashamed? Not exactly. We were trying to get him over for safety!"

"Safety? At the front? I don't understand."

"Safe compared to his work here. You see, this chap Daventry has got some pet poisons of his own that he works on all alone because he won't let any one else take the risk. So we keep a man at his door and when there's a thump and a crash inside, we run in and drag Davvy out by the heels."

"That's very amusing," said Miss Dorothy Spencer in a tone which struck the other as indicating no amusement whatsoever. In reality the tone fitted the girl's unspoken words: "And I almost called him a coward because he didn't want to go over!"

WHEREUPON, from motives which were partly penitence, partly curiosity and partly pure femininity, she went back to the theatre and sent to Captain Carr Daventry at his office, 101 Connecticut Avenue, an orchestra seat for that night's performance of "The Maid Triumphant," with the non-committal note, "To make good a promise. DOROTHY SPENCER," accompanying it.

Occupants of seats adjacent to G 11, Orchestra, that evening were astonished to observe a spare man in a captain's uniform, who had come in late and without a program, rise with a spasmodic jerk from his chair, when *Joan of Arc* made her first entrance, and subside again murmuring, "Well, I am damned!" and to hear him repeat his self-condemnation at brief intervals during the time that she was on the stage. An usher coming down between the acts to deliver a note to the seat-holder so profoundly convicted of sin had to rouse him from a species of lethargy to make him comprehend, and an interested lady in the row behind spread the exciting news (after having nearly dislocated her neck) that the missive was signed "D. S."

Still somewhat dazed, Daventry moved up the aisle, after the final curtain, looking about for some one to guide him to the stage door, when he became aware of two young women conversing behind him in terms of luscious scandal: "Looks as innocent as a little lamb," observed one; "specially in that Jonah Dark costoom. But they say she's some goer."

"The leading man's wife is jealous of her to kill, *I* hear," replied the other.

"Oh, him!" said the first. "She's through with him. Elvenstone, the manager, is her big game now."

SO THEY spattered their acid of gossip, passing along the tittle-tattle of the stage magnified tenfold, as is the way of theatrical hangers-on and riffraff, while their unwilling hearer squirmed and grilled and wished that he might knock their empty heads together. Back of the stage, he was kept waiting while the *Maid* removed the artful make-up. At length he was greeted by a radiant Dorothy. "Did you know before you came?" she began, and broke off abruptly to demand: "What have you been doing to yourself?"

"Nothing that I know of. Why?"

She considered him intently. The bilious hue had gone from his eyes, which without their disfiguring glasses were, she decided, nice, direct, confident and capable eyes; but what was even stranger was that the yellow complexion having mysteriously faded to the normal had left the face seemingly altered in its very shape to a sharp-cut, sensitive, keen outline with a hint of a certain austere beauty.

"I took my make-up off for you," she said. "You haven't put some on for me, have you?"

"Oh, that!" he smiled at her, unembarrassed. "That's the picric I worked on for a while. It turns one yellow. But you can't notice it in a yellow light, such as this. That's all, I expect."

"I like you so much better unpicricated. Is there such a word? And if there isn't, will you please compound it for me in your laboratory?"

"It's a perfectly good word as you've compounded it. You needn't apologize for it."

"Thank Heaven for that!" she laughed. "For I've enough apologies to deliver without it. You wouldn't have my first, you know, this afternoon. And I still owe you another."

"For what this time?"

"Can't you guess?"

"If I could I don't believe I would. We'll call the account square for the pleasure you've given me this evening."

"No," she denied. "I misjudged you. And I'm going to settle for that. But in my own way, and in my own time, as opportunity offers. Does that sound very formidable?"

"It sounds like a pleasant but improbable program," he replied gravely. "You come and you go. I stay and plod until my little job is done."

"We have all next week," she informed him with a frank and sweet friendliness. "And I'm asking you to be friends."

"You'll find me a slow and stodgy sort of animal," he said seriously.

"And to let me use the frankness of a friend," she pursued. "You won't be offended, please, will you? Well, I know—this is very hard to say, but I'm going to say it—and you're going to be nice about it. I know—" She stopped, gathered herself and then plunged forward in a breakneck rush of words—"that-a-captain's-pay-isn't-much-and-we're-going-out-to-supper-and-I'm-going-to-pay-the-bill. There! Not at the Grab either," she added. She shifted her eyes, which had been fixed upon her hands during her lingual rush, and looked at him. "You're laughing at me!"

"Indeed I'm not," he assured her. "I'll be delighted to go anywhere you say, and as your guest, if you wish. Only not under false pretenses. I'm far from being dependent on my official income, and the Grab, with me, is a habit, not economy."

"In that case," she replied calmly, "it's simpler going as your guest. Only there's one obstacle."

"What is it?"

"You haven't invited me."

"Miss Spencer, will you come around to the Allingham to supper?"

"Since you're so urgent, Captain Daventry," said Miss Spencer demurely, "I will, with pleasure."

A week later, Conroy, who had been hearing incredible things of that hermit of research, Captain Carr Daventry, accosted him unofficially: "Davvy, you old stage-door Johnnie! What's all this I hear about you as a prop of the fashionable restaurants? Have you fallen at last for the white lights?"

Daventry lifted an involuntary hand to his tarnished face. "No," he answered absently; "they're yellow."

A response which surprised the other considerably. It surprised the captain himself even more, when he came to think what it implied. Also it startled him. When a man of thirty-five worries about his looks, it is time that he remembered his age.

III

MUCH or little had happened in that week, according to the point of view. To Daventry it seemed wonderfully, gloriously much. By a process so simple and direct as not to seem a process at all but an inevitable development, Dorothy Spencer had annexed him. There were long, brisk, hardening walks in the late afternoon, sometimes with dinner to follow; if not, then they usually supped together after the show. In the daytime, Daventry noted with grim but painful amusement, she could hardly bear to look at that yellow face of his; but at night, under the kindly resolvent of the artificial light, she would sit opposite him with the fingers of her left hand pursed under her chin—a chacracteristic posture, more alluring, he thought, than any of the thousand and one attitudes of her photographs—her eyes, a little weary and a little somber, fixed upon him, yet with a queer effect of questing past him. Always her formula was the same.

"I'm tired. Talk to me."

And he would talk, impersonally, as an older man talks to a young girl, but vividly, and sometimes even charmingly, of strange, far places, of unknown men who had

(*Continued on page 92*)

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"No Bunk" Hanson

By

Agnes Lockhart Hughes

When the shipyards needed men, the mayor put in his five hours a night.

HE'S just a little fellow, Ole Hanson is, the mayor that called the bluff of the American Bolsheviki whose knife for nearly a week, back in February, hovered perilously above the heart of Seattle. And young, too. His forty-fifth birthday fell on the day Roosevelt died.

"The seat of government is still at City Hall," was the message he got out with the help of a loyal newspaper distributed free through the bewildered city by mounted police from automobiles under armed guard.

I suppose nobody who didn't live through it can quite realize what the mayor's ultimatum meant to the citizens of the City that Stopped.

The general strike called in sympathy with that at the shipyards, began at ten in the morning of Thursday, February sixth, with the announcement that the city would be in darkness, water shut off and all food industries and civic affairs at a standstill until the strikers should have got them in hand.

By Saturday morning, thanks to the thirty-five hundred emergency policemen hastily sworn in and given rifles and cartridges by the mayor, all municipal streetcars, light, power plants, water, etc., were doing business as usual.

Thus the backbone of the strike was broken. It took Ole Hanson the rest of a week and fifty thousand dollars to make Seattle one hundred per cent. normal, but he did it.

And did it quietly. No martial law was invoked. Not a shot was fired, not an arrest was made. Not a United States soldier or sailor ever left the armory.

The mayor's own explanation is a simple one.

"It is all bunk," says he, "to reason with traitors and scoundrels. When they start trouble, death should face them."

All the mayor's sympathies are with the working class from which he himself is proud to have sprung. He was born in a log cabin in Racine, Wisconsin, and grew up in what he calls "the most soul-crushing poverty."

At twenty-one he married Miss Nellie Rose, and the couple drove all the way from Racine to Seattle, with a horse and wagon. The same evening of their arrival, young Ole bought a grocery shop. Eventually he sold it, went into the real-estate business, and developed his firm into one of the largest realty concerns in Seattle, which he managed until his election as mayor of the city.

He once said, "The people I come from are cheap, so cheap that in an account of a fire or wreck the death of a thousand of them occupies less space in the printed account than the injury of one great financier or public character. I know what hunger and cold do to men. I know the effects of involuntary ignorance. I shall work to make conditions for all such people better."

Many a self-made man has risen over the dead bodies of his former associates. Hanson's heaviest mayoralty vote was polled in the two districts where he had lived and was personally known. One was Beacon Hill, where he had conducted his first modest grocery, and the other in fashionable North Broadway, where he now makes his home.

Mayor Hanson says he still believes in union labor. He believes ninety per cent. of the union men are loyal and true. But he maintains that to do business in his city they must drive from their ranks the other ten per cent. who were responsible for Seattle's one red week.

The praise that poured in upon the self-made little Swede who wouldn't take any Bolshevik bunk from anybody in Seattle while he was in command has not spoiled him. Perhaps Mrs. Hanson and the nine young Hansons who "knew him when" are to thank for that.

Webster & Stevens.

Ole Hanson talks as he lives, vigorously, with no beating round any bushes.

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The Caillaux Case

By

C. P. Connolly

THIS is the story of the most astounding treason intrigue of the Great War—an intrigue extending over ten years, linking three continents and names world-prominent during the war, and aimed at the betrayal of France into the hands of Germany.

Mr. Connolly spent months in France collecting and verifying this material, much of which has not been published heretofore, and, in view of the Peace Conference, will probably not be revealed publicly in the trial of its chief figure, Joseph Caillaux, once Prime Minister, political idol, Socialist leader of France.

AN AMERICAN friend told me that a year before the outbreak of the war he was traveling on a through train between Chicago and New York. A German who became very friendly confided to him that he had complete topographical maps of the Pacific coast of the United States; he claimed that he had been in business on the coast, that his business had been a failure, but that some German friends of his had asked him to secure these maps, and though it had taken infinite time and trouble, he had succeeded in this mission. He pretended not to know what purpose his German friends had in desiring these maps, but said they had paid for them and had also paid him well for his trouble. Each time the subject was mentioned the American expressed his doubts — he himself had had a topographical map made of a Texas ranch, and it had cost him a pretty sum of money. The question finally resolved itself into a friendly wager, and when the two men arrived at New York the German insisted that the American accompany him to the Waldorf-Astoria, where he opened his trunks and exposed several large volumes of maps. The American inspected them —and paid his wager.

Henri Manuel

Joseph Caillaux.

Once Prime Minister of France, accused of treason, he is now awaiting trial.

About this time there was a German passenger steamer named *Kaiser* which made round trips between certain French ports on the Mediterranean. Its officers induced the municipal authorities of many of the Mediterranean towns to pay a bonus for this service—it was much needed and the *Kaiser* was a fine specimen of passenger craft. Cannes paid twenty thousand francs a year for its share of this bonus. The service was good and the patrons of the *Kaiser* were well pleased. But, behold, after war was declared, it was discovered that the main purpose of the *Kaiser* was to secure soundings of these various Mediterranean ports. It had small boats which it used for this purpose.

There lives in one of our American cities, not far from our national capital, a gentleman who some years before the war had interested himself in designing heavy artillery. Through a firm of patent attorneys in Washington he procured a patent for a piece of ballistic mechanism of which he was particularly proud. He offered it to our American Government, but they were not interested. Shortly thereafter the European war broke out and there was much newspaper talk of the great German forty-two-centimeter guns which had made such havoc on the Marne and the Somme. One Sunday morning one of the New York newspapers published a photograph and a description of one of these great guns. The American inventor happened to see it. He recognized his patent, which the German Government apparently had appropriated. The American inventor took a train for

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Washington and made some inquiries. He discovered that there had been a well-educated German who spoke excellent English and who had secured employment, some time before his invention was patented, in the office of the patent attorneys who had obtained the patent. This German had decamped shortly before the declaration of war. With him undoubtedly went facsimiles of whatever might be useful to the German Government. It was all the evidence the American inventor needed.

These are a few straws which show the way the German imperial will was working in the eventful days which preceded August, 1914. They might be enlarged upon at length, but these are sufficient to show that when Germany declares that the present war was a defensive one on her part she writes herself down with consummate hypocrisy. We know from diplomatic documents that have come to light that Germany planned to begin the war just a year before its actual opening, but that her plans went awry, and that she awaited her opportunity.

Germany's Pre-War Activities

THIS story is not an attempt to prove a case against Germany's military preparations. It has to do with her other activities. It will attempt to show that in preparation for the war Germany had eaten into the social and political fabric of her probable adversaries. This campaign began shortly after the war of 1870 — even with Bismarck, who sought to undermine the political and racial integrity of France. Coming down to more recent years, she had laid her plans in Russia; she had subsidized and proselytized various radical elements in the United States. If the evidence in the Billings trial at London was true, she had procured a list of Englishmen of various social entourages from whom information might be blackmailed. But her most effective pre-war campaign was made in France.

Léon Daudet, son of Alphonse Daudet, and one of the editors of *L'Action Française*, is the author of a book, "Before the War," which appeared in 1913, and in which he outlined the preparations made by Germany to conquer France. He showed how Germany had made herself master of the wheat, of the iron, and of the other products of France, and how under the guise of commerce she had acquired the most important military depots of the latter country—buying up farms along the frontier and making maps of all the country round about. The French people laughed at Daudet's "nightmare." They did not suspect that not only was Daudet right, but that Germany had reached out and captured the political machinery of France, or a good part of it, and that its unseen hand guided the political destinies of the men who were to control French statecraft during the war—and who would have controlled it but for the dogged courage and patriotism of one man—Clémenceau, the Tiger of France.

Joseph Caillaux, the overshadowing figure in this international conspiracy, languishes in a prison on the outskirts of Paris, awaiting trial. Some of his followers and confederates have paid the high penalty for treason, among them Bolo and Duval. The others are serving various terms in jail.

In the spring of 1914, when Caillaux's wife shot and killed Gaston Calmette, editor of *Le Figaro*, Caillaux was the most powerful political figure in all of France. He had played a large rôle in the political life of France, possibly the largest since Gambetta. He had entered Parliament as a Liberal and had become a Radical-Socialist. Ostensibly a friend of the people, he was the most arrogant of aristocrats. He had led his party with a recklessness and an unscrupulousness rare in the politics of a great government. He had declared the principle, afterward put into practise by the Bolsheviki of Russia, that no government had the power to make engagements for the future, inasmuch as the popular will could revoke such engagements. With a rather thin voice and dry gesture, he was yet a debater of power, cogency and magnetism.

Henri Manuel.

Madame Henriette Caillaux.

Whose murder of Calmette was one of the sensational preludes to the war.

Caillaux—the Political Friend of Germany

CAILLAUX is one of the richest men in France. His father before him was wealthy, but the younger man increased his fortune by methods which showed that not all of his financial astuteness was inherited. He and Malvy, banished from France by the verdict of his judges, were leaders of the Radical-Socialist party. But Caillaux was the master. When two men ride a horse, one must ride behind, and Malvy was always the subordinate. These two undoubtedly intended to play the game that Lenine and Trotzky played in Russia — there is evidence, in fact, that Malvy was the friend of Trotzky and assisted him to find his way to Russia—but they would have played it, as they did play it for a while, much more subtly and adroitly than Lenine and Trotzky played it.

When the Germans were approaching Paris in the summer of 1914, in that hour when all Paris was stretched upon the rack, and the Government had removed to Bordeaux, Caillaux remained. He went to the Hôtel de Ville to live. As soon as the Germans arrived, he was to place himself at the head of the French Government under German protection. Among the papers afterward found in his strong-box at Florence, Italy, was the draft of his political program. He was to organize another Consulate on the plan of Napoleon. He had even made out a list of those who were to be immediately placed under arrest. It was not a new rôle for him. He had long been playing his secret rôle

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of German agent. It was the evidence of this rôle in the hands of Calmette, the disclosure of which Caillaux feared, that caused the death of Calmette.

Madame Caillaux killed Gaston Calmette, editor of the Paris *Figaro*, because Calmette had published certain damaging documents which compromised Caillaux, and had threatened, unless Caillaux resigned as Minister of Finance, to publish certain other incriminating documents. Her defense was that she feared the publication of Caillaux's private letters to her. Calmette was shot four months before the declaration of war, and Madame Caillaux was acquitted six days before the beginning of hostilities. Her acquittal was a surprise and a shock to all France, and was due in part to the powerful influence which Caillaux and his friends brought to bear on the machinery of justice. But for the intervention of the war, Madame Caillaux's acquittal might have produced a crisis in France.

On the morning of July 1, 1911, the German Ambassador at Paris waited on the French Minister of Foreign Affairs and announced that his Government had decided to send a war-ship to Agadir to protect German interests. It was a bolt out of a clear sky. France and Germany had had a long-standing and unsettled difference over their interests in Morocco. They also had mutual interests in the Congo. A new French Ministry, with Caillaux as its chief, had been formed only a few days before this incident of the visit of the German Ambassador to the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

The Agadir Affair

It was the Agadir affair, the initial incident of which was the visit of the German Ambassador, which exposed Caillaux's secret relations with the German Government. As President of the Council, he had, during the course of the subsequent negotiations, gone over the heads of the French Minister of Foreign Affairs and the French Ambassador at Berlin, and through his own personal agent had concluded an entente between the two powers which virtually surrendered to Germany, without equivalent, the French interests in the Congo which had been won by the heroism of French soldiers. He had been working to this same purpose long before he became President of the Council.

It was undoubtedly part of the Kaiser's program to send the *Panther* to Agadir in order to smooth the way for Caillaux and his negotiations. It was necessary to bring matters to a crisis in order to give Caillaux the opportunity to act decisively, now that he had the power. The French Minister of Foreign Affairs had intended to despatch a French cruiser to Agadir in reply to this challenge. He was about to leave at the time with the President of France for Holland, and Caillaux assured him that he need not defer his departure—that he himself would act upon the suggestion of England, then awaited, and send the cruiser if England advised this course. But when the President of France and the Minister of Foreign Affairs had reached the open sea, Caillaux decided, without waiting for advice from England, not to send the cruiser to Agadir, and so informed the French Minister at London by telegraph.

The basis of the subsequent negotiations between Caillaux and the German Government, according to the debates which afterward took place in the French Senate, was that France was to back Germany in the building of a certain railroad in Morocco; she was to admit to the Paris Bourse the stocks of German railroads and certain other German securities; she was to approve of the control by Germany of the Ottoman debt, then exercised alternately by France and England; she was to abandon practically all of the French Congo, up to the river Alima; and, finally, France and Germany were to become partners in European politics. Among the consequences of this *rapprochement* were to be the perpetual abandonment of all French claims to Alsace-Lorraine and the dissolution of the Triple Entente.

Long before the conclusion of the treaty with Germany, Caillaux was known by his intimates as the political friend of Germany. He had always been in his sympathies anti-English and pro-German, but how far he had carried these sympathies few were aware. He was interested in a Parisian newspaper called *Gil Blas*. Among the directors of this newspaper were two brothers, Merzbach, Germans, whose business interests were divided between Paris and Berlin. German money subsidized and supported the political policy of this paper. There was another Paris paper, the *Bonnet Rouge*, a Socialist organ, which was the center of German intrigue and propaganda. This paper had been subsidized by Caillaux. The purpose behind this German propaganda was the disestablishment of all French alliances with England and the establishment of an entente between Germany and France.

During the course of the secret negotiations which resulted in the treaty, Germany sought to have Caillaux use his immediate influence in two quarters—to secure a heavy loan from French banks for certain German banks then in straits, and to secure the listing of German stocks and bonds on the Paris Bourse. Caillaux did not secure this latter privilege, but he did obtain for the German banks, through his influence as Minister of Finance, the loan of a large sum of money from certain French banks—and he confided to the German Ambassador at Paris certain information which warned him that the French Foreign Office was in possession of Germany's confidential cipher code—a fact which cost France dearly in the beginning of the war.

Meanwhile, events marched, as they say in France. Every morning Caillaux had a conference with Fondère, his personal agent, every afternoon Fondère had a conference with Baron von der Lancken, counselor of the German Embassy in Paris; and every evening Fondère rendered his account to Caillaux, over the head of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, of the results of these negotiations. Caillaux received also the visits and advice of certain influential German bankers.

When Caillaux was ready with his treaty, it was submitted for ratification. He had cudgeled or cajoled his obstinate ministerial associates into silent acquiescence. He had counted on a majority of the Chamber of Deputies, and he was not disappointed. The treaty was ratified. It was the first treaty signed between the two nations in forty years.

Subsequent senatorial investigations revealed Caillaux's secret negotiations. He denied them. Questioned in his turn, the Minister of Foreign Affairs said he was between two duties, one to tell the truth, the other to protect the solidarity of the Ministry. This, in effect, gave the retort courteous to Caillaux's denial, and the latter begged that the declaration of the Minister of Foreign Affairs might be expunged from the record. "If you will consent to withdraw your own denial," suggested Clémenceau; and Caillaux consented. But the Minister of Foreign Affairs was not content. He immediately resigned in a letter to the President of the Republic, giving as his excuse "the painful incident" which had that day marked the session of the inquest. Caillaux announced that he would speak in his own day and hour, but it never came. He remained silent. His ministry fell with the resignation of his associate.

Out of office, Caillaux was as powerful as he was in office. His placemen bowed obediently to his will. He was still the powerful leader of the Radical-Socialist forces of France, that party which had forbidden all mention of the Deity in the public schools and in public proclamations, and he was still the political agent of Germany. The cloud of German intrigue and preparation for war became more visible and threatening day by day and month by month, and Caillaux's outstanding figure loomed dimly through it all. It was German money which financed Caillaux's political party and placed it in the ascendency on the eve of the war.

Enter the Woman

Caillaux had married a Madame Gueydan, who had divorced her first husband in order to become the wife of Caillaux. He was at this time Minister of Finance in the Clémenceau Cabinet, at the age of thirty-five. The pair lived happily for a while, but there is a quondam axiom of statecraft that he who knows how to rule should know how to dissemble, and Caillaux in his private life, as in his public life, was instinct with intrigue and deception. His servant, contrary to instructions, delivered to him one day in the presence of Madame Caillaux a private letter. The reading of this letter seemed to disturb Caillaux, and Madame Caillaux became solicitous. It was a love-letter signed "Riri." Caillaux passed it to his wife with the remark that he knew nothing about it. They put it from them with disgust, the wife believing, and Caillaux pretending to believe, that political enemies were plotting to sow the seeds of jealousy between them.

But Caillaux recognized the handwriting. He had taken up with another woman, and it was not long before Madame Caillaux was aware of an atmosphere of deception and intrigue in her household. Caillaux made mysterious trips away from the home. He avoided his wife; his manner toward her changed. The deception lasted until Madame Caillaux found in a secretary a bundle of letters which told the story all too eloquently. The correspondence between Caillaux and his mistress disclosed that the former contemplated divorcing his wife, but that he feared to consummate these plans before the approaching elections which would reject or return him to the Chamber.

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When confronted with the fact that his wife was in possession of these letters and meditated her own divorce proceedings, he threw himself at her feet—for the elections were still some days off—and begged her not to divorce him; it was she only that he loved—the other was not an affair of the heart. Would she not destroy the letters and forgive and forget? And Madame Caillaux consented. The letters were burned in the presence of a witness. For this sacrifice, Caillaux wrote his wife a grateful letter of thanks, pledging, on his word of honor as a man and a gentleman, his love and fidelity for all future time.

After the *auto da fé*, Caillaux resumed his attentions and his correspondence with the cause of all the trouble, but more warily; and as soon as the elections were over and he was returned to power he promptly notified Madame Caillaux that his promises were off and that she must not rely upon his former protestations of fidelity. He left his home, and not only began divorce proceedings against his wife, but saw to it that these proceedings were well advertised in the newspapers. The divorce case lasted a year and resulted in a judgment in favor of Madame Caillaux instead of in favor of the faithless husband. All Madame Caillaux had to do was to produce her husband's grateful letter written at the time of the destruction of his clandestine *lettres d'alcôve*, together with photographic copies of the latter, which she claimed had been taken by her sister, in whose custody the originals had been.

These letters had their violent sequel. The divorce was pronounced in March, and in October Caillaux was married to his present wife.

It was after Caillaux's second marriage that the Agadir incident occurred, and while the details of this were not publicly known, he was discredited in inner political circles.

He now made a political *volte-face* and joined the Radical-Socialist party, becoming at once its leader. It seems to have been in Germany's pre-war plans to make common cause with Socialists everywhere. Caillaux's next important move was to help defeat the three-year military-service law by which France hoped to make some preparation against the seeming German menace.

The Campaign of *Le Figaro*

THERE are many brave men in France—in truth, there are few cowards—but there are not many with the power of public persuasion bold enough, or with moral courage enough, to beard a public hero and unmask him. For Caillaux was still the public hero. To the brilliant man the French will forgive much, and they did not yet suspect the depth or extent of Caillaux's infamy. Gaston Calmette, editor of *Le Figaro*, set for himself the task of exposing Caillaux. It cost him his life.

Henri Manuel.

Gaston Calmette.

Fearless patriot, editor of *Le Figaro*, and victim of German intrigue.

Calmette's campaign was directed against Caillaux as an individual. He determined to drive him from public life. He did not dream that Caillaux was the leader of a German propaganda which had been making head in France for years. German philosophy and German doctrines had been promoted even in the public schools of France by Caillaux's Socialist confrères. But when clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks, and the wisest in France saw the threatening cloud and instinctively sensed the blow which was to come with the first accidental and pregnant excuse. Calmette knew that Germany was preparing for war; he also knew that Caillaux was Germany's most pliant and accommodating tool in France; and he knew, too, that Caillaux's political sway and his popularity with the multitude were all powerful.

Also, there was one woman in France who, if she did not know all of Caillaux's treachery, suspected much because she knew its potentialities. Her Caillaux had publicly and privately insulted and injured, and she sought revenge. It was during Caillaux's whipsawing of the stock-market, through his influence as Minister of Finance, that Gaston Calmette began his attacks in *Le Figaro*. He came into possession of a letter written by Caillaux to his first wife which disclosed Caillaux's treachery to the public interest. This Calmette published, but only that part of it in which Caillaux informed her that he had that day defeated the income tax, one of his own party measures, while openly pretending to defend it. It was a frank admission of his own hypocrisy, and Calmette used it to show the character of the man. Had he been actuated by malice or petty motives, he might have published many letters more damaging which saw the light in Caillaux's divorce proceedings; but, as he himself declared, for the first time in thirty years of journalism he had felt compelled, in the public interest, to lay before the public part of a private letter.

Every government has its confidential cipher code and its confidential archives. In the French Government these archives are called, in the language of the Quai d'Orsay, the "Green Documents," because of a green bar traced diagonally across each page to identify them. They are intended for the sole use of the Minister of Foreign Affairs and of his confidential assistants. During the Agadir affair, which Caillaux was promoting at the time in the interest of Germany, these "Green Documents" brought to the attention of the French Minister of Foreign Affairs certain telegrams addressed by the German Government to its diplomatic corps at Paris, enjoining them to negotiate directly with Caillaux, on the ground that more rapid and substantial results could be thus ob-

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tained than through the regular French diplomatic channels.

It was in this way that the French Minister of Foreign Affairs received the first intimation of Caillaux's secret negotiations. He demanded an explanation of Caillaux. Not suspecting the source of the Minister's information, the latter complained to the German Ambassador at Paris, who thus learned that the German cipher code was known to the French Ministry, and had it changed immediately.

While Calmette's campaign of exposure was under way, Caillaux learned that Calmette contemplated the publication of the "Green Documents," or so much of them as showed Caillaux's treachery and his secret negotiations with Berlin. Caillaux went to the home of the President of the Council at night and begged him to use his influence to prevent this publication. The suppression was arranged for over the telephone at eleven o'clock that night. Calmette agreed to suppress the publication on the intimation from this high official source that the public interest would suffer by it.

There still remained in Calmette's hands the evidence of Caillaux's collusion and control over judicial proceedings and delays in the case of a notorious speculator named Rochette. These delays of justice were arranged in order to allow Rochette to continue his operations while awaiting trial and finally to escape justice altogether. Caillaux knew that Calmette was also in possession of this evidence. Its publication meant as much to him in the loss of popularity as the publication of the "Green Documents," but he could not make the same plea to his intermediaries, namely, that its publication might lead to international complications. Besides, each morning *Le Figaro* published some fresh accusation, some additional evidence, and it was impossible to suppress everything.

Revelations

IN THE issue of *Le Figaro* of March 10, 1914, Calmette referred to the rôle of judicial intriguer played by Caillaux in the Rochette affair, without, however, publishing his documentary proofs. On the following morning, he followed this up by referring to Caillaux's silence—he had uniformly issued a denial of previous charges. On the thirteenth, two days later, a resolution was introduced in the Chamber of Deputies calling for a commission of investigation. It was voted down. Calmette declared that in the presence of this vote there was only one thing to do—to tell the whole truth.

The revelations of Calmette had had their effect, not only on Caillaux, but on his political party and on the public. He had accused Caillaux of fusing his public functions with the interests of German banks, of using his office as Minister of Finance to bull and bear the French stock-market; and of having used his influence to prorogue justice in the case of the notorious speculator Rochette. He pointed out that Caillaux's public activities had but the one end—to gain gold. Another election was approaching. It was known that Calmette could neither be bought nor intimidated.

Caillaux had learned that his former wife had made overtures to certain editors for the publication of some letters of his to her, and he feared, or pretended to fear, that Calmette would publish the clandestine correspondence that his first wife had discovered, photographic copies of which had been introduced in the divorce action. This correspondence was of a most intimate and illicit nature. If Calmette did publish it, Caillaux told one of his high associates, he would kill Calmette. He was repeatedly told that Calmette was not the man to publish correspondence of a purely personal nature which had no connection with political affairs.

The Assassination of Calmette

ON THE day that Madame Caillaux shot and killed Calmette, Caillaux and she were invited to a dinner at the Italian Embassy. During the morning she arranged with her caterer for a dinner to be given by her on the following Monday evening. She then received her manicure, made a visit to her dentist, and after a round of shopping, called at his office for her husband and took him home to lunch in her limousine. During the drive home Calmette's campaign was discussed, and Madame Caillaux informed her husband that one of their ministerial friends had told her that there was no legal redress against such a campaign.

"Then I will kill him," said Caillaux.

"But when? To-day?"

"No—in my own day and hour," replied Caillaux—a favorite expression of his.

It is significant that during this drive Caillaux concealed from his wife certain assurances that he had received from friends of both himself and Calmette that the latter would not descend to the publication of private matters. Another significant thing which may have had to do with that automobile ride home to lunch is that on that same morning Caillaux had attended a meeting of the Finance Committee of the Senate. He was buoyant, full of life and animation; his words came clear and concise and his arguments were full of the light of a brilliant mind. But in the afternoon of the same session he was a changed man: his words came slowly; he had lost his poise, his brilliancy, his animation. Saying that he was tired and weary, he asked another official to take his place and to present his argument. Did he know of the tragedy that was to stun all Paris that afternoon?

Madame Caillaux decided not to go to the dinner at the Italian Embassy. She told her husband that she was indisposed. She sent his evening clothes to his office in order that he might go from there directly to the dinner. At three o'clock she went in her personal automobile to an intelligence office to engage a cook. From there she went to a gun-store and asked for a revolver. The first one she tried was too heavy. They offered her a lighter one. She tried the gun on a target, discharging six shots at ten yards. Two shots struck home. She reloaded the revolver herself, placed it in its case, and returned to her automobile. She arrived home at four, changed her dress, assuming a more elaborate attire, and then sat down and wrote in a calm hand this letter to her husband:

March 16, four o'clock,
22 rue Alphonse-de-Neuville

MY BELOVED HUSBAND:

When this morning I told you of my conversation with President Monier which gave me to understand that we had in France no law to protect us against the calumnies of the press, you told me that you would break the —— of the vile Calmette. I understood that your decision was irrevocable. My resolution was then taken. It is I who will do justice. France and the Republic have need of you.

Pardon me, but my patience is exhausted. I love you and I embrace you with all my heart.

Your HENRIETTE.

She gave this letter to her daughter's governess, telling her to hand it to her husband on his return.

On her way to the office of *Le Figaro*, Madame Caillaux directed her chauffeur to take off his tri-colored cockade so as not to attract attention. Calmette was not in. She waited an hour in the reception-room.

Calmette returned at six o'clock. He found Paul Bourget, the noted French author, awaiting him. Madame Caillaux had refused to give her name to the attendant. The latter, now advised of the arrival of the editor, suggested to her that she place her card in an envelope, which she did, and this was handed to Calmette as he was about to descend the stairway with Bourget. Calmette opened the envelope and showed his friend the card.

"You are not going to receive her? What can she have to say to you?"

"I can not refuse to receive a woman," replied Calmette.

"Hurry, then. I will wait for you."

Madame Caillaux was then ushered into Calmette's private office.

"You must suspect the object of my visit," she said.

"Really, no, madame. Please be seated."

Without another word, Madame Caillaux drew her revolver and leveled it at Calmette, emptying the chambers. Four of the shots entered his body. He had attempted to screen himself behind a pile of books on his desk, and now sank into a chair. On hearing the shots, attendants and editors rushed into the room. They seized Madame Caillaux, disarmed her, pushed her into the corridor and then into an adjoining room.

"There's no justice in France!" she cried. "It was the only means of finishing him. Do not jostle me," she added; "I am a lady. I am Madame Caillaux."

They took her in her automobile to the police station. Calmette was taken to a hospital and operated on, but died under the operation. Before leaving his office he spoke of his family and his friends, and told his associates that he had done only his duty and that he had not wished to do harm to any one.

The Trial

LIKE his wife, Caillaux was insistent upon the proper recognition of his social status even in the presence of a great calamity. To an officer at the door of the police station where Madame Caillaux had been taken, he said: "I am the Minister of Finance. You should salute."

But on the morrow, pressed by the wave of public indignation, he was forced to resign—he was no longer the Minister. And with his resignation he announced that he would not be a candidate for office at the coming elections and that in future he would eschew public life. With him fell his Ministry, for on the day after the assassination of Calmette there was read in the Chamber of Deputies the documentary

(*Continued on page 76*)

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MacKaye *and* Copeau, Assassins Extraordinary

By Anne Herendeen

REALLY, that is what they are. Deliberately they have set about killing off the old Washington, the familiar cold presence of our schoolrooms and our public buildings. He will thank them for it, they say—Percy MacKaye, the American poet-dramatist, and Jacques Copeau, the great French actor-manager.

How would we like it, they say, if, fifty years hence, some dry-as-dust old historian came along and took it upon himself to write a book all about how good we were to our mother and never missed a day at school? And illustrated same with the copy of a copy of a passport picture? And reproduced therewith facsimilies of formal notes we had written declining invitation to tea?

That is practically what has happened, they say, to the poor dear father of our country, G. Washington, Esq. And in Mr. MacKaye's ballad-play, "Washington, the Man Who Made Us," produced this spring, in part, by M. Copeau at his Theatre du Vieux Colombier in New York, they have done the thrilling job of giving us a new Washington, a magnetic, passionate, resourceful, lovable human being who, they assure us, is really the real Washington in spite of every weighty tome in the Congressional Library and all the steel engravings in this broad land.

Photograph by Arnold Genthe

**"*Thar* was a man could trim the Northern lights,
Or tend a taller-dip."**

From "Washington," written by Percy MacKaye and played by Jacques Copeau.

Mr. MacKaye's is a peaceful nature, but he pounds on the table and rattles the ink-well when he consideres the "raw deal"—his very words—that has been put over on one of the friest fighters for liberty and most lovably human persons that ever lived.

"As a boy," Mr. MacKaye says, "George was not the painfully perfect specimen that the cherry-tree legend indicates. Truthful, of course, but he was an out-of-doors, muddy-booted, sport-loving lad, adored by all the neighbors for miles around.

"As a young man he was silent and constrained with strangers, with a hot temper which the sight of any injustice always roused.

" 'A cold aristocrat' forsooth!" says Mr. MacKaye. "He was a good farmer, and the farm at Mount Vernon represents the hard and daily toil of a sturdy transplanted race of English farmers. There was comfort, certainly, but no luxury about it.

" 'The haughty Virginian!' Do you know that at the beginning of the Revolution Washington freed his slaves, and that he and Tom Paine wrote a paragraph into the original draft of the Constitution declaring slavery incompatible with the ideals and aims of a free republic—a paragraph defeated by only two votes, and which, if left in, might have saved us the Civil War!"

Mr. MacKaye and M. Copeau have tilted very effectively at the race of grim historians and dyspeptic portrait-painters who have had their way with Washington so long. "*Inhibitors*," Mr. MacKaye calls them in the prologue of the play where they are shown "assisting" the *Spirit of the Theatre* with all their tiresome maps and statistics.

First Inhibitor:
Some sixscore
Like this I have inset. I'll bring you more;
For you, of course, will need them all.
Second Inhibitor: A memorandum.
The Theatre: Thanks.
Second Inhibitor:
The borrowed horse
He rode at Brandywine was either bay
Or dapple. One old chronicler says gray;
But on the whole and after much research
I stand for *dapple*.
The Theatre: Dapple.
The Third Inhibitor:
He went to church
Twice that December. Here you have the dates;
You may rely on them.

Another *Inhibitor* highly disapproves of making a play around so great a character at all. Have we not our statues of him?

In the public square
He stands before the people.

Apropos of having the Anglo-Saxon Washington played by a Frenchman, Mr. MacKaye has amusing things to say about the youthful La Fayette and his anti-climactic appearance before the Continental Congress in Philadelphia.

"Here he had come—he was only twenty—in spite of the opposition of his family and the orders of his king; and way out of his course, had landed in the remote Carolinas; had made his way—it took him a couple of months—with ever-diminishing retainers to Philadelphia, went to an inn, washed up, put on his other suit and appeared on the steps of Congress with the gesture of offering his sword. No one came out to receive it, of course, but an under-clerk who thanked him very much and said he might leave his name and address. They would let him know if there was anything he could do!

" 'But,' said La Fayette, *'Nous voilà!* Here are French swords at the service of your Revolution!'

" 'Quite so,' said the clerk kindly, 'but you see it is difficult; so many people are constantly arriving.'

"Poor La Fayette drooped around Philadelphia for several weeks, unhonored and unsung. Then at a dinner where Washington was, he spoke. And afterward Washington drew him aside and said, 'From this moment you are a member of my household.' "

Like Mr. MacKaye, M. Copeau has thrown overboard all precedents in his treatment of Washington. Up there at the French Theatre, transplanted, to our infinite gain, from Paris to New York two years ago, he played our Washington with warmth and verve. He thought of the rôle as a tribute to the love Washington always had for France.

"I believe your Washington loved our La Fayette for the releasing effect he had upon him," says M. Copeau. "The reticent Englishman could talk to the ardent Frenchman as he never could have to another Englishman. With him he became far more himself than with any other person, including the charming Mistress Custis! The younger man's resilient confidence through the grim winter at Valley Forge meant as much to the Revolution as his brilliant feats of arms."

They are very convincing, these two, MacKaye and Copeau. I think they have managed to drop a deadly bomb on the statuesque Washington of whom we neatly wrote each February in school:

"He was a very great man and the Father of his Country."

And they modestly hope, these two assassins, they have done for him for good.

And have put in his place a man on our own level, a practical farmer who was always honin' to get back to quiet Mount Vernon and drain the old swamp; a fun-loving fellow who loved the theatre as much as fox-hunting; an obstinate rebel to whom comfortable expediency was a stranger.

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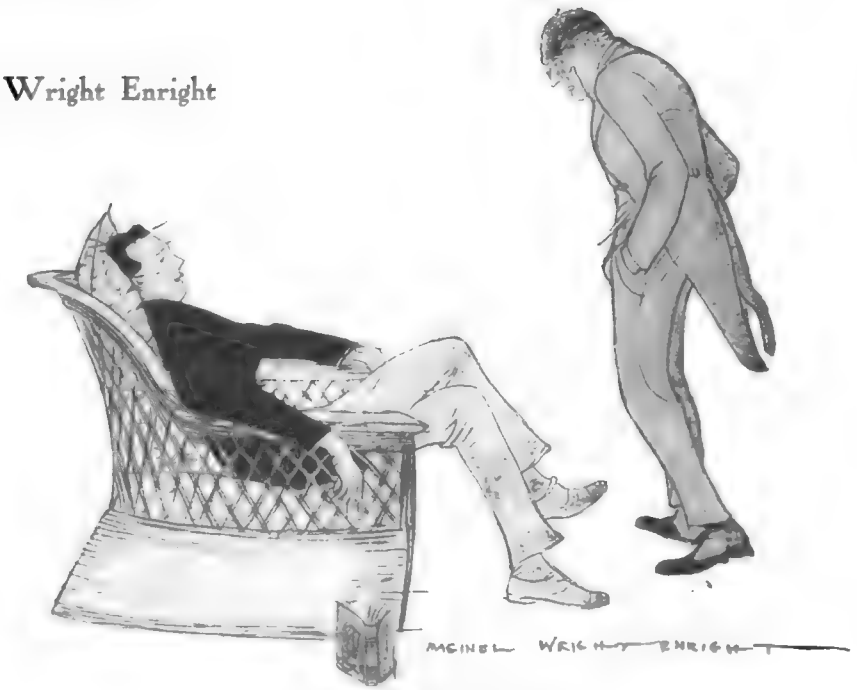
Spuds

By John A Moroso

Illustrated by Maginel Wright Enright



"'Fire when you're ready, Gridley'," calmly quoted Spuds.

IN A wide, yellow cane chair Spuds sprawled, basking in the morning sun of early summer, staring idly through a deep window of his father's country home in the hills of northern New Jersey. Beyond the distant red-brick wall enclosing the garden, the wooded country rose fold on fold and ended like a wave-crest against the blue sky above the Hudson River.

The long arms of the young man dangled toward the rug beneath him, on which lay a book that had fallen from his right hand. The entrance of his father, excited though it was, did not disturb the immobility of his lean countenance nor did it turn a hair of his abundant black locks. Potter, Senior, a slender and rather undersized man with very pink cheeks, very snappy little blue eyes and silver hair, sporting a fancy waistcoat, spats of gray, gray trousers and a cutaway, paced the cheery room, uttering the warning sounds which an old clock will grind out before striking the hour.

"'Fire when you're ready, Gridley,'" calmly quoted Spuds, drawing up his arms and folding his hands at his waistline.

Mr. Fuller groaned heavily, seized a small gilt chair, slapped it beside a large comfortable one, perched on the edge of it and opened up with his main battery.

"My boy," he whispered tragically, "tell me, in God's name, tell me, what am I going to do with you?"

"Do with *me*?" asked Spuds, recrossing his outstretched legs.

"With you, my only child and only kin."

"How should I know?" demanded Spuds, twisting himself to a sitting position. "I've had no experience that way. I have no son. Why, I'm not even married yet and I haven't been engaged but two weeks. Give me time, give me time, father."

"Time?" asked Mr. Fuller incredulously, his little blue eyes widening and his little pink hands doubling. "Time? Why, you have nothing but time a-a-a-nd money."

"Money?" The young man's weather-browned countenance broke into the friendliest of smiles and the old gentleman shuddered with fear of an impending appeal. "I have time of course, father," admitted Spuds; "but money! No, no. I'm broke."

"Again?"

"Yes."

"Suppose I were to let you stay broke?" Mr. Fuller was in control of himself now and his voice carried some of the file-like harshness that had marked it in the marts of the great city across the river before he retired from business. "Suppose," he grated on, "you found yourself without an income, without a profession, with no special training whatever, and I should send you away from my home to earn your own shelter and keep? Suppose—" He paused significantly to weigh his words.

"Go on, I'm listening, Father."

"Suppose you found yourself penniless and knew that my will had been changed so that all the rest of life you would have to fight for everything your heart desired and necessity required? Do you think Mabel would marry you?"

Spuds came off the comfortable yellow cane chair like a spring suddenly released from its pin in a watch. He stood, looking down at his father, pondering this proposition, a tall, broad-shouldered, trim and fit young person of perhaps twenty-four. "Would Mabel marry me?" he repeated slowly. "I think she would. She's a good and a game sport. It might be hard for her until I got started, but if she really loves me she would stick it. Didn't she turn down Harry Ellison, the great single-handed Hun-killer, with enough medals to open a jewelry-store, to accept me, ME, who didn't do a thing for his country except peel potatoes at Camp Merritt, deliver ice to the officers' quarters in summer and juggle ash-cans in winter!"

"But that wasn't your fault, my boy," his father protested, suddenly thrown on the defensive. "You would have gone straight to hell and through it for the flag, if they hadn't found that weak ankle the day before your regiment sailed."

"And was it my fault that the war arrived just after I graduated and was busy buying a lot of law books just to please you, Father?" he asked with mock resignation.

"I know, I know, dear boy," the father admitted, a hint of mist in his eyes. "And if your dear mother were living I wouldn't be bothering my head now. But there are only two of us and I want to save you from idleness. I know you hate the law, but there are other things to do. You might take the farm and——"

"Grow potatoes?"

"It's good land."

"I'd break you. It never has been a money-maker and besides I believe the sight of a handful of spuds would wreck my mind."

"You've got to get down to some sort of business," Mr. Fuller was angry again.

"Don't get mad," protested the son. "Just pause and think where I stand. Think of finishing Princeton and then being turned into the champion murphy wrestler of the U. S. A. The name of Spuds Potter is famous in the kitchen police of the American Army. I can peel 'em and cut 'em faster than any man that ever gave himself to his country, and as for tossing ash-cans, say, I've got the belt and will challenge the world. But did I get a medal? I did not. Did I——"

"How much money do you owe?" Mr. Fuller, regaining the offensive, rose from his chair and smoothed out his waistcoat, fondly.

"Not a great deal."

"Make out a list of your creditors and the amounts coming to them and I'll start you with a clean slate." The father paced the room as he framed in words the proposition he had in mind, Spuds standing with his hands in his pockets, wondering if the worm was about to turn.

"Now, then." Father and son faced each other and Mr. Fuller was doing the talking. "I am going to pay your debts and allow you for the next year just one-half of what you have been getting, two hundred and fifty a month. Not a cent more."

"But how about Mabel?" Spuds asked, alarmed.

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"That's up to you and her. I'm not going to change my will unless you compel me to, but those debts are going to be paid and the new allowance given you on condition that you promise me that for the next year you will not buy on credit nor borrow a penny from any man, woman or child under any circumstances whatever. You've got to live within your allowance or lose everything, and if you want to spend it all on yourself, your wife will have to starve."

"But that wouldn't buy her clothes," Spuds said.

"Then she may go naked."

"O, say, Dad!" protested the boy.

"See here, Henry," the father continued, his voice softening under the emotion he felt, "I haven't got a word against Mabel and you may marry her to-morrow if you will, but I've got a word against her system and the system of her mother. They are playing a selfish game. Her father barely makes enough money to keep their heads above water in what they call the stylish crowd. It is all spent on Mabel because she may land the family a fortune. I know the old man owns a lot of stock in the bank that employs him. He is just a good decent plugger and he would be a happy man if they lived in a cottage costing half as much as the house they now rent."

"He's a good old scout," admitted Spuds.

"And I hope you can say as much for me, boy."

"You betcha."

"In the first days of my married life I was not nearly so well off as Mabel's father and I was only a public-school boy, but your mother was the real game one and she made me a rich man by making me happy. She was just a school-teacher when I met her and if she got as far as twelve times thirteen before the school board and was asked for a quick answer, she would have lost her job. But, Henry, the things she knew about making a man happy! Just a sweet, plain ordinary little woman and mother, no frills and camouflage; no bridge-whist stuff with cigarets and such, only the bright pans in the kitchen, the bright smile on her sweet face and a kiss for me on going and coming."

Spuds saw the tears shining in his dad's eyes and put his hand on his shoulder. "I'll take your proposition, Father," he said.

"I'm not to borrow a penny or take anything on credit for a year. Is that right?"

"Unless I should decide otherwise," added Mr. Potter.

"Sure, you may call it off, but I may not."

"Do I have your word of honor?" Fuller, Senior, held out his right hand with a smile and there was a light of business cunning in his eyes.

"Sure," agreed Spuds after a moment's reflection. "Not to borrow a cent or take credit under any circumstances whatever for a year. I agree."

The father took out his wallet and counted out the first month's allowance in nice, crisp, clean certificates.

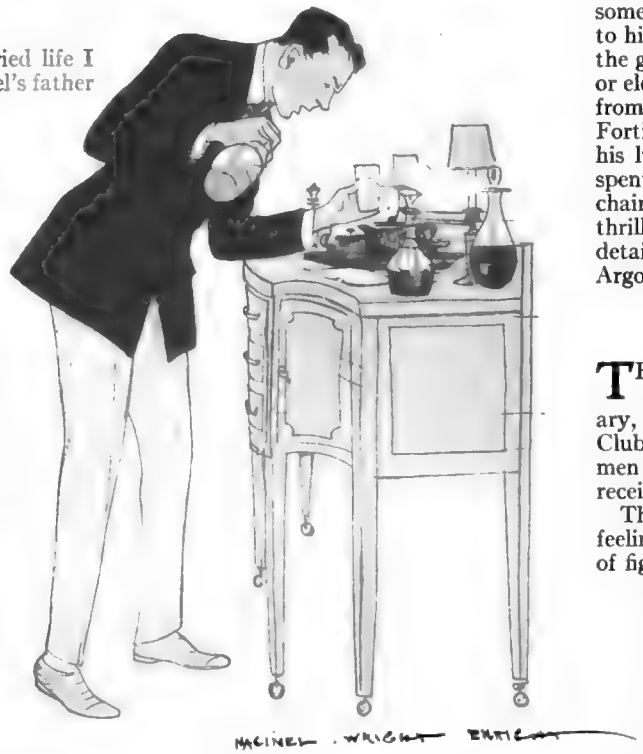
II

FULLER, SENIOR, went off to his golf game in the runabout, leaving his son the choice of the limousine or the slow but sure Erie Railroad. The memory of what his father had said about Mabel burned in the youth's brain and the two hundred and fifty dollars in his pocket. He called Mabel on the telephone and sought comfort from her. Her laughter was abundant, musical enough too, but like the ripple of a mountain stream in winter to an ill-clad wayfarer. She would not believe that he had entered into such an idiotic contract. Why, sixty dollars a week would hardly pay for gasoline, theatre-tickets and his club dues! Was he crazy?

"Father was right," he thought as he sank into the easiest chair in reach. "She is no sixty-a-week bride. I've got to get a job to help out during this awful year." He sought the dining-room and the sideboard, lifting a decanter to pour himself a bracer. Beneath it lay a note addressed to him in his father's jiggly handwriting. Before filling his glass he read it:

DEAR SON:

The ordinary necessities of life, like food and shelter [illegible] only fifteen dollars a week. You will [illegible] luxuries, of course.



Beneath it lay a note.

Leave fifteen cents for each drink in the right-hand drawer. FATHER.

"Now wouldn't that rattle the cherries on grandmother's bonnet!" he shouted, but he found fifteen cents, dropped it in the right-hand drawer and took his drink. It gave him a pleasant little glow within and he decided that the world was still beautiful. The big town was not far away and the price of admittance was low if the cost of exit was not. He slipped into a light overcoat, pulled a felt hat over his eyes and hiked it for the railroad station, whistling merrily.

He found one morning paper left on the news-stand and, of course, it was the kind no patriot or potatriot should buy, but Spuds yearned for a sporting page to kill the deadliness of the trip and so he bought it and before he reached the large town rejoiced greatly that he had done so, for it contained news of his friend and fellow in khaki, one Onions McGlory. This Onions was announced to go ten rounds with Beans McLaughlin, the men weighing in at one hundred and forty-five pounds, that same evening in Harmonium Hall, Hudson Street, under the auspices of the Château Thierry Veterans' Literary, Social, Athletic and Democratic Club.

How pleasant were those names! How fragrant the memories of Onions McGlory! He had seen him in action against [illegible] at Camp Merritt—a drawn battle. [illegible] were to have fought again, but [illegible] been transferred to a company [illegible] and sent overseas, so the fight [illegible] postponed until the matter [illegible] Boche was settled. [illegible] meet in a regular [illegible] be there with bells [illegible] old friend who, like [illegible] bitter gaff of service [illegible] Beans and others [illegible] having the French [illegible] and slip them medals.

The joyous anticipation of a ringside seat, rooting for Onions, made him feel some of the old pep of camp days creep to his spine and in the bright sunlight of the glorious day he forgot all about taxis or elevated or subway trains and hiked it from Chambers Street clear to the Forties, where he found his club, enjoyed his lunch with a ravenous appetite, and spent the afternoon dozing in a tufted chair while a Crois de Guerre member thrilled a score of his fellows with the details of what pushing through the Argonne had meant to the doughboys.

III

THE members and guests of the Château-Thierry Veterans' Literary, Social, Athletic and Democratic Club filled Harmonium Hall at two iron men a throw, five for the ringside, all the receipts, less expenses, to the winner.

There was not the slightest trace of ill-feeling anywhere in the shadowed crowd of fight fans or even in the ring under the great battery of electric lights. During the preliminaries there was a friendly jabber of voices broken by laughter and always the steady crunch of peanuts between thumb and forefinger. Honest Pop Tracy, with a John L. Sullivan bay window and white mustaches, finally announced the star event of the evening: Beans McLaughlin, whose address was Château-Thierry and New York, would go ten rounds with Onions McGlory of the Quartermaster's Corps, U. S. A.

"Gen-tel-men, Onions McGlory, U. S. A.!" he shouted magniloquently.

"Pipe the swell guy!" was the message passed among the spectators as Spuds Fuller jumped to his feet from his chair by the ringside, yelling a welcome to the gladiator. The applause was feeble, for the Harmonium gathering was holding

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back to give the Château-Thierry hero a greeting that would be remembered in sporting, social and literary circles of the old Ninth Ward for many generations. But Spuds, whose cheers seemed as out of place as the braying of a trombone in a string quartet, was not abashed, nor was his friend Onions, holding the ropes and bowing his acknowledgment, upset by the solitary ovation. The fighter recognized his old comrade of the military kitchens, leaned over, held out a great powerful paw and huskily and gratefully spoke the one word: "Spuds!"

The fine, strong, well-kept hand of the rich man's son grasped it and one word came from his lips: "Onions!"

timed the ovation, acting as stakeholder, placed the wager under his wad of copy-paper without even halting the race of his pencil across the sheets.

The fighters were at it, the white arms rapidly reddening, darting at first like flashes of summer lightning and then vividly and angrily as the storm of battle deepened. They were evenly matched and used about the same tactics, straight, stand-up-fighting of the old school before the Corbett era of fancy

the hero would last just a second too long

The bell.

Zip! The right arm of Beans McLaughlin had swung in a great arc and his fist had landed on the temple of Onions, who lay prone on the floor. The referee was counting, watch in hand. One, two, three, four, five! Not a wriggle from Onions. Six, seven! No single sprout of awakening life. Eight, nine! It was all over.

When cold water had stirred him from his deep repose and Onions found himself being helped to his dressing-room by the old friend of his army days, he whispered

She only knew him for what he had been in the service of his country, Spuds Fuller, her brother's companion.

tragically: "Gee, Spuds, I put the gate-money in the bank during the second round and was pickin' out a two-ton truck to start business f'r myself when Beansy drew it all out."

"It's all right, old boy," sympathized Spuds.

"Naw, it ain't," protested Onions, his voice breaking to a sob. "I bet every cent me sister Molly McGlory saved for two years' teachin' school, she thinkin' nuthin' could beat me. The whole family is broke." His despair became deeper as he got into his well-worn suit of street clothes. "Could yuh come along home wid me, Spuds, and break the news?" he asked. "They never seen yuh, but they know all about yuh, boy, and it will make it easier."

"Betcha," Spuds assured him and they went into Hudson Street and walked to the home of the McGlorys which was in a tenement in Vandam Street.

"Gen-tel-men," rose the voice from the bay window, "Beans McLaughlin, A. E. F.!"

The windows rattled and a reporter pulled out a watch and timed the ovation. It lasted three minutes, Beans standing stark naked, save for his fighting-shoes and the clout at his loins, his arms folded, his splendid body pocked with the scars where Jerry's shrapnel had sprayed it. Spuds, for a moment, felt a great envy, but a glance toward the broad smiling face of Onions McGlory, sprawling in his chair as his seconds tied on his gloves, assured him that his friend did not feel it and that in his heart he was a bigger man than himself, for he was content with having done as best he could the job given him under the flag.

When the applause died down, Beans ran the back of his right hand under his nose, turned furiously red and made the first speech of his life:

"We couldn't all git acrost."

The bell.

The boys shook hands and dropped back from each other, going into guard and fiddling through the first uneasy moments of fistic combat. Spuds felt a great swelling of his heart. His pal would have to win and he felt sure that he would win, for under the sheet of white light thrown from above, his skin flashed with the silkiness of a shark's fresh from the water and beneath it his muscles played swiftly, beautifully.

"Fifty on McGlory," he said to a solemn-visaged man beside him.

"You're on." The reporter who had

foot-work. It was a regular fight and the fans held their breath in full enjoyment of the gladiatorial beauty of it. The first round ended with honors easy, but it was evident that the bout would never reach the appointed tenth round, if it got as far as the fifth.

"Fifty on McLaughlin," coldly suggested the sport beside Spuds.

"You're on." Another hundred dollars was tucked under the wad of copy-paper.

"Make it a hundred if you want to," suggested the backer of the A. E. F. fighter.

"Sure."

"Make it a hundred and fifty?"

Spuds reached in his pocket and counted what was left of his first allowance under the new agreement with his father. If he took this wager he would still have fifty dollars and some loose change. He was game.

"Sure, but that's all." He tucked back the fifty with the chicken-feed and smiled confidently. Onions *couldn't* lose this fight.

In the second round the Château-Thierry hero hit the floor with an awful bang, Onions having reached the angle of his jaw. The Hun-killer took all the time he could while the bay window counted off the seconds and he was barely to his knees when the gong sounded for the men to go to their corners.

In the shadows away from the ring the faces of the spectators were as lily-pads in a black pond. McGlory had got the way to the jaw of his opponent.

He would only have to find it once more and the subsequent brainstorm of

IV

IT WAS two o'clock in the morning when Spuds, homeward turning, paused at the corner of Hudson and Vandam streets and wondered why the pep had so suddenly left him. Each footstep taking him away from the vicinage of the McGlorys seemed harder to negotiate. He had lost his money fairly and that did not bother him, nor was he taking heed of the morrow and worrying, as well he might, about his contract with his father. He had taken his defeated friend home and had broken the news to his sister Molly, whom they had found sitting up for the returns like a true Tammanyite.

He paused again at Canal Street on his way to the Chambers Street ferry and looked up. Every star of the firmament

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was in its place, but his eyes could only see the young blue stars—so like her eyes—Molly's. In a few hours the dawn would come and the blush of morning would creep to the flawless heavens, but never so sweetly as crept the blush to Molly's flawless cheeks when he had held her hand a moment longer than the terse introduction made by her brother warranted.

Mother McGlory was in bed and had refused to get up, while the three small McGlorys were not interested in the big family gamble which had been made at Harmonium Hall. Onions had thrown himself on his couch and had left Spuds with Molly to break the news. She had cried a little and had not objected to his laying his right arm lightly across her frail little shoulders. She did not know that he was the son of a rich man any more than her brother knew it. She only knew him for what he had been in the service of his country—Spuds Fuller. He was her brother's companion of the military kitchens, pals under the flag, and she was safe in putting her bonny black head on his shoulder.

"O Lord," sighed Spuds as he resumed his walk to the ferry, "as sweet a schoolteacher as all that, and I'd bet she couldn't divide thirteen by seven."

At the ferry he asked for his ticket and the sleepy agent held it out while he fumbled for the money. His hands, with increasing nervousness, searched each pocket. The fifty dollars residue of his monthly allowance was gone. It had been simple enough for a pickpocket to have taken it in the rush to the ringside during the excitement of acclaiming the truck-drivers and other employees of the produce firms crowding this section of the city, displayed a sign that rooms might be had by "gents only" at fifty and seventy-five cents a night. Spuds headed for it. There was no writing-room, but the clerk allowed him the use of his desk and before retiring he wrote and mailed this letter:

DEAR DAD:

I am stopping at the Eagle Hotel, nearly opposite the ferry. The board is much cheaper and I find I must economize for the other twenty-nine days of the month.

Your loving son,
SPUDS.

The stamp required to send this succinct epistle to his father having cost three cents, Spuds retired with a capital of twenty-two cents, a healthy mind and body, skill as a scullion and a wonderful power of adoration for blue eyes and blue stars, which are the same thing to young men in the twenties.

In the morning he arose from dreams of Molly McGlory, fistic combats and fortunes won and lost, and gamely announced to the four dingy walls that he was going to get out for a job. He reached for the foot of the bed, but his clothes were not there. There was one chair in the room and it stood cold and bare, sinister. There was no clothes-closet. The door of his room was partly open, but he could see the two iron hooks screwed in its back and no raiment therefrom depended. He got from under his blanket and peered under the bed and into the drawers of the blistered bureau. Every rag of his back but the pale-blue silk knitted underwear he wore was gone. The thief had not even left him his shoes or his hat, and his twenty-two cents of capital had been in his trousers pocket. He crawled back to bed, for there was no telephone through which to summon any varlet of the demesne that might be on the job, and remained there until a Finnish girl with a "map" of great width stuck her head in the door. He told her to send for the boss and the boss came. He was German, but did that matter in the circumstances to Spuds?

"Some one stole my clothes, shoes, hat and all my money," he announced from the pillows.

"Didn't you lock the door, vot?" asked the boss.

"That doesn't matter."

"Ain't you got any friends to help you out?"

"Friends?" asked Spuds. "Not a friend. I had two hundred and fifty of them last night, but I lost them. Can you get me something to wear?"

"Sure, something, anyhow." He departed and returned with a pair of old shoes, a set of greasy overalls and a torn shirt, into which Spuds slipped with ease and speed.

"Do you need any help in this place?" he asked. "I've got to get a job, I've just *got* to get a job. I'm that hungry I could eat my hat if I had one."

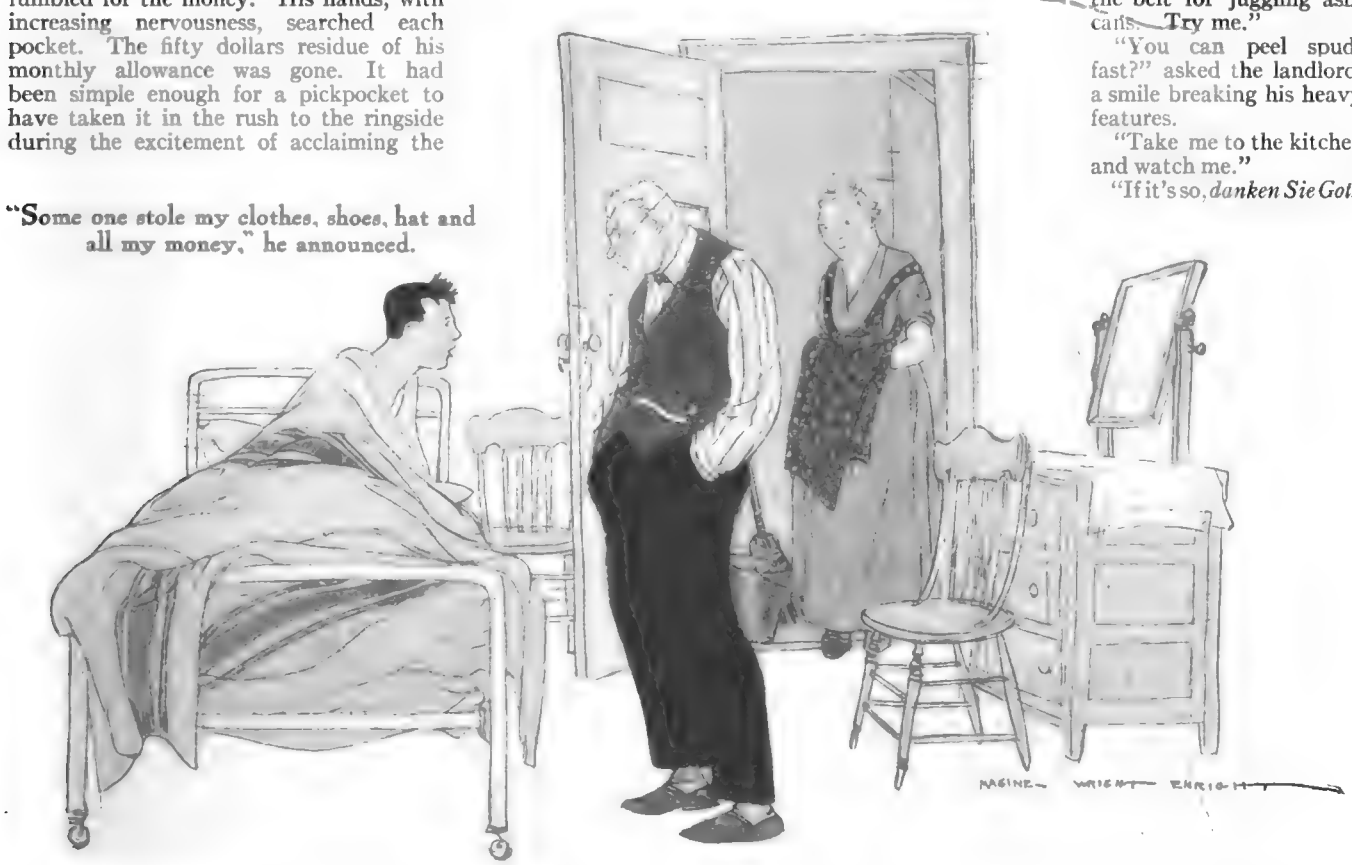
"In the kitchen, yes," the boss replied.

"Lead me to it, old fellow!" shouted Spuds. "I'm the champion potato-peeler of the U. S. A. and hold the belt for juggling ash-cans. Try me."

"You can peel spuds fast?" asked the landlord, a smile breaking his heavy features.

"Take me to the kitchen and watch me."

"If it's so, *danken Sie Gott!* We got no help in the kitchen all this week. I pay you good money," the boss exclaimed, as they made their way down the stairs to the lower regions.



"Some one stole my clothes, shoes, hat and all my money," he announced.

V

"I'D LIKE to see Mr. Fuller; he is my son."

There was a note pretty close to humility in the voice of the trig little old man at the door of the West Street hotel. He had Château-Thierry veteran. But the loose silver was there.

"How much?" he asked.

"Ninety cents," replied the ticket agent.

Spuds counted his cash and found it amounted to seventy-five cents. He turned from the little window and walked into West Street. On each corner for several blocks to the north and south were little hotels of the cheapest sort. One, with an all-night beanery catering to the

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waited two weeks for his boy to come home and every big empty easy chair in his house over in Jersey had brought greater loneliness to his heart when he passed it. The one note mailed the night of their agreement was the only word he had received from his boy.

"Fuller?" asked the Teuton.

"Yes, Fuller; Henry Fuller or Spuds Fuller."

"Spuds? Oh, Spuds! Sure, he's down in the kitchen."

It was nine o'clock in the morning and from the ferry across West Street to Chambers and Warren streets flowed two broad ribbons of cummuters, bringing to the city the fragrance and beauty of the country in bunches of roses and peonies. But in the beanery palace was only the stale air of a cheap eating-place, and along the narrow dark stairs down which Mr. Fuller groped the malodorous clouds thickened.

IN THE darkness he pushed against a grimy door and between the threshold and a glowing stove crowded with pots he saw his boy in overalls on a low chair peeling and cutting potatoes. The perspiration poured from his brow, down his face, down his neck and the streams of it met on his bared breast in a river of honest sweat. The spuds were flying through his fingers into a great tin vessel. He was absorbed in his task.

"Henry!"

He did not hear.

"Henry!"

"Dad!" The spud-scraper dropped from the boy's hands. He rose and stood a little unsteadily, the heat, steam and vile air of the understreet kitchen for two weeks having stolen all but the last vestige of his pep.

"What are you doing in this Black Hole of Calcutta?" demanded his father.

"Working, Dad. Didn't you catch me at it?" The old smile shone on his lean countenance.

"Come with me. No more of this."

"But I can't afford it. I get my board and lodging and three bucks a day here."

"Come with me, I said." Fuller, Senior, held open the little grimy door. "After you," he insisted. "Lead the way to your room." He climbed after his boy to the top floor and a cubby-hole with a bed, a chair and a wash-stand.

Spuds peeled off his overalls and slipped into a suit of clothes that no self-respecting truck-driver would wear on or off duty.

"Pretty good fit, Father?" he asked.

"They're awful," sighed father. "Did you have to pawn your own clothes?"

"Not exactly. It's a long story." Spuds felt in the inside pocket of his coat.

"Have you been saving money?" Mr. Fuller asked.

"Sure, but it's in the dime bank."

"Er-ah—I thought you were feeling for your wallet, Henry," his father stammered half apologetically.

"Oh, no." Spuds drew out a photograph of a girl and gave it to the old gentleman. "A friend of mine. School-teacher," he explained. "Her brother and I were pals in the Army. Soon as I can get on my feet we're going in the motor-trucking business together."

"A school-teacher. . . . What a sweet face!" Mr. Fuller went to the little window close to the eaves and studied the picture of Molly McGlory. "That was the sort of a girl that made me a successful man, Henry."

"Mother," said Spuds.

"Yes." Spuds placed with much care a cotton cap over the crown of his abundant black locks.

"We'll go home now," his father decided, "and work out the plans for that trucking business."

"You're going to back us?"

"Back you?" chuckled Mr. Fuller as he slipped an arm about his boy. "I'm going to be the silent member and father-in-law of the firm. Mabel's mother has announced that her daughter's engagement is broken."

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Even before he leaves the hospital the soldier may begin to learn a new trade or readjust himself to an old one.

Photographs by courtesy of the General Publicity Section, Surgeon General's office.

Facing It

THESE pictures show a few sample American boys who have sacrificed an arm or a leg or their eyes for their country and who are tackling the job of getting used to the loss.

They are still in the reconstruction hospitals—at Walter Reid, in Washington, most of them, though the same kind of boys might be shown doing the same or similar things in any one of a score of military hospitals. And the thing that each of these boys is doing, whether work or play, is a part of his cure—for both mind and body; a means of directing him back into normal living. If it is work, while it is first of all curative, it is as far as possible work that will conform with the later occupational training which the Government offers. Sometimes it's an old occupation—like that of the boy above, who was a draftsman and is preparing to resume his work. Sometimes the artificial appliances supplied to the disabled soldier enable him to master, in the curative workshop, even such strenuous implements as the anvil. Boys who were farmers often elect, if badly crippled, a course in hothouse vegetable growing—as in the picture below: intensive farming directed to cauliflower, lettuce, Brussels sprouts, and like luxury products, which yield profit for a single worker.

The list of possible occupations is long—chicken-raising, stenography, electrical trades, carpet and fine-rug mending, moving-picture operation, welding, photography, carpentry, telegraphy—really, *almost* anything.

And back of all the treatment and the training is the effort to make the disabled soldier think of himself without sensitiveness or self-pity; to help him face his "handicap" not with "resignation," but with fighting courage and a determination to put himself back in the regular two-armed, two-legged world, doing all that it can do.

Hot house vegetable growing is often a substitute for "back to the farm."

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Try it yourself — tying your shoe or rolling a cigaret with one hand.

WHEN a soldier who has lost an arm is gloomily sure he can never by any means earn his own living again, it often cheers him up considerably to find that at any rate he can roll his own cigarets. It helps him to believe he might learn to be a telegraph operator or an electrician, or anything else he might choose. And of course a man handicapped like himself is the soldier's best instructor. That is why the reconstruction hospitals choose such men as S. J. Sweatt, of Walter Reid Hospital, who, lacking a right arm himself, has taught scores of one-handed boys the trick of tying shoe-laces and neckties, as well as instructing them in wireless and typing.

Just try that tying a shoestring with one hand. Hold the loop with your little finger and slip the other end around with your first finger and thumb. It *can* be done. The theory is that most folks only really use first finger and thumb—making four—and so if a one-armed boy learns to use all the fingers of his one hand he has an advantage of *one finger!*

That is perhaps a wee bit exaggerated, but there's something in it.

Photograph by Hughes Company, Baltimore.

Every soldier on this floor is blind.

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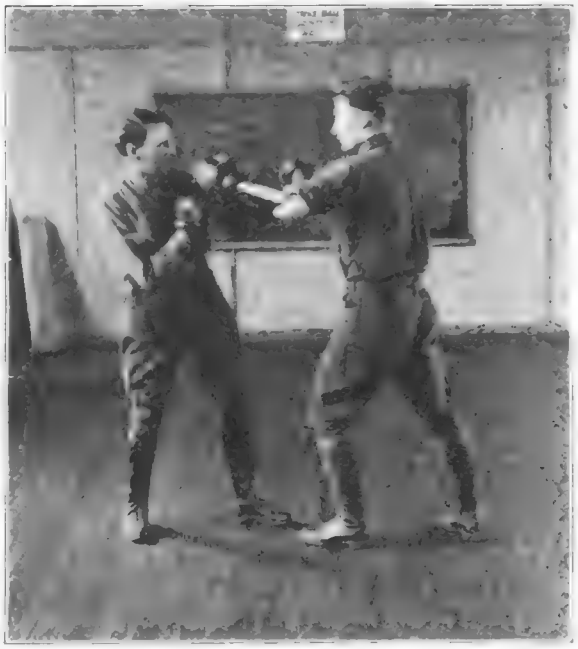

The loss of a limb or so can't put an end to sport.

ONE of the best kinds of hospital "treatment" is play—to flex a stiff joint, to teach use of a new limb, to cheer up a sick mind, above all to show the "handicaps" that they can do things just like other folks. Dancing is one of the favorite pastimes. Every one of the men in the picture opposite is blind—all patients at the Evergreen Hospital at Roland Park, Baltimore. One-armed men can dance, too, learning to make new adjustments in balance;

One of the popular "handcrafts."

and even men with artificial legs sometimes manage a turn. The loss of a leg is no essential hindrance to wrestling, and boxing is regularly taught, regardless of missing arms. The instructor at Walter Reid is Freddie Welsh, one time light-weight champion of the world. Artificial-arm contrivances make ping-pong, tennis and baseball quite practicable—and all this as a part of the curative treatment before the handicapped boy leaves the hospital.

Even baseball isn't beyond our handicapped soldiers' reach.

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"All the Brothers Were Valiant"

By Ben Ames Williams

Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth

SYNOPSIS—A story of a New England whaling town and the South Seas. Joel, the youngest brother of the valiant house of Shore, is put in command of the *Nathan Ross*, a whaler which has come back without a captain. Mark, Joel's oldêr brother, who had been captain, has been lost somewhere in the South Seas. Joel takes with him on the three years' cruise for oil his bride, Priscilla, charming, almost a child. Joel is sure Mark is still alive, and is not surprised when he boards the ship at a little South Sea Island port. The quiet Joel senses instantly the effect of Mark's powerful personality on the men and on Priscilla, who had been a little girl when Mark left home. That night, in the cabin, Mark tells Joel his story of adventure, of a fight and a little brown girl and the discovery of pearls, to all of which Priscilla, supposedly asleep in her cabin, is listening.

X

EVEN Joel Shore saw the new light in Priscilla's eyes when she met Mark at breakfast in the cabin next morning, and it is said husbands are the last to see such things.

That story she had heard the night before, the story Mark told Joel in the after cabin, had made of him something superhuman in her eyes. He was a gigantic, an epic figure; he had lived red life, and fought for his life, and killed. There was Puritan blood in Priscilla, but overrunning it was a flood of warmer life, a cross-strain from some Southern forebear, which sang now in answer to the touch of Mark's words. She watched him that morning with wide eyes that were full of wonder and of awe.

Mark saw, and was immensely amused. He asked her, "Why do you look at me like that, little sister? I'm not going to bite."

Priscilla caught herself and smiled, and laughed at him. "How do I look at you? You're imagining things, Mark."

"Am I?" he asked, and he touched Joel's arm. "Look at her, Joel, and see which of us is right."

Joel was eating his breakfast silently, but he had seen Priscilla's eyes. He looked toward her now, and she flushed in spite of herself, and got up quickly and slipped away. They watched her go, Joel's eyes clouding thoughtfully, Mark's shining. And when she was gone, Mark leaned across and said to Joel softly, a devil of mischief in his eyes, "She heard my tale last night, Joel. She was not asleep. Fooled you."

Joel shook his head. "No. She was asleep."

Mark laughed. "Don't you suppose I know? I've seen that look in woman's eyes before—in the eyes of the little brown girl, the night I dropped the fat man overside."

He sat there chuckling, when Joel got abruptly to his feet and went on deck, and when he came up the companion a little later, he was still chuckling under his breath.

After that first meeting, Priss was able to cloak her eyes and hide her thoughts; and on the surface life aboard the *Nathan Ross* seemed to go on as before. Mark threw himself into the routine of the work, mixing with the men, going off in the boats when there was a whale to be struck, doing three men's share of toil. Joel one day remonstrated with him. "It is not wise," he said. "You were captain here; you are my brother. It is not wise for you to mix as an equal with the men."

Mark only laughed at him. "Your dignity is very precious to you, Joel," he mocked. "But as for me—I am not proud. You'd not have me sit aft and twiddle my thumbs and hold yarn for little Priss. And I must be doing something."

He and Jim Finch were much together. Finch always gave Joel careful obedience, always handled the ship, when he was in charge, with smooth efficiency. His boat was the best-manned and the most successful of the four. But he and Joel were not comradely. Joel instinctively disliked the big man, and Finch's servility disgusted him. The mate was full of smooth and flattering words, but his eyes were shallow.

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Mark talked with him long one morning, and then he left Finch and came to Joel, by the after house, chuckling as though at some enormous jest. "Will ye look at Finch, there?" he begged.

Joel had been watching the two. He saw Finch now, standing just forward of the boat-house with flushed cheeks and eyes fixed and hands twitching. The big man was powerfully moved by something. "What is it that's got him?" Joel asked.

"I've told him about the pearls," Mark chuckled. "He's wild to be after them."

Joel turned on his brother hotly. "You're mad, Mark," he snapped. "That is no word to be loose in the ship."

"I've but told Finch," Mark protested. "It's mirthful to watch the man wriggle."

"He'll tell the ship. His tongue wags unceasingly."

Mark lifted his shoulders. "Tell him to be silent. You must keep order on your ship, Joel."

Joel beckoned, and Finch came toward them. As he came, he fought for self-control, and when he stood before them, his lips were twisting into something like a smile, and his eyes were shifty and gleaming. Joel said quietly:

"Mr. Finch, my brother says he told you his story."

"Yes, sir," said Finch. "An extraordinary adventure, Captain Shore."

"I think it best the men should know nothing about it," Joel told him. "You will please keep it to yourself."

Finch grinned. "Of course, sir. There's no need they should have any share in them."

Joel flushed angrily. "We are not going after them. I consider it dangerous and unwise."

Over Finch's fat cheeks swept a twitching grimace of dismay. "But I thought"—he looked at Mark, and Mark was chuckling. "It's so easy, sir," he protested. "Just go and get them. We should all be rich."

Joel shook his head. "Keep silent about the matter, Finch."

Finch slowly bowed his head and he smirked respectfully. "Very well, Captain Shore," he agreed. "You always know best, sir."

He turned away, and after a little Mark said softly: "You have him well trained, Joel: like a little dog. I wonder that you can handle men so."

She was like nothing in his grasp; she could not stir.

Two days later, Joel knew that either Finch or Mark had told the tale anew. Young Dick Morrell came to him with shining eyes. "Is it true, sir, that we're going after the pearls your brother hid?" he asked. "I just heard."

Joel gripped the boy's arm. "Who told you?"

Morrell twisted free, half angry. "I—overheard it, sir. Is it true?"

"No," said Joel. "We're a whaler, and we stick to our trade."

Dick lifted both hands in a gesture almost pleading. "But it would be so simple, sir."

"Keep the whole matter quiet, Morrell," Joel told him. "I do not wish the men to know it. And if you hear any further talk, report it to me."

Morrell's eyes were sulky. He said slowly: "Yes, sir." The set of his shoulders, as he stalked forward, seemed to Joel defiant.

Within the week, the whole ship knew the story. Old Aaron Burnham, repairing a bunk in the fo'c's'le, heard the men whispering to themselves. "Tongues hissing like little serpents, sir," he told Joel in the cabin that night; "all of pearls and women, and the like—and a shine in their eyes."

"Thanks, Aaron," Joel said. "I'm sorry the men know."

"Aye, they know. Be sure of that," Aaron repeated, with bobbing head. "And they're roused by what they know. Some say you're going after the pearls and aim to 'fraud them of their lay. And some say you're a mad fool that will not go."

Joel's fist, on the table, softly clenched. "What else?" he asked.

Aaron watched him sidewise. "There was a whisper that you might be made to go."

Priscilla saw that night that Joel was troubled. She and Mark were together on the cushioned seat in the after cabin, and Joel sat at his desk, over the log. Mark was telling Priss an expurgated version of some one of his adventures; and Joel, looking once or twice that way, saw the quick caught breath in her throat, saw her tremulous interest. And his eyes clouded, so that when Priscilla chanced to look toward him, she saw, and cried:

"Joel! What's the matter? You look so——"

He leaned from one of them to the other for a space, and then his eyes rested on Mark's, and he said slowly: "It's in my mind that I'd have done best to set you ashore at Tubuai, Mark."

Mark laughed, but Priss cried hotly: "Joel! What a perfectly horrible thing to say!" Her voice had grown deeper and more resonant of late, Joel thought. It was no longer the voice of a girl,

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but of a woman. Mark touched her arm.

"Don't care about him," he told her; "that's only brotherly love."

"He oughtn't to say it."

Joel said quietly: "This is a matter you do not understand, Priscilla. You would do well to keep silent. It is my affair."

A month before, this would have swept Priss into a fury of anger; but this night, though her eyes burned with slow resentment, she bit her lips and was still. A month ago, she would have forgotten overnight. Now she would remember.

Mark got up, laughed. "He's bad company, Priss," he told her. "Come on deck with me."

She rose, readily enough, and they went out through the main cabin and up the companionway. Joel watched them go. They left open the door into the cabin, and he heard Varde and Finch, at the table there, talking in husky whispers. It was so, he knew, over the whole ship. Everywhere the men were whispering. There hung over the *Nathan Ross* a cloud as definite as a man's hand; and every man scowled—save Mark Shore. Mark smiled with malicious delight at the gathering storm he had provoked.

Joel, left in the after cabin, felt terribly lonely. He wanted Priss with him, laughing at his side. His longing for her was like a hot coal in his throat, burning there. And she had taken sides with Mark, against him. His shoulders shook with the sudden surge of his desire to grip Mark's lean throat. Ashore, he would have done so. But as things were, the ship was his first charge, and a break with Mark would precipitate the thing that menaced the ship. He could not fight Mark without risking the *Nathan Ross;* and he could not risk the *Nathan Ross.* Not even— His head dropped for an instant in his arms, and then he got up quickly and shook himself and set his lips. No man aboard must see the trouble in his heart.

He went through the main cabin and climbed to the deck. There was some sea running, and a wind that brushed aside all smaller sounds, so that he made little noise. Thus, when he reached the top of the companion, he saw two dark figures in the shadows of the boat-house, closely clasped.

He stood for an instant, white hot. His wife and Mark. His little Priss and his brother.

Then he went quietly below and glanced at the chart and chose a course upon it. The nearest land; he and Mark ashore together. His blood ran hungrily at the thought.

XI

PRISCILLA went on deck that night so angry with Joel that she could have killed him; and Mark played upon her as a skilled hand plays upon the harp. It was such a night as the South Seas know, warm and languorous, the wind caressing and the salt spray stinging gently on the cheek. The moon was near the full, and it laid a path of silver on the water. This path was like the road to fairyland; and Mark told Priscilla so. He dropped into a gay little fantasy that he conceived on the moment, a story of fairies and of dancing in the moonlight, and of a man and a woman hand in hand.

She felt the spell he laid upon her and struggled against it. "Tell me about the last fight, when the little brown girl was killed," she begged.

He had told her snatches of his story here and there; but he had not till that night spoken of the pearls. When Priss heard of them, she swung about and lifted up her face to his, listening like a child. And Mark told the story with a tongue of gold, so that she saw it all: the lagoon, blue in the sun; and the schooner creeping in from the sea; and the hours of flight through the semi-jungle of the island, with the blacks in hot pursuit. He told her of the times when they surrounded him, when he fought himself free. How he got a great stone and gripped it in his hand, and how with this stone he crushed the skull of a young black with but one eye. Priss shuddered with delicious horror at the tale.

SHE loved best to hear of the little brown girl whom Mark had loved; and that would have told either of them, if they had stopped to consider, that she did not love Mark, else she would have hated the other, brown or white. And he told how the brown girl saved him, and gave her life in the saving, and how he had stopped at a little atoll on his homeward way and buried her. She had died in his arms, smiling because she lay there.

"And the pearls?" Priss asked, when she had heard the story through. "You left them there?"

"They are there still," he told her. "Packed in cotton-wool, safe and sound."

"How many?" she asked. "Are they lovely?"

"Three big ones, and thirty-two of fair size, and enough little ones and seeds to make a double handful."

"But why did you leave them there?"

"The black men were on the island. They were there, and watchful, and very angry."

"Couldn't you have kept them in your pockets?"

He laughed. "That other schooner made me cautious. Man's life is cheap in such matters. And if they guessed I had such things on me—if I slept too soundly, or the like. D'ye see?"

She nodded her dark head. "I see. But you'll go back."

He chuckled at that, and tapped on the rail with one knuckle, in a thoughtful way. "I had thought that Joel and I would go in the *Nathan Ross* and fetch the things away," he said.

"Of course!" she exclaimed. "That would be so easy. I'd love to see the—pearls."

"Easy? That was my own thought," he agreed. Something in his tone prompted her question.

"Why—isn't it?"

"Joel objects," he said dryly.

"He—won't do it? Won't go? But why? I don't understand. Why?"

Mark laughed. "He speaks of a matter of duty; not to risk the ship."

"Is there a risk?"

"No." He chuckled maliciously. "As a matter of cold fact, Priss, I'm fearful that Joel is a bit—timid in such affairs."

She flamed at him. "Afraid?"

He nodded.

"I don't believe it."

His eyes shone. "What a loyal little bride! But—I taxed him with it. And—that was the word he used."

She was so angry that she beat upon Mark's great breast with her tiny fists. "It's not true! It's not true!" she cried. "You know."

Abruptly, Mark took fire. She was swept into his arms, clipped there, half-lifted from the deck to meet his lips that dipped to hers. She was like nothing in his grasp; she could not stir. And from his lips, and circling arms, and great body the hot fire of the man flung through her. She fought him.

But even in that terrific moment she knew that Joel had never swept or whelmed her so.

She twisted her face away. And thus, from the shadow where they stood, she saw Joel. He was at the top of the cabin companion, looking toward them, his face illumined by the light from below. And she watched for an instant, frozen with terror, expecting him to leap toward them and plunge at Mark and buffet him.

Joel stood for an instant, unstirring. Then he turned very quietly, and went down the stairs again into the cabin.

She thought, sickly, that he had shirked; he had seen, and held his hand.

What was it Mark had said? That Joel was afraid?

Mark had not seen Joel. He kissed her again. Then she twisted away from him and fled below.

Joel was at his desk. He did not look up at her coming, and she stood for an instant behind him, watching his bent head.

Then she slipped into her own cabin, and snapped the latch, and plunged her face in her pillow to stifle bursting sobs.

XII

THE *Nathan Ross* changed course that day; and the word went around the ship. It passed from man to man. There was whispering; and there were dark looks flung toward Joel.

Joel kept the deck all day, silent and watchful, and waiting. Mark spoke to him once or twice, asking what he meant to do. Joel told him nothing. He had fought out his fight the night before; he knew himself.

Mark and Finch talked together during the morning. Joel watched them without comment. Later he saw Mark speak to the other mates, one by one. At dinner in the cabin the mates were silent. Their eyes had something of shame in them and something of venomous hate. They already hated Joel, whom they planned to wrong.

The day was fair, and the wind drove them smoothly. There was no work to be done, never a spout on the sea. Joel, watching once or twice the whispering groups of idle men, wished a whale might be sighted; and once he sent Morrell and Varde to find tasks for the men to do, and kept them at it through the long afternoon, scraping, scrubbing, painting.

Priss kept to her cabin. When she did not answer at breakfast, Joel went to the door and knocked. She called to him: "I've a headache. I'm going to rest." He ordered that food be sent to her.

He stayed on deck till late that night, till most of the men were below in the fo'c's'le. Then at last he left the deck to

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The story of the battle upon the tumbling decks of the *Nathan Ross* was to be retold at many a gam upon the whaling-grounds.

Varde, and went below. He sat down at his desk in the cabin.

Priss came to him there. She had been in bed and she wore a heavy dressing-gown over her night-garments. Her hair was braided, hanging across her shoulders. She sat down beside the desk, and when Joel could fight back the misery in his eyes, he looked toward her and asked:

"Is your head—better?"

She said very quietly: "Joel, I want to ask you something."

He wanted her sympathy so terribly, and her tone was so cool and so aloof that he winced; but he said, "Very well."

"Mark says he asked you to take the *Nathan Ross* to get—the pearls he left on that island. Is that true?"

"Yes," said Joel.

"He says you would not do it."

"I will not do it," Joel told her.

"He says," said Priss quietly, "that you are afraid. He says that was your own word when he accused you. Is that true?"

If there had been any sympathy or understanding in her voice or in her eyes, he would have told her—told her that it was for his ship and not for himself that he was afraid. But there was not. She was cold and hard. He would not seek to justify himself to her.

"Yes," he said quietly. "I used that word."

She turned her eyes quickly away from his, that he might not see the pain in hers. She rose to go back to her cabin.

As she reached the door, some one knocked on the door that led into the main cabin, and without waiting for a word from Joel that door opened. Mark stood there. He came in with Finch and Varde and old Hooper and young Morrell on his heels. Priss shrank back into her cabin, closed the door to a crack, listened.

Joel got to his feet. "What is it?" he asked.

Mark bowed low, faced his brother with a cold and triumphant smile. "These gentlemen have asked me," he explained, "to tell you that we have decided to go fetch the pearls."

XIII

WHEN Priss, through the crack in the door, heard what Mark had said, she shut the door of her cabin soundlessly and crouched against it, listening. She was trembling.

There was a long moment when no one of the men in the after cabin spoke. Then big Jim Finch said suavely: "That is to say, if Captain Shore does not object."

Joel asked then: "What if I do object?"

Mark laughed. "If you do object, why—we'll just go, anyway; but you'll have no share."

And surly Varde added: "We'd as soon you did object."

Mark bade him be quiet. "That's not true, Joel," he said. "You know, I wanted you in this, from the first. Your coming in will—prevent complications. With you in, the whole matter is very simple, and safe; but without you, we will be forced to take measures that may be—reprehensible."

Joel did not speak, and Priss, trembling against the door, thought bitterly: "He's afraid. He said, himself, that he is afraid."

Dick Morrell begged eagerly: "Please, Captain Shore—there's a fortune for all of us! Mr. Worthen would tell you to do it."

Joel said then: "I told Mark Shore in the beginning that I would not risk my ship. The enterprise is not lawful. The pearls were stolen in the beginning; murder hung around them. Bad luck would follow them—and there are blacks on the island to prevent our finding them, in any case."

"There is no harm in going to see," Morrell urged.

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"'Tis far out of our proper way. Wasted time. And—the men should be thinking of oil, not of pearls."

Mark laughed. "That may be," he agreed. "But the men's thoughts are always on pearls. They've no mind for whaling, Joel. They've no mind for it."

"I'm doubtful that what you say is true."

His brother snapped angrily, "Do you call me liar?"

"No," said Joel gently. "You were never one to lie, Mark." And Priss, listening, winced at the thing that was like apology in his tone. She heard Mark laugh again, aloud, and she heard the fat chuckle of Jim Finch. Then Mark said:

"It's well you remember that. So will you go with us, or do we go without you?"

There was a long moment of silence before Joel answered. At last he said: "You're making to spill blood on the *Nathan Ross*, Mark. I've no mind for that—I'll not have it—if I can stop it. So I'll consider this matter tonight, and give you your answer in the morning."

"You'll answer us now," Varde said sullenly. "There's too much words and words. You'll answer now."

"I'll answer in the morning," Joel repeated, as though he had not heard Varde. "In the morning. And—for now—I'll bid you good night, gentlemen."

Mark chuckled. "There's one matter, Joel. You've two rifles and a pair of revolvers in the lockfast by your cabin there. I'll take them—to avoid that blood-spilling you mention."

Priss held her breath, listening. But Joel said readily: "Yes, here is the key, Mark. And—I hold you responsible for the weapons."

Her anger at Joel for his submission beat at her ears; and she heard the jingle of the keys and the scrape and ring of the weapons as Mark took them. He called to Joel as he did so: "They'll not leave my hands. Till the morning, Joel, my boy."

The keys jingled again. Mark said: "We'll ask you to stay in the after cabin here till morning. And—Varde will be in the main cabin to see that you do it."

"I'll stay here," Joel promised.

"Then—we'll bid you good night!"

Priss heard Joel echo the words in even tones. Then the door closed behind the men. There was no further sound in the aftercabin.

SHE opened her door. Joel stood by his desk, head drooping, thoughtful. She went toward him, and when he turned and saw her, she stopped, and studied him, her eyes searching his. And at last she said, so softly it was as though she spoke to herself:

"'All the brothers were valiant,' Joel. Are you—just a coward?"

He would not justify himself to her; he could only remember the shadowed deck beneath the boat-house—Priscilla in his brother's arms. He lifted his right hand a little, said sternly:

"Go back to your place."

She flung her eyes away from him, stood for an instant, then went to her cabin with feet that lagged and stumbled.

XIV

JOEL lay for an hour, planning what he should do. He could not yield—even though he might wish to do so, for the yielding would forfeit forever all control over these men, or any others. He could not yield.

Yet he did not wish to fight, for the battle would be hopeless, with only death at the end for him, and it would ruin the men and lose the ship. Blood marks a ship with a mark that can not be washed away. And Joel loved his ship—and he loved his men with something of the love of a father for children. Children they were. He knew them. Simple, easily led, easily swept by some adventurous vision.

He slept, at last, dreamlessly; and in the morning, when they came to him, he told them what he wished to do.

"Call the men aft," he said. "I'll speak to them. We'll see what their will is."

Mark mocked him. "Ask the men, is it?" he exclaimed. "Let them vote, you'll be saying. Are you the master of the ship, man, or just the first selectman, that you'd call a town meeting on the high seas?"

"I'll talk with the men," said Joel stubbornly.

Varde strode forward angrily. "You'll talk with us," he said. "Yes or no. Now. What is it?"

They were in the main cabin. Joel looked at Varde steadily for an instant; then he said: "I'm going on deck. You'll come."

Priss, in the door of the after cabin, a frightened and trembling little figure, called to him: "Joel, Joel! Don't."

He said, without turning: "Stay in your cabin, Priscilla." And then he passed between Varde and Finch at the foot of the companion, and turned his back upon them and went steadily up the steep, ladderlike stair. Varde made a convulsive movement to seize his arm, but Mark touched the man, held him with his eyes, whispered something.

They had left old Hooper on deck. He and Aaron Burnham were standing in the after house when Joel saw them. Joel said to the third mate: "Mr. Hooper, tell the men to lay aft."

Mark had come up at Joel's heels, and Hooper looked past Joel to Mark for confirmation. And Mark smiled mirthlessly, and approved: "Yes, Mr. Hooper, call the men," he said. "We're to hold a town meeting."

Old Hooper's slow brain puzzled over this; nevertheless, he bellowed a command and the harpooners from the steerage and the men from forecastle and fore-deck came stumbling and crowding aft. The men stopped amidships, and Joel went toward them a little way, until he was under the boat-house. The mates stood about him, the harpooners a little to one side; and Mark leaned on the rail at the other side of the deck, watching, smiling. The revolvers were in his belt; the rifles leaned against the after rail. He touched the butt of one of the revolvers while he watched and smiled.

Joel said, without preamble: "Men, the mates tell me that you've heard of my brother's pearls."

The men looked at one another, uncertain. They were a jumbled lot, riffraff of all the seas, Cape Verders, Islanders, a Cockney or two, a Frenchman, two or three Norsemen, and a backbone of New England stock. They looked at one another and at the mates, with stupid, questioning eyes and one or two of them nodded in a puzzled way, and the Cape Verders grinned with embarrassment. A New Englander drawled:

"Aye, sir. We've heard th' tale."

Joel nodded. "When my brother came aboard at Tubuai," he said quietly, "he proposed that we go to this island. I do not know its position."

Mark drawled from across the deck: "You know as much as any man aboard—myself excepted, Joel. It's my own secret, mind."

"He proposed that we go to this island," Joel pursued, "and that he and I go ashore and get the pearls and say nothing about them."

Varde, at Joel's side, swung his head and looked bleakly at Mark Shore, and one or two of the men murmured. Joel said quickly: "Don't misunderstand. I'm not blaming him for that. You must not. The pearls are his. He has a right to them.

"What I want you to know is that I refused to go with him and get them on half shares. I could have had half, and refused.

"Now he has spread the story among you. And the mates say that I must go with you all and get the things."

He stopped, and the eyes of the men were on him, and one or two nodded, and a voice here and there exclaimed in approval. Joel waited until they were quiet again; then he said: "These—pearls—have cost life. At least five men and a woman died in the getting of them. If we had them aboard here, more of us would die, for none would be content with his share.

"It's in my mind that they'd bring blood aboard the *Nathan Ross*, and I have no wish for that. But first—

"How many of you are for going after them?"

THERE was a murmur of assent from many throats, and Joel looked from man to man. "Most of you, at least," he said. "Is there any man against going?"

There may have been, but no man spoke; and over Joel's face passed a weary little shadow of pain. For a long moment he stood in the sun, studying them, and they saw his lips were white. Then he said quietly:

"You shall not go. The *Nathan Ross* goes on about her proper matters. The pearls stay where they are."

He shifted his weight, looked quickly toward his brother. He was poised for battle. By the very force of his word, there was a chance he might prevail. He watched the men, in whose hands the answer lay. If he could hold them!

But while he stood, hands clasped his arms, and Mark smiled across the deck. Finch and old Hooper on one side, Varde and Morrell on the other. And after the first wrench of his surprise he knew it was hopeless to struggle and stood quietly. Mark strolled toward him, smiling coldly.

"If you'll not go, Joel, you must be taken," he said. And to the mates: "Bring back his arms."

Joel felt the cord slipped through his elbows and drawn tight and looped and

(*Continued on page 110*)

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A Dedicatory Note for

"Linda Condon"

Joseph Hergesheimer to Carl Van Vechten, Esq.

NEXT month—let us slip it in between title and text—we are going to give you the first instalment of a wonderful new serial by Joseph Hergesheimer. We asked Mr. Hergesheimer to tell you a little about himself. He has told you, instead, about *Linda Condon*, his heroine, but with glimpses of himself for all that. It is only in the past three or four years that the public has known Mr. Hergesheimer's work; but in that time he has won high reputation and a large following—"The Three Black Pennys," "Gold and Iron," "Java Head" have placed him in the front rank of contemporaneous American novelists, with a remarkable individuality and a rare gift for dramatic picturing.

And "Linda Condon" we think, is the finest story Mr. Hergesheimer has done.—THE EDITORS.

Joseph Hergesheimer.

YOU well know, my dear Carl, for how long I have wanted to write the story of Linda Condon, that charming grave child with her straight black bang and vivid blue eyes, placed with her light-hearted mother in hotels of amazing adornment. Here, at last, it is. But—a thing, it seems, inevitable and which we forgot to discuss—Linda grew up. She lost the childhood that was my first concern and her story developed into the record of a sustained affair of the heart.

There is nothing remarkable in this description, which would equally serve a million other occasions; but Linda was different to the extent that her emotion was purely of the spirit. It is the love which, if anything can, has shown the finer perceptions that man is not merely a paste of corruptible flesh and material instincts.

Almost every individual has felt the warm fleet breath of this assurance; and some stories have been founded on its hope; some, but not many. In the majority the spirit only exists to be transmuted into "oatmeal and scented soap." The end, to be happy, must reveal every one stuffed, like Christmas turkey, with the richest filling. The love, to be veritable, must be symbolized by the complacent kiss of possession.

We both, however, and not a few others, practically all men, realize that the spirit can not be conducted down the aisle of a church and secured by the earnest and good offices of a gentleman in orders. It can not be secured by any precise method whatever. It is not responsible to any familiar law or utility. And in that greatly lies its profound beauty.

Marriage, too, is a beautiful rite; but it is not the only, nor, perhaps, the ultimate, loveliness. Of course, my difficulty here is that I have nothing actual to offer in its place. Linda effects no sensational freedom. It is a concern of the spirit. Her love—if it could even be called that—for Dodge Pleydon, and his unquestionable passion for her, drawn in a twisted dark and bright thread through all their lives, brings them to no common breakfast-table.

It is significant, as well, that he was a sculptor, for it has always been my desire to insult the vulgar flood of lies immemorially repeated about creative artists and women. Such a relation, from its very essence, must be spiritual. Practically every created masterpiece in sound or words or stone or color was born of the response in a man's soul to the unutterable charm of a woman. To her charm, you see; not to her virtues as a housewife and faithful mother.

These, and to admit this is not a disparagement, are in large part earthly and material gestures. There is nothing so comfortable in the realities of a Michelangelo or Chopin. They come from aspiration, not ease; aspiration hopelessly in advance of accomplishment—the body laboring far behind the spirit. I do not need to ask you if the fuel for such a high flame could be base.

Here, then, is Linda's story, how she left the luxury of her crisp ribbons, her need for gold, for her moment of almost perfect vision. How could I have given her more? And, since I wrote "Linda Condon," it must be, for the discerning like yourself, fundamentally my story as well as hers.

The history of an inordinate number of faults! If Linda Condon had no education, neither had I; and if her companions were often not selected from among the frugal and correct, neither were mine. Yet I am able to say this for both of us—while Linda had, for her salvation, the dim vision of Pleydon's good, I have equally the ideal of a not contemptible ambition, the aspiration of which I spoke.

Together we rose from the most insidious dangers to a surprising security. You know my life and my friends—what, in the charge of an absent-minded Providence, could be more overpaid?—and you have seen Dorothy. You have, too, generously commended my writing. Well, it is honest. I have never, I think, lied there; or if I did, it was such a small evasion as you could smile at. I must put down what I believe, and then hope for support.

The latter, perhaps justly, was a long while coming—twenty years of writing without a commendation. When I look back at the sea of paper over which I traced a precarious and unguided course I am amazed at my arrival in any port of passage. Yet here I am, still safe, with another book created out of a passionate conviction and a labor unassisted by the common knowledge of class rooms. Yet you must not regard this as an extenuation or praise of Linda; she has her own way to make—lonely like every other way on earth.

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The jolly-faced man lowered his paper and glanced across the table at the preoccupied stranger.

Twenty Per Cent. Potter

By Thomas Addison

Illustrated by Robert K. Ryland

A GRAY-HAIRED, comfortably rotund man of genial countenance was waiting for his breakfast in the dining-room of the Grand Hotel, in Jasonville, on a Sunday in October of the year 1918. He was chuckling to himself over a page advertisement in the Jasonville *Herald*, announcing the opening of a new men's furnishing store the next day.

Across the top of the page ran a strip in stark black type that read:

LICENSED PIRACY

PRIVATEER OR PROFITEER WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

The advertisement was signed "Duncan Potter, Haberdasher." It was a message to the public, and of a nature that compelled attention by reason of the curious marriage of sentiment with shrewdness it brought to view.

Potter set forth his principles as a patriotic American merchant. The welfare of the many was paramount to the welfare of the few; therefore, the individual should forego inordinate profit at the expense of the general good. The rush to get rich overnight was, he held, the greatest contributory cause of the high cost of living, and he declined to be one of the contributors. He would rather slowly gain a customer's confidence than the immediate pickings of his purse. Come again and often was better than once only and never return. And so on, to a conservative discussion of the wares he had to offer.

The remarkable feature of the ad was the absence of quotations on any item of goods. Potter's leading lines were listed, but the prices were not. To his competitors the omission must have seemed portentous, as though he held forces in reserve and, assured of his position, could afford to wait.

The jolly-faced man lowered his paper and glanced across the table at the preoccupied stranger whom he had found there when he entered, and who was now, judging from the empty platters before him, on the point of leaving.

"Seen this?" he chuckled, tapping Potter's ad with a stubby finger. "Rich!"

The other looked not at the paper but straight at the speaker. He was a younger man by ten or twelve years, which was to say he was forty or thereabouts. His eyes were a dark gray, small and steady.

"Yes, I've seen it," he said simply.

"Good medicine, I call it," pursued the older man. "Wonder if he wrote it himself?"

"It's likely. Pretty crude in spots—raw is the better word, perhaps."

"H-m-m! Raw beef is a strengthener. I've read advertisements polished off till there was nothing left in 'em but the shine. No guts to it. This thing pulls; that's the point."

A shrug was the only comment, and the speaker continued:

"This man is on to 'em here, all right. Since they got that army camp down the river, Jasonville has been trying to make up for its lean years. Awful slump in 1914. Now, as this thing hints, they're wanting to get rich in a hurry. They've turned the town into a regular robbers' roost. If you get away with your hide and tallow you're lucky. Do you happen to know this chap Duncan Potter? I'd like to."

The man opposite pushed back absently a thin lock of sandy hair that had fallen over on a rather prominent forehead. A thoughtful wrinkle jumped into view between the gray eyes as they fell on the newspaper where it lay to one side with the ad staring up from it.

"Yes, I know Potter—a little," was the

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slow answer. "He runs a store down in Anderson where I come from."

"Branching out, eh? Must be a success, the Anderson store. Established long?"

"Ten years."

"Gents' furnishings, like this? Wait, though. Haberdasher he calls himself here."

"There, too."

"H-m-m! Likes to put on a little dog with the natives." The plump man chuckled again.

"Well, no. I don't think it's that exactly. It makes people talk. You are an example."

The chuckle was bottled of a sudden; but it popped out explosively the instant after.

"By hokey! That's the reason, of course. Like old P. T. Barnum—'Say anything you want about me, only say something.' H-m-m! I reckon Potter has set people talking here to-day. Look at that line." He stabbed at it with his fork. "'Never a Squeal attends a Square Deal. I make only twenty-per-cent. profit on my sales. Others make forty—fifty—sixty—more. I can prove it, and so can you. Come in and see.'"

"Well?" The sandy-haired man had a wide, well-shaped mouth, the lips firm and tightly set. But that humor lurked within was evinced by a little upturning now at the corners; it gave to his lean, grave face a broadening effect that was pleasing. "Well," he repeated, "anything wrong with that?"

The other pursed up his lips judicially.

"Why don't Potter quote prices so people can see where he's lower than his competitors? I get about a little now and then. Name is Rugg, Timothy Rugg, of Atlanta." Without waiting for a reciprocal acknowledgment he went on, waxing mildly indignant with a grievance that occurred to him. "See this shirt I've got on? Paid four dollars for it in New York two weeks ago. *New York*, where you expect to be trimmed, and are! Well, sir, for the identical thing here they ask six—and with cheap water freights from the North. By hokey, I'll go bareback before I'll be robbed like that! I want some shirts. Why doesn't Potter quote his prices? Or is it some new kind of "con" game he's pulling off?"

The sandy-haired man dipped into the finger-bowl the old negro waiter had set before him, dried his hands, and pushed his chair back. There was a deeper curve at the corners of his mouth.

"Perhaps it is," he remarked as he got up. "Taking the public into your confidence without reservation is new hereabouts anyway. Pleased to have met you, Mr. Rugg."

He walked leisurely away, a slight, almost frail figure of medium height, yet with a certain presence that made Rugg follow him with his eyes.

"George," he said to the waiter who had come with his breakfast, "do you know that gentleman going out of the door? The one I was talking with at the table here?"

"Him? Yessuh, I knows him. He ben yere quite a spell now fixin' up dat new sto' on Liberty Street. He's dat hashadabber de paper tells erbout, suh—Mistah Dunkin Pottah, suh."

2

POTTER'S shop was in the middle of the block on a side street. He would have preferred a corner lease, but it was not to be had. However, he consoled himself with a saying of Emerson to the effect that if you have a thing the world wants, it will beat a path to your door. Potter had visions of a chain of stores of which this was the second link, and he purposed making the path plain to each by bringing to bear on it the searching spirit-light thrown off from printers' ink.

He had drawn heavily on his resources for this new venture. His investment—fixtures, stock and advertising appropriation—was seven thousand five hundred dollars, and his overhead would figure a little over five thousand a year; it all depended on his publicity campaign whether he would win out or not. He could not afford to wait on the process of the survival of the fittest—that took years and money.

Potter, in short, was of the kind that must go forward or go under; there was no such word in his business lexicon as "standstill." Yet at all times a sound common sense was his mentor. If he took a chance it was because the odds soberly computed, were in his favor. Thus, while audacious, he was not rash. Perhaps this was one reason why at thirty-seven he was unmarried.

He opened at eight o'clock on Monday. He had dressed his windows himself and knew they were right. The articles displayed bore price-tickets distinctly marked. But what arrested attention was a placard in each window which said:

DON'T BUY HERE
Till You've Priced the Same Goods Elsewhere
Then You'll Remember ME

People stopped during the day and read this exhortation. Most of them wagged their heads sagely and passed on. There was something new in advertising every day, new ways of luring shy dollars from seclusion, but in the end one didn't save, even paid through the nose, it might be.

A few, however, straggled in, one at a time, led not so much by curiosity as by real wants they wished supplied. A brown-eyed, comely young woman in white, with crêpe-paper sleeve protectors on her arms, met them. Potter purposely remained at his desk in the background watching her. She was no longer a girl, yet the graces of girlhood had not totally forsaken her. She was carefully cordial, attentive, solicitous, but she was not effusive.

The last one of these first customers hesitated and reddened when the saleswoman advanced to him.

"I—er—isn't there a man here?" he brought out. "I want something like—er—what I saw in that window." He jerked a thumb in the direction of the underwear exhibit.

"Union, or two-piece suits? Step this way, please."

She had divined his desire out of hand, and the matter-of-fact tone of the inquiry resolved the man's diffidence into an absurdity he was only too glad to bury in the business of making his purchase. When he had paid for it, he said:

"Do you know, it was that advertisement in the *Herald* yesterday that brought me in here. Potter claimed he made only a

"I er isn't there a man here? I want something like—er—what I saw in that window."

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twenty-per-cent. profit, and would prove it. Well, I've bought something. Now, show me. I'm from Missouri."

He considered this a drollery, it appeared, for he laughed at it. The saleswoman took her cue and returned an appreciative smile.

"Your money back if you're not convinced," she replied, and came out from behind the counter.

In the center of the floor, conspicuously placed, was a board of weathered oak. It was three feet by three, and was supported by solid oak standards. On it were wafered invoices from manufacturers and jobbers. The young woman conducted her customer to the spot.

"Let me see," she mused; "the suits you bought are from the Higgins Milling Company. Here they are in this lower corner. This invoice. There!" She traced a line with a well-manicured finger. "'Sixteen dozen. O.K. Belvidere drawers and shirts, assorted sizes, per dozen suits—twenty-four dollars.' Do you see it?"

"Yes, that's two dollars a suit, cost to Potter. They cost me——"

"Just a moment," the saleswoman interrupted pleasantly. "Let us take it in progression." She caught up a memorandum pad from the shelf at the foot of the board and figured on it as she spoke. "Mr. Potter adds to the cost twenty per cent. for overhead and general expense—rent, insurance, salaries, those things. It's a reasonable percentage. That totals twenty-eight dollars and eighty cents per dozen. To this he adds twenty per cent. for his profit—thirty-four dollars and fifty-six cents. Divide by twelve and you have two dollars and eighty-eight cents, the selling price per suit."

"Right! What I paid," approved the man. "I'll tell you something. For the same as these they charge three-fifty at the Pace Maker store on the corner. You're quick at figures. On Potter's cost basis what's their net profit?"

A few swift strokes of her pencil and she answered: "Forty-five and four-fifths per cent."

Her customer whistled. "Pace makers! Huh, price makers, I'd call 'em! I reckon this won't be the last you'll see of me, miss. And I got friends."

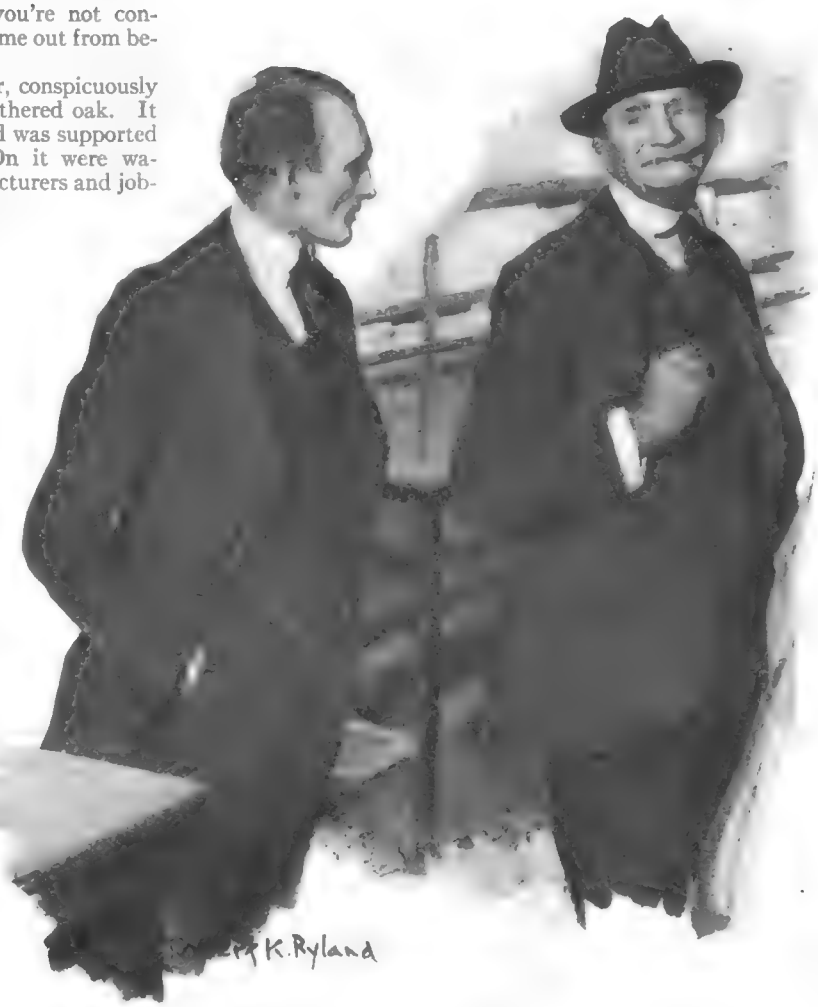
As he went out Potter came front. "Very well done, Mrs. Carter," he said quietly. "It works, doesn't it?"

A faint glow of color stained the woman's cheek. Potter, she had learned in her experience of him, was not given to indiscriminate praise.

"It's conclusive," she answered earnestly. "Those others did not ask to be shown, and so I thought——"

"Correct. We don't need a ballyhoo for that board. It will do its own shouting."

The upturn of his mouth bespoke a smile, but it was not for her; it was for his secret self, and the cause was the entrance of a man from the street, a gray-haired rotund man, with a broad face on which good humor had set its seal. Potter went forward to meet him.



"So this is the shop where you get a square deal?" he observed with a grin.

"How do you do, Mr. Rugg? Looking for shirts to-day?"

Rugg gave a pleased, deep-throated chuckle. "You put one over on me, yesterday. I might have said things you wouldn't have liked."

"Well—"Potter's eyes twinkled—"wasn't it old P. T. Barnum who said——"

Rugg caught him up laughingly. "By hokey, you'll do, Potter. My style. Here's luck to you and your store! Shake."

Rugg's glance had traveled over to where Mrs. Carter stood, trim and business-like. The picture seemed to please him, for he bowed and smiled as if to include her personally in his good wishes. Potter introduced him, and he marched over and took her hand.

"Glad to meet you, Mrs. Carter. Sort of homelike to see a lady around. See lots of them before this war is over."

He gave a slow, thoughtful scrutiny to the shop. "Neat, attractive. A little small, though, eh, Potter? With luck you'll grow—bound to. And then——?"

"I've an option on the lease next door east. It runs out in December," Potter told him.

"Good! Nothing like taking the future by the forelock. Now about those shirts. I'm going away for a few days. Want to cut a dash. Show me something for a youth of my fine figure."

Potter enjoyed making that sale. He liked Rugg. Beneath his exterior of jollity he concealed a penetrating judgment of men and affairs that came to the surface in comments incisive as a knife-thrust.

"Don't expect this to last, do you?" he queried, after a minute study of the bulletin-board.

"Till it outlives its usefulness," Potter stated.

"Hope you're right, but if I was betting on it I'd say these chaps will be down on you like a ton of bricks as soon as they are put wise. And Mr. Competitor will attend to that."

"Conspiracy in restraint of trade," remarked Potter sententiously.

"Fine! And you might win out at law in a year or so. The thing is simpler than that. They'll hold you up, delay your orders, question your credit, anything to hinder you. There's a dozen ways of doing it. Meanwhile your shelves will grow bare. Stock up while you can, Potter. That's the trick."

"Unfortunately, I'm not a Wanamaker. I have a limit," Potter returned. Quite irrelevantly he added: "Want to see a comedy sketch? That man out there studying my window is going to perform. He thinks I don't know him and is coming in. Step back to my desk if you care to see the fun."

"By hokey, I'll do it," chuckled Rugg, and did.

The man entered, an assertive person with quick curious eyes that flitted from shelves to show-cases like a woodpecker hunting worms. They flitted over the bulletin-board in the middle distance, failing in this first glance to acquire its significance.

"So this is the shop where you get a square deal?" he observed with a grin that partook of a grimace. "You Mr. Potter?"

"Yes."

"Kinder rubbing it in on the other fellows, ain't you?"

"If they feel it I suppose I am," said Potter equably. "Is there anything I can show you? No trouble. You don't have to buy."

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"Yeh. Your card out there says that. I'll look around a little if you don't mind. Woman clerk, eh? Something new in gents' furnishings. I don't like it."

"The draft," explained Potter. "Young men are hard to get, and I won't have an old man doddering about the place."

"I don't like it," repeated his auditor. "Makes it embarrassing. Some things men don't care to ask a woman for."

Potter seemed mildly amused. "I don't get your point," he demurred. "There's no mystery in men's wear to women. Why shouldn't they sell the things in public they spend half their lives at home mending? They get something out of the first, and nothing out of the latter."

The man grunted. He turned to the bijouterie case near the door, and pored over the display.

"What's the price of that pair of sleeve-links, the ones with the green stones?" he demanded.

Potter took out the links. "You will find the price on the card," he said as he passed them over.

The other stared at the mark, then at the buttons, then again at the mark, then steadily at Potter.

"Ugh!" he grunted. "I'll take them." He lugged out a roll of bills and peeled off one.

Potter went to his cash-register to make change. The customer in the meantime strolled about the front of the shop darting his head forward now and then at some article in the cases that specially attracted him. Potter returned. The man plumped a question at him abruptly:

"Somebody said you run a store in—where is it?"

"Anderson."

"Yeh. Twenty-per-cent. plan, same as this?"

"Yes. It's a fair profit, and it brings trade."

The customer cast an eye around the empty store. "I notice it," he pronounced dryly.

"Come in a month from now," invited Potter. "I expect to grow."

Another grunt. "You'll get fat on twenty per cent. What's that thing over there—that board?" He stepped toward it.

"My silent sales, Mr. Petersen. Talks without words."

Potter's voice was soft as a summer breeze, yet it acted on the other as if a firecracker had been set off at his feet. He made a jumpy movement.

"What! Oh—ah—yes! You know me?"

Potter answered him gravely. "C. H. Petersen of the Quality Shop, I believe. You were pointed out to me at the chamber of commerce last week—boosting the Liberty loan. You were on the platform. I just placed you a moment ago."

Mr. Petersen's manner underwent a remarkable change. It became confiding, sweet with amity. He laid a hand on Potter's shoulder and patted it as he spoke.

"I was going to make myself known after I'd looked about a little. Wanted to size your place up first. He—he—he! Nice store you have, Potter. You'll make us all step lively to keep up with you."

"I'm going to try," said Potter calmly.

"Nothing like it, even if you fail." Petersen grinned at him with the benevolence of a wolf for a stray sheep.

"Twenty per cent. Potter! Cutting it fine!" he murmured.

"Well, well, all's fair in love and business. Of course—" he dropped his voice—"what I said about the lady yonder was just to draw you out. He—he—he!"

Potter looked at him fifteen seconds before replying. Petersen coughed uneasily.

"Of course," said Potter.

"Of course," echoed Petersen a shade hurriedly. "This board—what's the idea?"

Potter led him to it. "I got those links of Nettleton & Prouty, Attleboro. You'll find them here. Figure it out for yourself, Petersen. It's an open book; no secret pages."

He left him and walked back to the desk. On the way he noted that Mrs. Carter's face was a dull red. She had overheard.

Petersen remained engrossed, if not entranced, before the board for some minutes. He peered around him finally, and discovered that Potter was gone and the saleswoman was studiously ignoring his existence. He went away with a pained look, but it was not caused by Potter's deliberate withdrawal from his society. The man could go to the devil for all of him, and good riddance. It was the example Potter was setting in his showing-up of costs, in the greatest profit-making epoch the town had known, that harrowed Petersen to the soul.

"A damn fool," he muttered to himself. "A—damn—dangerous—fool!"

Rugg made no direct comment on what had passed. He said: "A lot of people claim there's no such thing as luck in business. Only hard work. I know better, and I'll tell you why some time. H-m-m! Stock up, Potter. Take a chance on your credit. You bet Wanamaker did in his beginnings. *Bon joor.*"

He was off, chuckling and waving a

"What's the matter with the blasted fool, anyway? Everybody's soaking everybody else these days, and nobody putting up any great holler. What does he want to start 'em beefing for? Is he crazy?"

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cheery hand to Mrs. Carter in passing. To her self-surprise she returned the salute in kind. He was so patently a friend of the store that the two in it had to warm to him. And yet, who was he and what? He had not even remotely alluded to his line of business. With all his apparent openness he was, when it touched himself, as reticent as the proverbial clam.

It remained for Mrs. Carter to find the key to the puzzle. She discovered it in the noon edition of the chatty *Evening News*, while she was out at lunch. It was a personal item under a head of its own. It ran:

Mr. Timothy Rugg, the "Cotton King," of Atlanta is in the city. Mr. Rugg is the man who, when cotton broke to twenty-four cents in August last, jumped into the market, took on fifteen thousand bales, pyramided up to thirty-five, and got out just before the September slump when the Government began to talk of fixing the price of the staple.

Rugg in former days has been known to bet five thousand dollars to a thousand that a white horse would turn the corner before a bay—and win! The money went to charity.

Rugg believes in luck. Also in work and pluck. The three, he says, is a combination you can't beat. But if you push him to leave out one of the combine, it won't be luck.

Mrs. Carter showed the item to Potter on her return to the store. "It fits him," she remarked.

Potter raised his eyes from the paper. She was in her hat still, looking off from him to the hurrying street, a reminiscent smile bringing to view a shadowy little dimple in her cheek. Potter had noticed it before, on occasion. He surveyed her in silence for a bare moment. Then: "Yes, it fits," he said, and walked away.

3

MR. PETERSEN strode west on Liberty Street to the corner of Broad where he stopped in at the Pace Maker. He cherished no especial fondness for Mr. Isadore Ficklestein, the proprietor; on the contrary, he would have cheerfully attended Mr. Ficklestein's obsequies at call. But here was arisen an occasion that cried for consultation with one's compeers, and Ficklestein indubitably was to be accounted of the number. The only other recognized by Petersen was Thomas Joyner. Joyner was lately dead, but he had been long established in Jasonville, and the business was still conducted under the old name for trade reasons by the man who had bought it in, one Alton Drew.

Ficklestein was out, and Petersen impatient of delay decided to go on up Broad Street to Joyner's and return to the Pace Maker later.

"Hello, Drew!" he greeted as he stalked in. "Got a minute? I want to talk with you."

Drew retired with him to the farther end of the store, out of hearing of the clerks.

"I've been looking over this fellow Potter's place," began Petersen without preamble. "He's got a scheme that's going to make a noise 'less we we can put the muffler on it. Look at the price of them!" He threw down the sleeve-links he had bought, and proceeded to relate his experience at the Liberty Street store.

Drew, a nervous little man of fifty-odd, nibbled with his fingers at a Napoleonic tuft of whisker on his nether lip.

"It's an outrage!" he squeaked in a thin voice. "It's a double-dinged outrage," he supplemented by way of emphasis, and waited for Petersen to go on.

Petersen needed no urging. There was a glint of unassuaged rapacity in his eye as he continued:

"I don't mind Potter's coming in. 'Tain't that, Drew. It's the way he comes in. We got a hundred thousand people here, nearly. There's pie enough to go round if he'd share and share alike with us. But what does Potter do? He jumps in, chucks his cards on the table, and tells the public to see how he can save 'em money—and the town lousy with it!"

Mr. Petersen plucked a cigar from his vest-pocket, and bit off the end with a savage clamp of his jaws that only could have been exceeded in ferocity were it Potter's head between them.

"I suppose he's got a right to post his invoices," ventured Drew. "I never heard of it being done before, but he's got the right, I guess. If I send a bill to a customer he could post it on his house door if he wanted to, and I couldn't stop him."

Petersen snorted. "Pah! It's not the same at all. These are jobbers' invoices. They are supposed to be held in confidence, for the protection of the trade."

"Then why not write to Atlanta. Maybe

(*Continued on page* 126)

Rugg balanced a coin on his thumb and forefinger. "Call the turn," he challenged. "Up she goes!"

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Baboushka and her Grandchild

By
Peter Merritt

How narrow seemed the round of ladies' lives
And ladies' duties' in their smiling world
The day this Titan woman, gray with years,
Went out across the void to prove her soul.
Elsa Barker

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Katherine Breshkovsky, after thirty years of prison and exile, at seventy-five still fights for happiness for her Russia.

FOR a quarter of a century they have called her "The Little Grandmother of the Revolution." It must be awkward at times, I thought, being a husky revolution's grandma. I asked Breshkovsky what she thought of her grandchild now.

"My poor people are good people," she said. "It is that they are so ignorant. While their leaders have been in exile, my people have been in darkness."

If Russia is Breshkovsky's first love, America is her second. How delighted she was to be with us again this winter!

Do you remember how, back in the nineties, George Kennan, the first journalist to visit Siberia, found among the million people buried alive there "a woman political of singular intelligence and energy" who had been telling her fellow exiles for years that one day help would come to them with an American? It was just her fancy, of course. She was a great reader. And America had always been her favorite fairy-tale. She, a dainty daughter of the nobility, had often told wide-eyed groups of peasant children how one day she would travel to California and bring gold enough home to make them all warm and happy. So when the rumor spread all the way down the Lena that "Baboushka's American" had come, peasants and politicals alike smiled incredulously.

But it was true, and Kennan came back to America and made speeches in the prison garb and the ball and chain he had brought from Russia and said, "All my standards of heroic self-sacrifice have been raised for all time by the hand of a woman." And in no time every American town big enough to have a woman's club knew and loved at least one word of Russian—"Breshkovsky."

When her term was up the stout-hearted girl Katya, who had gone into exile at twenty-six for teaching peasants that they were people, came out "The little grandmother," a white-haired woman of fifty and just as stout-hearted as ever. It was after that, in 1905, that she toured America and collected ten thousand dollars for "the cause of Russian freedom." Back at old St. Petersburg, she was soon deep in the 1905 revolution and soon again a prisoner in solitary confinement in the Fortress of Sts. Peter and Paul. There she lay three years awaiting trial.

An odd bit of a story goes in here. Russia's freedom had been dearer to Katerina Breshkovskayia than her amiable easy-going husband or her baby boy. The latter she confided to her sister's care the day she went first to Siberia. Nicholas grew up into a novel-writing dilettante, believing that his fashionable aunt was his mother. He was deeply mortified when he learned the truth and only through the pleadings of an American woman who went all the way to Russia for the purpose, was he persuaded to visit his own mother. Breshkovsky was in the seventh heaven at this attention. "I know nothing about your life," she wrote him after that first visit. "I therefore ask you before your next visit to prepare a brief statement for me, outlining what you do, what your chief interests and plans are. I am prepared to keep silent for twenty minutes. I am aware that yesterday I talked too much."

After three years in Sts. Peter and Paul, conviction again and a sentence to hard labor in the mines of Kara. And in spite of several efforts at escape, Breshkovsky remained an exile, enduring the intensest hardships until the great event in which she had always believed came to pass in March, 1917.

Can you imagine never celebrating any of your birthdays or Christmases until you were past seventy and then celebrating them all continuously thereafter to make up? That was how it was with Breshkovsky all the rest of that spring after the revolutionists sent a special train into Siberia after her. Crowds at every station to catch sight of her—with laughter, tears and flowers—"I do not think that anywhere in the world there ever was a bride who received so many flowers," said Baboushka with the gaiety that is part and parcel of her gallant spirit.

With Kerensky, whom she loves with the devotion her own son did not want from her, she worked again for her Russia—this time in daylight. One of her plans was to conscript young people for teachers of the peasants, after the war, instead of soldiers.

"If we can drive out ignorance forever from Russia," she said, "as we shall the Germans—"

Then her idol, Kerensky, fell.

And Breshkovsky could not tolerate the rise of the Bolsheviki.

"Criminals," she calls them, "the worst of the earth."

"Are you happy, Baboushka?" I asked her a while ago in her sunny rooms on Central Park.

She looked up at me severely from her ceaseless writing. "For seventy years I have carried Russia on my heart," she said. "How can I be happy when Russia is not yet happy?"

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At Henry Street Settlement, New York, Baboushka chatted affably with a General of the Czar's régime (on the left) who would cheerfully have sent her to Siberia two years ago!

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The Wrists on the Door

By Horace Fish

Illustrated by Walter J. Enright

He was seized by a desire to turn the gazing picture to the wall.

BETWEEN his leather easy-chair at one end of his drawing-room and the wall with his wife's portrait at the other, Henry Montagu was pacing in a state of agitation such as he had never experienced in his fifty years of life. The drawing-room was no longer "theirs." It was his—and the portrait's. The painting was of a girl who was not more beautiful in radiance of feature and lovable contour of body than the woman a generation older who had died two months ago.

Suddenly he stopped short in the middle of the room, his hands in his pockets. "My God!" he cried.

Then he shut his teeth on the words as sharply and passionately as he had uttered them, and raised one of his hands to his brow. There were drops of cold sweat upon it.

Mr. Montagu was a simple, selfish, good-natured business-man, never given to imaginative thoughts or to greater extremes of mood than the heights and depths of rising and falling stocks. Yet his experience of the last two hours had shown him to himself as a creature wretchedly inadequate to face the problem that confronted him—the simple problem of widowerhood.

He was not bitter at his wife's death. Not only did he consider himself too sensible for that, but he *was* too sensible. Death is an inevitable thing. And the one fact involving the simplicity of the problem was no more than many another man had borne without a thought—his childlessness.

Yet as if the whole two months in their strangeness, their sad novelty, had been concentrating their loneliness for an accumulated spring at him, the last two hours had driven home to him that this secondary fact had *not* been inevitable, that what he was suffering to-night could have been avoided.

He had not wished to have children, and neither had the beautiful woman whose painted spirit smiled down so pitilessly now on his tragedy of jangled nerves and intolerable solitude. Deliberately and quite frankly, without even hiding behind the cowardly excuse of the tacit, they had outspokenly chosen not to.

After his desperate exclamation, he had laughed and thrown himself into his chair. He had forced the laugh, seeking to batter down with it a thrill that was akin to fright at an abrupt realization that in those two dreadful hours he had done three unprecedented things. He had spoken aloud there by himself, an action he had always ascribed exclusively to children and maniacs; he had harbored absurd temptations; and finally he had ejaculated "My God!" which he had thought appropriate to a man only in the distresses of fiction or after complete ruin on the Stock Exchange.

That exclamation had sprung from him when he had caught himself thinking how gladly he would give half his fortune if he could have a companion, even his butler, for the rest of the evening, his whole fortune, exactly as if he had died, if he could but have a son to give it to.

That freedom from care, which they had chosen to call freedom from responsibility, had been their mutual property, but to-night, in his hopeless solitude, it seemed that he was paying the whole price for it. She had met the unknown, but with the known—himself, her whole life—beside her, and her ordeal was over. His, he felt now, was worse, and already beginning. After all, he reflected, there was a certain rough justice in it; the one spared longer in the world of bodily people bore, in consequence, the reverting brunt of their double selfishness. But the remnant of life seemed a poor thing to-night. The further it stretched, in his suddenly stirred imagination, the poorer, the emptier, it seemed.

And having stirred, after a whole lifetime of healthy sleep, his imagination gripped him in a strong and merciless embrace. It seemed to twist him about and force him to look down the vista of the coming years and at all their possibilities, even the desecrational one of marrying again and calling into life the son that he had never wanted before. At the thought, he flushed with the idea that the portrait's eyes were reading his face, and compelled himself to look bravely at it; but as he met the lovely eyes strange questions darted into his brain: whether he would not rather have been solely to blame; whether his all-possessive love of her would not be more flawless now if she had been a flawless eternal-feminine type, longing for motherhood, but denying it for his sake; whether he would not be happier now in looking at her portrait if some warm tint from a Renaissance Madonna had mellowed the radiant Medici Venus who smiled from the frame. He was seized by a desire to turn the gazing picture to the wall.

Half-way across the room, he checked the impulse with a gasp of self-disgust, but with hands raised involuntarily toward it he cried:

"Oh, why didn't we?"

As he stood trembling with his back to it, the second absurd temptation of the night assailed him—to dash on his hat and go to Maurice's, a restaurant of oblique reputation to which his wife had once accompanied him out of curiosity, and which, in a surprising outburst of almost pious prudery, she had refused to visit again. Nor had she ever allowed him to go thereafter himself, and though she had made no dying request of him, he knew that, if she had, that would have been it.

In his shaken state the thought of his one club, the Business Men's, was repugnant. Maurice's, expansive, insinuating and brilliant, called to his loneliness arbitrarily, persistently. But with a glance over his shoulder at the portrait, he put the thought away. Then, straightening up, he walked to his chair again, sat tensely down, and faced the long room and his childish terror at its emptiness.

Innocent as had been his impulse toward Maurice's, and full as was Broadway with places as glittering and noisy, his morbid duty to debar that one resort seemed to him to condemn him to the house for the night. Why was it the butler's night out? Even to know that he was below stairs—Would other nights be like this? *Every* night— The possibility turned him cold. His thoughts were racing now, and even as he gripped the arms of the chair a still worse terror gripped his mind. His loneliness seemed to have become an actual thing, real as a person, a spirit haunting the luxurious, silent house. He was facing the door, and its heavy mahogany, fixing his attention through his staring gaze, seemed to be shutting him alone with the dead. Save for his trembling self and his wife's painted eyes, the big room was lifeless. It was beyond the closed door that his imagination, now running beyond control, pictured the presence of his frightful guest—his own solitude, coming in ironical answer to his craving for companionship.

Were those live eyes of the dead creating his sense of an impending life in the house? Was it his wife, who, never having created a child for him, was forcing on him

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now a horrible companion? Again he started desperately toward the picture, again he caught himself, again he cried, "My God!" and faced his terror passionately, facing too, this time, the closed door.

"You fool! You fool!"

His voice sounded weak and strange to him as if indeed some one else had spoken. The paralyzing thought that such a mood of panic could be the beginning of real madness had shaken his voice and his whole body, and again Maurice's, now as a positive savior, rushed into his mind. But he threw the idea of refuge contemptuously away. He would stand his ground and not leave the house that night; yet even as he stood, he asked himself if this was not because he feared to open the door.

With a gasp, he drew himself up in the center of the room, and in a surge of determined anger, with his eyes on the door, facing it as he would have faced an enemy before he attacked, he deliberately gave his mind to his fear, letting it sweep through him, trying to magnify it, reading every horror that he could into the imagined presence that he intended to dispel, and then, tormenting himself with slow steps, he walked to the door, reached his hand to the knob, and opened it.

Though his mouth opened for a cry of terror, no sound came from him as he staggered back, and a waiting figure pitched into the room, rushed wildly past him with a whimper like that of a wounded animal, and flung itself, face forward, into the empty chair.

As if through the same doorway that had given entrance to the desperate wretch, his terror seemed to leave him. While he stood gasping, with pounding heart, staring at the limp, shuddering manhood that had hurled itself into his home, Henry Montagu suddenly felt himself a man again.

With the cold plunge of his senses into rationality, they told him that he was in the presence of some fatal and soul-sickening tragedy, yet this horror that had dashed into the hollow privacy of his house was at least real to him. Overwhelmed as he was by the frightful appearance of the young man, who was now weeping abandonedly, he had no fear of him, and his first act was a practical one—he swiftly, quietly closed the door. It was done in an instinct of protection. It would be useless to question him yet, but that he was a fugitive, and from something hideous, Montagu took for granted.

He stood looking across the room at his outlandish guest, trying to docket the kaleidescopic flock of impressions that had flown into his mind from the instant he swung back the door. Though noble, even splendid in its slender lines, the youth's figure had half-fallen, half-sprung through the doorway, animal-like. There had not been even a ghost of sound in the hallway, yet it was as if he had been in the act of hurtling himself against the closed door, hammering at it with upraised hands. Mr. Montagu had been horrified by it instantaneously, as by a thing of violence with every suggestion of the sordid, but the poor sobbing fellow who now lay in the chair with his arms and head drooping over the big leather arm seemed to him as immaculately dressed as himself. Remembering the fleeting posture at the door, his eyes went involuntarily to the hanging, graphic hands. In the light of his reading-lamp they gleamed white, and as he watched, his heart sinking with pity at their thinness, two slow red drops rolled from under the cuffs down the palms, and fell to the floor.

"Good God!" breathed Henry Montagu.

He had never doubted for the fraction of a second that his guest was a criminal, and in every sense a desperate one, but, just as instinctively, he felt certain that no matter what the horror he had run from, he was more sinned against than sinning. Every line in the boy's fragile, pathetic figure went straight to the older man's heart. It came to him, almost

Though his mouth opened for a cry of terror, no sound came from him as he staggered back, and a waiting figure pitched into the room.

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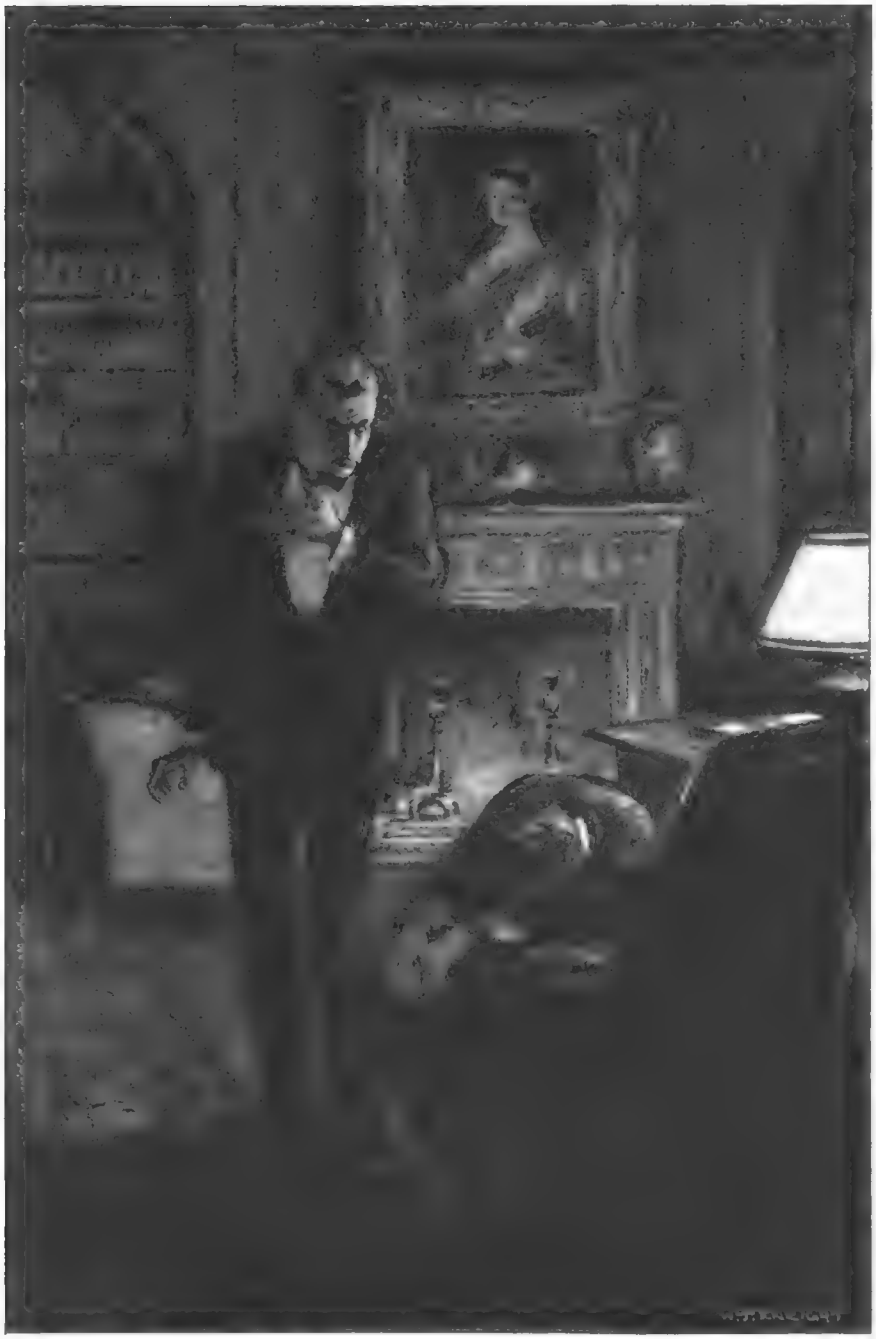

Two slow red drops rolled from under the cuffs down the palms, and fell to the floor.

joyously, that there had been premonition in his strange mood of longing for a son. As an end to this nerve-wracking night, there was work to do—for the remainder of it, at least for a brief moment, he had a companion in his grim, empty house.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed aloud.

"Thank God! Thank God!"

The young man had spoken, and Mr. Montagu, as he heard the words, remembered that between the sobs there had been, in faint, broken syllables, "My God! My God!" again and again, and that he had understood at last what it was to hear that from a man who was neither ruined by the Stock Exchange nor the weak victim of childish terror. But now, this repetition of his varied expression startled him. It was like an echo of himself.

Again he shook himself together. If the boy could speak, it was time to question him. He had not yet seen his face, beyond a flashing imprint on his brain of a look of terrific fear and terrific exultation as it had dashed past him, but he was prepared to like it. He braced himself, walked over and stood in front of the chair. With an object—even this object—to justify it, he gladly surrendered himself now to the fatherly instinct he had so bitterly struggled against, and he felt that he would like, with his first words, to put his hand reassuringly on the crumpled shoulder. But the night had left his nerves still raw—in his sensitivity he could not bear the thought that the trembling figure would shrink from his touch, and he kept his hand firmly at his side.

"My boy," he said gently, "you mustn't be afraid of me. Tell me what you've done."

The young man raised his head, sank back in the chair, and looked at him.

Not once in the long evening of lonely terror, not when he had first heard himself talking aloud, not when he had dashed at his wife's portrait, not when he had faced the thought of madness, had Mr. Montagu had such a shock. An eternally lost soul, a damned thing staring at paradise, seemed to gaze at him out of the boy's eyes. He thought he was seeing all the sins of the world in them, yet the look was appallingly innocent. He seemed to be discovering those sins in the dark, ravening eyes, but to be feeling them in himself, as if the forgotten, ignored innermost of his own life were quaking with guilt under the spell of this staring presence. In the state of horrified sympathy to which it had precipitated him, he morbidly felt almost responsible for the brooding evil in the boy as well as aghast at it. But even this sense of sin, implying as it did a skeleton of naked, primal right and wrong, seemed of small import to his astounded mind beside the nameless, unmentionable sorrow that pervaded the face and stabbed at Henry Montagu's heart. He knew without question that he was looking at tragedy—worse than he had supposed the world could hold or any human thing, in any world, be subject to. It was a man's face in every line and poise and suggestion, but for all its frightful knowledge he had to call it beautiful—the clear-cut word "handsome" ran away from it like a mouse into a hole, leaving it a superb horror that, as soon as his paralyzed muscles could respond to his instinct, drove his hand to his face to shut away the deliberate, searching gaze.

"Done?" answered the young fellow at last. "What have I done? *Good God!*"

For the third time, it was one of his own three exclamations totally new to him that night, and the coincidence drove home to him, this time, with a sense of omen. But his guest was speaking again, and, forcing himself to look calmly at the tragic face, he listened breathlessly.

"I've done a thing never accomplished in human life before, a thing more terrific than the world's entire history, from the moment of the first atom crawling on it, has ever known!"

He could not have spoken more solemnly and convincingly if he had reverently murdered, one by one, a whole nation of people, and it was some such picture that came into Henry Montagu's mind as, shivering and fascinated, he watched him and listened.

But the young man said no more.

"If—if you will tell me what you've done," said Mr. Montagu haltingly, his pity sweeping every caution away, "or simply what you want of me, I will do anything for you that I possibly can."

"There is nothing in this world," answered the boy wearily, "that anybody can do for me." But suddenly, impulsively, he added: "There is just one thing that you can do—not for me, but for yourself. Don't ask me questions. For your own sake don't!"

"But—" began Mr. Montagu.

"If you knew who I am or what I am, and what I've deliberately done," cried the boy, "you'd curse this night, and curse me, the longest day you lived! What—what is *your* name?"

"Henry Montagu," said his host simply.

He pondered it. "That has a nice sound. I like it. And I—I like you. So don't ask me questions!"

The elder man was looking down at the

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thin white hands again, and the *naïve* comment brought a sudden contraction to his throat. "Poor little boy!" was on his lips, but an intuition like a woman's warned him that the words would make the desolate figure weep again, and his utmost strength quailed from the thought of seeing it, now that he had seen the face. As the white hands clasped themselves together, he had seen that the under sides of the wrists were bruised and dark. Facially, nothing could have been more unlike than this youth to the paint and plaster symbols that crowded before him from his memory, yet the red drops that he had seen drip to the floor, the wickedness and waste that he seemed to expiate and represent, the whole obvious torment of his being, had forced a simile upon him which he now blurted out.

"Whoever and whatever you are, whatever terrible thing you've done, I only know that you make me think of—of—Oh, the crown of thorns, the cross—you know what I mean!"

"Some one with a crown of thorns?" said the young man wonderingly. "Who was that?"

Mr. Montagu stared at him incredulously. That any man, no matter how base a criminal, and one, indeed, who had cried out again and again the name of God, should not know the story and the name of God's son, astonished him, for the moment, more than anything yet had done.

"Oh, yes, yes, I remember now," continued the boy. "Yes, that was very, very sad. But I'm selfish and preoccupied with my own dreadful trouble, and that whole history, tragic as it was, was a very happy one compared with mine!"

With a cold shudder, Henry Montagu believed him. He realized that as yet he had done nothing for him. Food and drink had occurred to him, but in the minutes that they had passed together the stranger had grown more virile. He was no longer the incredible figure of wretchedness that had dashed into the room. He was sitting forward in the chair now, his eyes on the portrait.

"Is that your wife?" he asked.

"My—my dead wife," answered Mr. Montagu.

His own eyes reverting again and again to the lacerated wrists, he did not see the changing expressions in his visitor's as they studied the eyes of the portrait; but as the boy now leaped impulsively to his feet he saw in them a fierce gleam that was like the hatred of a maniac. He thrilled with renewed terror as the boy once more sprang to him like an animal, and with a growl in his throat rushed toward the portrait.

"Stop!" he shouted, and the boy almost cringed to a halt in the middle of the floor.

When, after his first chill of horror at the act itself, Henry Montagu realized that the desecration was his own thought, his own impulse carried into fierce determination, he sank weak and dizzy into the chair that the boy had left. But again he mastered his frightened mind and thrust away from it the sinister oppression of omen and coincidence. Unwillingly but helplessly, he was letting into his thoughts the theory that, after he had opened the door instead of before he had opened it, the room had been harboring a maniac. And the theory stabbed him. A mushroom growth of tenderness had germinated in his pity and was growing nearer and nearer to a personal liking for the beautiful, pathetic figure of youth that stood before him, wilted and helpless again, in the center of the room.

"My boy," he said quietly, "I ought to resent that, but strangely enough I don't find myself resenting the idea of your taking strange liberties in my house. In fact, I—I had that same impulse. I nearly did that myself, just before you burst in here."

The young man looked at him in amazement.

"*You* were going to turn—Mrs. Montagu's picture to the wall? Wh—why, you old dirty beast!"

To Henry Montagu there was no vulgarity in the words. Their huge reproach of him drove every other quality out of them and a deep color into his face.

"But I—I quelled the impulse. And y—you would actually have done it!" he stammered.

"I had a reason and a right to!" cried the young man. "I'd never seen it before and if it repelled me I had a right never to look at it again! But she was *your wife!*"

Once more he stood, his eyes avoiding the portrait and wandering hungrily about the rest of the beautiful room.

"Well," he said, after a few moments, "good-by!" And he walked toward the door.

"Stop!" cried Mr. Montagu again. He sat forward on the edge of the chair, trembling. After hours of successive surprises, the simple announcement of his visitor's departure had struck him cold with the accumulated force of his past lonely terror and his present intense curiosity. Again the boy had obeyed his command with a visible shiver, and it hurt the older man by recalling to him the suggestion of crime, of the place and the tragedy he must have escaped from, the unknown cloud he was under. But however involved in the horrible he might become by detaining him, shaken and filled with inexplicable grief as he was by his presence, worst of all was the fear of being alone again after a frightful, brief adventure in his life, vanished and unexplained. He wanted to reassure and comfort the wavering, sorrowful boy, but all he could stammer in apology for his shout was: "Wh—where are you going?"

(*Continued on page 101*)

"So help me God, I'm there," said the boy frightfully, pointing straight at him.

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"My God, this is awful—this mist. Do you think—do you think—they'll take Peronne?"

Tam o' the Scoots

The Woman in the Story

By Edgar Wallace

Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr

TAM walked to the door of his hut and peered cautiously forth. He commanded a view of one corner of the aerodrome, but it was a corner from which Cadet William Best was not in sight, and Tam closed the door and returned to his writing-table, muttering uncomplimentary words.

He squared his shoulders to the monumental task he had set himself. Piled neatly before him in the heart of an official blue folder labeled "Corps Orders," the flaps outspread and ready to be closed at the first alarm, were some hundred quarto sheets of manuscript written in Tam's peculiar caligraphy.

The first page bore, one under the other, some five titles, all of which had been crossed out. So whatever this thrilling romance might be called eventually, it would not be, "The Terror of the Sky," or "The Birdman of Blood," or "The Crime in the Clouds," or "Looping Larry's Last Lap," nor even "The Pirate Pilot."

This was Tam's guilty secret, a secret he shared with Boy Billy Best. He was writing a book; at least he and Billy were writing it in collaboration, for if there was some uncertainty as to what the title of this "Story of Mystery and Crime" (to quote the subtitle) should be, its authorship was definitely ascribed in carefully printed characters to "Tam McTavish, R. F. C., and Cadet William Best, U. S. Army."

Tam took up his pen, dipped it slowly in the ink and wrote:

"It was a terrible moment for the brave lads of the air. What should they do? Hector felt his heart beating, his throat was filled with black rage and hate, his hands were working convulsively."

Beyond this Tam could not make *Hector* go. *Hector* was the hero who had been sent forward from the City of the Plains to make a reconnaissance. The City of the Plains (conveniently adjacent to the Mexican border) was awaiting the advent of an invading army and *Hector* had discovered that same army advancing through a pass in the mountains.

The scene had been laid, against Tam's better judgment, in America. Tam had suggested that it should be laid in Scotland, a suggestion which Billy had rejected with scorn.

"The Scots haven't got any enemies."

"A'm no' so sure about that," said Tam.

"Well, who would you be at war with, anyway? You haven't anybody on your borders who are likely to invade Scotland except the English."

Tam shook his head in doubt.

"There's a gay lot of tourists come to Scotland in the summer," he said, but he

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had agreed that his suggestion was weak. So the story became American, and Tam was reconciled to the overriding of his views by the fact that the American public would "go crazy," as said the enthusiastic Billy.

"A'm no' so sure," said Tam, "that they'll go as crazy as that. Noo, my idea is that we've got this story a' wrong. Theer's nae woman in it——"

"Woman!" scoffed Billy Best. "You're mushy, Tam! What's a woman to do with flying? For the Lord's sake!"

"Ye talk like the meenister of the wee kirk," said Tam; "'tis a wonder ye fly at a' wi' such a wind-pressure, Billy. There's nae sentiment in ye. Mon, where's the gentle-faced dauchter of the auld trapper that's been lured awa' by the deadly Choctaws? Wheer's the Pride of Minin' Camp wi' a pair o' six-shooters? Have ye ever known a story that hadn't a girlie in it?"

"This is a story," insisted the obstinate Billy,"of flying, and there isn't going to be a woman in it—it'll be a novel story."

"Ye're inhuman," said Tam, but he did not press the matter.

And here he was held up and Billy, the faithless collaborator, who had sworn by all his gods, including Gee and Giminy and Gosh, that he would return at four o'clock from Amiens, had not kept his appointment.

Tam made one more attack upon *Hector* before he laid down his pen, but the attack was repulsed with heavy losses to Tam's confidence and, with a sigh, he folded away the manuscript and locked it in his drawer.

He made a careful search of Billy's belongings, felt in his pockets, opened his suitcase, groped under his bed, turned back his pillows and found the box of cigars that Billy had secreted, helped himself, replacing the box under his own pillow, and made his way to the mess-room.

Half a gale was blowing and the sky was filled with flying clouds, and Tam did not need to pause at the notice-board in the mess-room to read the weather report and forecast. There would be no "Wind S. W. 6 miles at 3,000 feet, light ground mists," for the barometer was still falling.

In these circumstances he expected to find the mess full and was not disappointed. The smoking-room was crowded, for such weather as this, which makes flying impossible, enables airmen to pay social calls upon their fellows and adds a pleasant variety to the bridge-tables, which are inclined to become rather monotonous and stodgy when the same people play night after night.

There were no cards on the table, partly because the visitors were sitting on them and partly because there was a great discussion in progress.

Weatherby, squadron commander of the Umpty-ninth, with two rows of ribbons on his breast and only a faint suspicion of hair on his upper lip, yelled a welcome to Tam as he came in.

"Ask Tam!" he shouted—you had to shout to make yourself heard when twenty-five strategists were all offering their views at one and the same time.

Blackie looked round over his shoulder. "What do you think, Tam, about the offensive? Where is it going to be?"

"Or is it going to happen at all?" demanded Weatherby. "We've just come down from the Ypres salient. No signs of Huns there, except the usual crowd."

"How far did you go back?" demanded Blackie.

"As far as Namur. The only remarkable thing about the trip was the number of 'hates' I got. I was hated in all sorts of funny places where you never saw an Archie battery before."

"Railway junctions?" suggested somebody.

Weatherby shook his head. "No," he said, "you expect them there. On plain bits of the line where there are no villages or houses, in open fields—there was no method about it. I was quite rattled after a bit. Of course, they gave me hell at Namur, but that is understandable. But why should I get hell at Wieglehoek, which has one farm, a church and an estaminet?"

"The Huns are trying out some new Archie batteries," suggested Rolls of Weatherby's squadron.

"That hasn't answered our question," said Blackie; "is there going to be an offensive and where? What do you say, Tam?"

"A'm no' so sure," said Tam. "A was taking a peek behind the St. Quentin front on the Sabbath and A was hated verra brightly, but there was nothing strange so far as ma puir auld eyes could tell. The peaceful land was bathed in sunlight, the little bairds were singing, and a regiment of Huns was marching away from kirk, behind their band—a gay an' gallant display. As A looked doon, the sicht of these martial men in their gentle mood, retairning maybe from a heartrending sermon about the Kaiser to their warm Sunday sausage brocht a lump to ma throat. Ma first inclination was to loose a couple of trays of ammunition at them, but ma better feelings prevailed.

"'No, no, Tam,' says I, 'yer too far off and ye mayn't hit 'em. What did the government give ye bombs for?' So I dropped a couple right in the middle of 'em."

"Did they scatter?" asked Weatherby.

"They seemed a bit put oot," said Tam, "but A didn't wait, for all the Archies in the world opened up on me."

"Some people think it will be down in the Champagne," said Blackie, "against the French. Demaurier was telling me the other day that his people had spotted a concentration there."

"More likely the Aubers Ridge," said Weatherby, shaking his head; "there's a sure break-through there in the angle of the Lys and the Lawe. Besides, they've got the ridge for observation and that's a big advantage."

"What was the quietest sector all last year? Was it no' between Arras and St. Quentin? Mon, I've flown fifty miles along that line and never seen a German in the air. I took a flight down there last week and had to fight my way oot. There's more caircuses between Queant and St. Quentin than Barnum ever heard aboot."

"But no concentrations?" asked Weatherby.

Tam shook his head.

Billy Best was waiting for Tam when the pilot returned to his room. "Where did ye get to, Billy?" demanded Tam reproachfully; "for two hours A've been wastin' ma time discussin' the strategy an' tactics o' the war when A micht ha' been followin' ma literary career. 'What would ye do,' sez the young gentleman to me, 'suppose

Tam put his hand to his eyes. "Aye," he said unsteadily.

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ye was Hindenburg?' 'Change ma face,' A says. 'Would ye attack frontally or sideways?' they asked, 'or would ye use strategy or tactics or a little of both?' says they. Mon, they were frichtfully struck on ma tellin' 'em, but I wouldna!"

Tam sat down to his table and jerked out the manuscript.

"'Tis a graund nicht for romance, Billy," he said, "but A'm stuck. A've got Hector in an awfu' position—listen to this:

"'Hector glanced left and right an' behint him. There was no one in sicht but the hated foe. His radiator was smashed an' his intake——'"

"See here, Tam," said Billy in his shirt-sleeves, with his back to his companion, "why not make Hector pancake or crash and have him rescued by a beautiful French girl who hides him, eh?" his voice was careless, so was his hand, for as he splashed water into the big enameled basin, preparatory to making his evening ablutions, certain errant drops reached Tam's neck, "or, how would it be if a mysterious triplane comes barging out of a cloud and rescues the falling hero, and it turns out that this fellow——"

"The clood or the triplane?" asked Tam politely.

"This pilot fellow, I mean, isn't a man at all, but just a peach of a French girl?"

Tam put down his pen and turned. "Billy," he said, eying the boy keenly, "what's the matter wi' ye?"

Billy blushed and rubbed his face vigorously with a towel.

"Oh, nothing," he said airily.

"Where have ye been?" asked Tam.

"Well, to be honest, Tam—I've been to see a friend of mine."

"I feared it," said Tam sadly. "What's her name and in what store in Peronne does she sairve the picture postals to the ribald soldiery?"

Billy blushed more furiously than ever.

"Oh, you know her, do you, Tam? She's just fine, that girl! Think of it! She's never been out of the battle zone—her brother was killed at Roye and her father at Verdun and she just hangs on with her mother and won't budge. They're wonderful, these Frenchwomen, *pour la France*, and all that sort of thing, Tam—full of grand spirit and——"

"HARK at the heathen American talking French!" said Tam addressing the roof; "'*pour la France*,' says he, an' it's been pourin' all the day. Billy, when ye were pourin' la France over a grocery counter did ye no' think of the girl ye left in Washin'ton, Ohio, or whatever the shire may be? Did ye no' remember the girl that stood on the quay at Phullydelphia an' watched the big ship carry ye away, her bright an' luminous eyes filled wi' tears? Did ye no' recall Maisie——"

"Maisie!" gasped Billy, recovering from the trance into which Tam's inventive genius had thrown him, "I don't know—I haven't a girl—and, anyway, I didn't sail from Philadelphia."

Tam replaced the manuscript and rose. "Billy," he said, "A'm goin' to talk to ye fer yeer good."

"Have a cigar," invited Billy hastily.

"Ye can't bribe me—unless ye've something better than the cheap trash ye keep under yeer pillow—anyway, A don't want to smoke. Billy—it's a graund idea, the descendants of George L. Washin'ton——"

"What's the L for, anyway?" growled Billy.

"Late," replied Tam calmly; "it's a graund idea for the great-grandson of George L. Washin'ton to wed the heiress of the McLafayette, but, Billy, we can't do it——"

"Who's talking of marrying?" grumbled the boy. "She wouldn't have me, anyway. I don't want to do anything but just look at her—God, it makes me feel good, Tam! It's like a mind bath to know that that kid has just stuck to her post—when the Boche was in Peronne, when the Somme battle was in full swing and is still carrying on."

Tam was silent. He had an instinct as delicate as a woman's and he visioned the clean splendor of the boy's mind.

"OH, AYE," he said gently, "'tis a fine race, Billy, even if they do charge ye the price for butter that ye ought to pay." (Tam had taken on temporarily the post of mess caterer during the president's absence on leave and the price of local luxuries had left their mark upon him.) "But A doot if Peronne's a good place to be."

"She's all right," said Billy confidently; "she's got a big dugout behind the store and when the Boche is night bombing, she skips in there."

"A'm no' thinkin' of night bombin'," said Tam. "Billy, the Boche is gettin' ready for his big push—he'll take Peronne."

"Rats," scoffed Billy.

"Ah weel," said Tam, and that ended the discussion.

The next day was fine and Tam made a reconnaissance eastward—so far eastward that he saw.

Back he came at top speed, dodging barrage of shell and airplane, intent only upon carrying the information he had acquired to headquarters.

The British knew the worst three days before the blow fell—but three days is all too short a warning. Divisions began moving from remote corners of France, but still with caution. Reserves stood in readiness from Dunkirk to Champagne—but at any moment a change of enemy direction might be noted.

Fourteen divisions strung along a front of fifty miles, three divisions in the rear their only reserves, and, on top of it all, fog! Fog that hid the railways, the roads, the vital nodal points! Fog that tied the fuming airmen to the ground while the rumble of the guns increased to a thunderous chorus! Fog that lifted tantalizingly and sent hundreds of machines roaring upward only to come groping their way back at terrible peril to themselves. Not a fog as you understand fog—a thick wall which blots out immediate objects—but the fog which blurs all objects on the ground at a distance of a thousand feet.

Then came the night of the twentieth. Somewhere in the mist behind the horizon formed by the spires and roofs of Cambrai, behind the stark woods and the rolling hills, lay danger. The horizon itself was blurred and limited by the mists which kept the outposts straining ears and eyes for some hint of the mystery which overhangs all battle-fields on the eve of an offensive. Gunner officers in their solitary observation posts could do no more than record the hits that came within their restricted view. The telltale flash of enemy guns was hidden from them and such counter battery work as "O. Pip"* could control was little.

Save for the ceaseless clang of the opposing artilleries which had grown in intensity during the night, there was no sign of unusual activity. "O. Pip" reported strange happenings he had witnessed in the twilight; for example, he had seen German field batteries gallop up into action and unlimber. He had seen the teams gallop back again, leaving the guns stranded and apparantly unattended, though he guessed that the gun crew had dug themselves in, or had taken positions near trenches which the obliging German infantry had dug for them on the previous night.

The guns were too near the enemy's front line to capture, and an inquisitive patrol of the Black Watch which went out to investigate, not this but other strange phenomena the night before, had not returned. A kilted figure lying on the German wire had been revealed through glasses, but even this told the men nothing. Fog and the night hid the feverish preparations which were going on at the back of beyond. The French and British airmen going about their desperate business, could switch their bomb releases and send their whistling charges into the black void below, could in the momentary glare of the explosion glimpse tiny transport lorries and black snakes of men threading the narrow streets of the town, or in the bursting white light of a flare, note the congestion of carriages and trucks in the railway station they were attacking, but such things indicated no more than normal activities on the part of the army.

And yet from a hundred stations and sidings, the men in field gray were pouring, knapsacks belted about with their heavy great-coats and crowned with spare boots, bombs at their belts, two days' rations of food and an iron ration in their haversacks, one hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition in their pouches, gas-masks at the "ready" and the gripping fear of the morrow in their hearts.

STORM troops, those ugly darlings of the corps, were there, lightly equipped, but well supplied with bombs. The gas corps, the flame-throwing corps and, somewhere in the background, those sinister Pomeranians whose duty it is to strip and bury the dead.

All night long the reserves were moving up, for it was the eve of "Michael's Day," the day of victory, the day of vengeance. The British line was to be pierced and turned northward, the French pushed back beyond the swampy estuary of the Somme—and then in good time and at the Germans' leisure, both enemy armies were to be destroyed.

Endless were the columns that came tramping through the night; never ceasing was the clatter and clamor of shunting trucks and rolling wheels. Von Berne's corps to the north was deploying. Lindequist's corps on his left was up to fullest strength and had a reserve division to make sure. Kuhne's, Grunert's and Stael's corps—a phalanx of gray coats accurately marshalled under Otto von Below, the newest German hero.

The Umpty-fourth stood waiting in the mist, standing by their machines—waiting, waiting——

"My God, this is awful—this mist!

* Observation post.

(*Continued on page 80*)

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Nothing could live under such a fire. He had one glimpse of a huddled figure in the tonneau before the car swerved into a ditch and overturned. Then he set his face for home.

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AFTER PEACE—?

An open forum devoted to the problems of world reconstruction

THE end of the war has left us to create a world out of a chaos; has left us, unprepared, to solve problems unforeseen, transcending all experience. The war was the greatest in history; the problems—of industry, trade, finance, social organization, domestic life, education, government and international relations—which it has left are the greatest in history as well. It has brought into play new forces, thrust into the light new conditions affecting profoundly the lives of all of us. To understand them and to meet them they need the fullest and most open-minded discussion.

A year ago Everybody's began in these pages such a discussion. From its open-forum platform men of all interests and connections have spoken, and from it in the coming months, when these problems will hold the world, many other men and women will speak whose views are not only interesting, but will be of weight in one phase or another of the work of reconstruction.

"I'll Fix 'Em When the War Is Over!"

By Arthur F. Payne, Director of Vocational Education, Johnstown, Pa.

"DAMN 'em, I'll fix 'em when the war is over!" The big, gray-haired employer of labor smashed his fist down on the desk. Harassed and confused by an enormous labor turnover, by wages going up by leaps and bounds, by demands for increased production, he could see relief from labor shortage and labor demands only with the end of warfare. He was the old type of employer, huge, gaunt and grizzled, forcing his way up through the shops from errand boy to general manager by brute strength and bull luck. He was boiling with impotent rage at his workmen, who either walked away in cool disdain or laughed outright at his ravings and pleadings. Of course he is a back number in this scientific day and age. The ignorant, uneducated, uncouth errand boy grown to be general manager and the "Damn 'em, I'll fix 'em" policy are both among the relics of bygone days.

The real question involved is: Was he right in his assumption that there would be an opportunity to "fix 'em" when the war was over? Will there be a labor shortage with continued high wages, or a labor surplus with readjustment of wages and hours back to pre-war times? Many take the superficial view that with the return of "our boys" from "over there" there will be plenty of labor, with opportunity to pick and choose and go back to the old "hire-and-fire" method of ante-bellum times.

Will There be a Surplus of Labor?

OUR industries for many years past have been manned by foreign-trained labor. During the year ending June 30, 1914 (four weeks before Germany declared war), there were admitted to the country 1,387,618 immigrant aliens; of this number there were 173,343 skilled, trained trade-workers. This solid, steady stream of foreign-trained workers has been coming in year after year. In the Pittsburg industrial district sixty per cent. of the workers are foreign born, and only ten per cent. are naturalized. In the old Puritan rockbound state of Massachusetts one out of every three people was born in a foreign country and one-half of the remainder have parents born in a foreign country. With the outbreak of the war this stream of aliens decreased rapidly. In 1914 there were 1,387,618; during the first year of the war they dropped to 688,495, a little less than half; the next year there were 258,678, less than one-fifth.

Furthermore, many of these workers that we already have with us are planning a glorious return to the "old country" with the coming of peace. Bankers, steamship agents and priests in the mining and iron-

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working towns where these foreigners are all tell the same story: "Ya, I go back; many rich widows," says one. "I'll buy farm cheap," says another. "I hunky in this country, but rich man in old country," says a third.

Large numbers left to fight for the Allies. Philadelphia lost twenty thousand workers in eighteen months from this cause alone. It has been stated in a New York City paper and reports sent out by the United Press that Canada has already organized and put into effect a systematic campaign to get laborers from the United States. Commissioner of Immigration Howe a year ago forecast this condition when he said: "With the coming of peace the United States will change from an immigrant nation to an emigrant nation." On December 10, 1918, he stated: "Instead of our receiving hundreds of thousands of foreigners a year, we are to witness a flat reversal of that condition." It was pointed out that reports had been received from steamship companies that during the past four years applications had been received from upward of 1,250,000 aliens for passage to their native lands as soon as the fighting was over. Commissioner Howe expressed belief that so far from the end of the war inspiring an exodus from war-weary Europe, America must face the loss of a very large number of her alien population.

The labor reservoir of the civilized world has been sadly depleted by warfare. The total of lives actually lost by warfare alone up to February, 1918, was 8,000,000. Germany in addition lost 2,600,000 decline in birth rate. Germany's civilian death rate was 1,000,000 above normal. Austria-Hungary, France and England, all sources of supply for skilled workers for our industries, have all lost heavily in slightly less proportions than Germany. In Germany, at least, there will undoubtedly be legislation to prevent skilled workers from leaving the country, so that there can be no question about the fact of the foreign stream of laborers being cut off for many years to come.

Demand for Peace-Time Production

IT HAS been stated by the War Industry Board that there is at the present time one hundred million dollars' worth of building operations in New York City alone all ready for construction on permission from the Board. Railroads, equipment and rolling-stock have been used at high pressure with little opportunity for up-keep and improvements. In some cases, they are only waiting for normal conditions for what amounts to practical rebuilding. The same may be said of electric roads, steel mills and others of similar character. The stock of agricultural implements and domestic appliances needs replacement. In the city of Philadelphia alone under normal conditions there would have been built eleven thousand houses. They built none. This city is seventeen thousand houses behind its normal rate for the past two years. So prosperity is undoubtedly with us; that is, if prosperity is merely coincident with lots of work to be done.

Now if the foreigners are no longer coming here, and some of those we have are leaving us, what is going to happen to the labor supply we have left? Well, first comes "Uncle Sammy" for his share. Our standing Army and Navy is to be at least seven times as large as it was before the war. Then it will take at least one year to get all our boys back from France, and when they come back many will be restless and will find it hard to settle down to a humdrum work-by-the-whistle existence. The West sees its golden opportunity to get vigorous young men, and plans are already in the making to give soldiers free land in the West. This will undoubtedly appeal to many a city soldier who has had a taste of outdoor life and simply won't go back to the old factory conditions.

The Eight-hour Day

FEW people will question but that the universal eight-hour day is here to stay. This means a larger force to keep up to the required production. In many mills that run day and night it will mean three shifts, instead of two, an increase of one-third in their labor force.

High wages has meant and will continue to mean a large percentage of time off. The worker argues: "What's the use of having money if you've got to work all the time and can't spend it?" So if he buys a flivver, he wants time to ride in it. All of this means a demand for increased labor force to keep up production.

But, you say, the new women workers will more than make up these deficiencies. The writer had some part in organizing the war emergency women-in-factory movement, and there was not anywhere near the number in the war industries that was popularly supposed to be there. A few of these women went in from patriotic motives; the majority did not have to work, but were attracted by the high wages. It is safe to say that sixty per cent. of the women war-workers will drop out within the next five months.

The Work or Fight law increased our labor force by a considerable number of hobos, tramps, lounge-lizards, etc. There is no question about what they will do when the compelling force of the law is removed.

When we calmly consider these facts, we are forced to the conclusion that our war-time bugbear "Shortage of Labor" will stay with us for a while longer. The question is: What are we going to do about it?

Let us first agree that the average employer has been very unscientific in his methods of employing and using labor. The ordinary manufacturer when he buys his raw material knows exactly what he is getting; he has it analyzed and tested, and when he gets it none of it is wasted. Every up-to-date factory has its Salvage Department nowadays. The employer knows how many B. T. U's there are in every ton of coal he buys. He watches the market closely and puts over many a shrewd deal. In the matter of machinery and buildings he has the best money can buy; he takes mighty good care of his equipment too. He is the last word when it comes to standardizing his factory and routing his product and operations. But when it comes to buying, using and getting his money's worth out of the one factor that makes his factory a failure or success, namely, his "personnel" or labor force, he is the most unscientific, illogical person on the face of the earth. The manufacturers from now on have got to be as careful analytical buyers of labor as they are of raw material and machinery. They must put it in the right place and use it right when they get it there, and they must have a testing department and salvage department for labor just as they have for raw material.

The earmarks of the scientifically managed factory of the future will be scientific buying, testing, handling and use of raw material, equipment and personnel. This application of scientific methods to labor supply will mean well-trained employment experts; training and testing departments for training and testing new employees, to find out if they are what they claim to be; to train green employees and "transfers"; to test the physical and mental fitness of a worker for the job; to "salvage" and transfer the misplaced or dissatisfied worker instead of allowing him to "get his time" or allowing a misunderstanding foreman to "fire" him. It also means welfare safety, health supervision, all of which means the conservation of our present labor supply.

Developing New Sources of Labor Supply

THESE methods will also develop new resources of labor, such as women and girls. The employers of the future must get rid of their prejudices against the so-called "old men." All the responsible positions of the war have been held by "old men." We must stop the huge economic waste caused by the premature scrapping of mature men. When discarding the "hire-and-fire" method, we must adopt the policy of "fitting the job to the worker and the worker to the job."

Finally, this country must have a very much better system of vocational education. Much has been said on the subject, but very little done. Seventy per cent. of the boys of the United States still continue to leave school before the end of the sixth grade.

Educators have just awakened to the fact that four-year trade-schools do not train the boys for the trades. The second greatest industrial state in the Union, after eight years of experimenting with industrial education, reports one trade-school in its public-school system. This is a state where forty per cent. of its population are engaged in industries. This matter of vocational education is a vital one. Our present school system is undemocratic in that it does not offer opportunities for the children of poor parents equal to those offered children of rich parents. The course of study from the first grade up is organized for the benefit of the very few who enter college, yet seventy per cent. of all the boys in this country do not complete the seventh grade.

Our school system is out of joint with our economic and industrial development, and it seems impossible to get vocational education under our present autocratic, dogmatic school organization. Vocational education must be administered by experts who are not afraid to meet these issues.

When all these things are done, then we shall have advanced from the "Damn 'em, I'll fix 'em" class to the logical and sane method of handling and caring for that splendid body of citizens, the backbone of our country, the "labor supply."

(*Continued on page 72*)

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Astonishments

Drawings by Gordon Ross

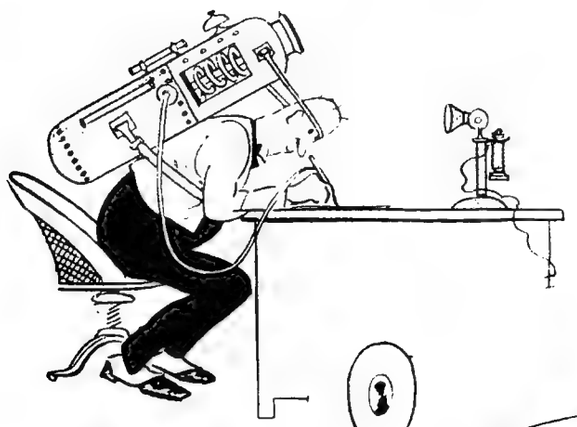
DO YOU suffer much with the Pausey? On the way home from a dish of cream on the Stebbins's porch, is Mrs. B. wont to remark acridly, "Whatever ailed you, Elmer? Not a word out of you all evening! I could have dropped through the floor."

Be informed. When a pause has lasted beyond the usual ten minutes, spring any one of these half a dozen true interesting facts which we have culled apurpose for our readers from our daily papers.

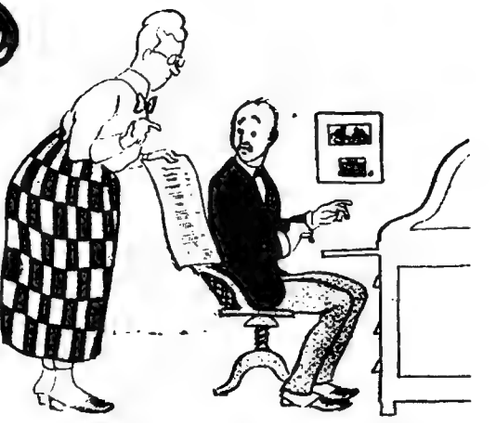
A fashion note from Paris indicates that the use of metal ribbon for trimming has superseded appliqué, passementerie, sequins, bugles, etc., etc.

"Love-apples" is what tomatoes were called years ago, when it was told that if sweethearts would divide one and eat it together no adverse fate could part them. There was real bravery in this simple act; for in early days tomatoes were thought to be rank poison.

A meal for a whole family from one bean is possible now in California. The bean is called the Guinea butter bean, and one offered in the Los Angeles market was almost three feet long and nine inches in circumference. It is said to be excellent eating, similar to the eggplant.



An auxiliary reservoir, carried at a slightly greater height than the barrel of the pen, assures a steady flow of ink to a new fountain pen which, however, can not be carried in the pocket.



An efficiency clerk was hired by a Hammond, Indiana, merchant to take an inventory of stock. He missed her for two days after he told her that every piece of stock must be counted. Returning, she handed him a slip of paper reading, "There are 17,892 peanuts in the basement."

Living together at Bowdoinham, Maine, are Mrs. Eleanor Sparks, one hundred years of age; her sister, Mrs. Mary A. Green, ninety-eight years of age and their brother, William K. Denham, eighty-six years of age.

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The BRANDING-IRON

By Katharine Newlin Burt

Illustrated by Charles Sarka

SYNOPSIS—The story opens with Joan, a beautiful mountain girl, reading the story of "The Pot of Basil" by the firelight in her tiny cabin on the Wyoming mountainside. Outside is the cold still night, and somewhere, Pierre, Joan's husband, traveling homeward on his snow-shoes.

While she reads, Joan pictures the loneliness of her own life before she married Pierre; then her running away from him to the little mining town to work in the hotel. There she had met Pierre, and in the first look had recognized her mate. Then had followed their marriage, the coming of the missionary who had lent her books, finally Pierre's jealousy of the books and of the "sinbuster."

Suddenly Joan hears a light step on the snow and feels a shadow at the window. A strange Pierre enters, of whom Joan is afraid. He refuses to greet her, but busies himself at the fire. After a while he steps to her with the red-hot Two-Bar brand, the mark for his cattle, declaring he will mark her so that all the world will know that she belongs to him. He burns the mark into her shoulder; Joan screams, and a man enters out of the night. Pierre fires first, then the stranger; Pierre falls and Joan loses consciousness.

Joan is restored to health in Prosper Gael's cabin in a cañon across the mountains from her old home.

With Prosper's aid Joan develops her woman's charm. She makes the soft stuffs he gives her into beautiful garments. She enters the world of romance through his music, his books, and his conversation. But one day she comes again among Prosper's books upon the story of *Isabella*. This brings Pierre and the little mountain homestead back so forcibly that Joan starts home. She is still very weak, and almost dies in the snow before Prosper finds her.

She begins to work indoors and out, trying to regain her strength in order to go home when spring comes. One day Prosper sends her to put on an outdoor suit which he says is in a closet in the hall. His shock at seeing her in it brings to Joan the realization of the woman for whom it was intended and for whom the mountain cabin was built. Joan, hurt this time in a different way, runs away again. This time she comes back of her own accord, unable to find her way in the snowy stillness. Thus Prosper wins Joan's love and together they live their spring.

At last the outside world breaks in on their happiness in the shape of a letter and Prosper goes back to his old world, leaving Joan to her memories. The same evening, Joan sees from the hill behind the cabin Pierre and the sinbuster. Pierre is alive! The full measure of Prosper's deception overwhelms her, and she allows them to ride away without finding her.

About a year later, an embittered Joan, who calls herself Jane, is cook of the Lazy-Y ranch. She has shed all the charm she learned from Prosper; yet even in her coarse clothes she is beautiful to the clever theatrical manager, Jasper Morena, who with his wife is staying at Lazy-Y.

He discovers in Jane latent gifts that would fit her to take the heroine's part in "The Leopardess," Prosper's play which is being held up for want of a star fitted to the part. He is surprised at the effect of the recital of the plot on Jane, not knowing how nearly it touches her own experience with Prosper.

The stranger dropped to his heels, squatted and rolled a cigaret.

CHAPTER THREE

(Continued)

"AND you think I'm beautiful?"

"My dear child, I know you are," said he. "You try to disguise it. And I know that in many other ways you disguise yourself. I think you make a great mistake. Your work is hard and rough——"

She smiled. "I'm not complainin' of my work," she said. "It's rough, and so am I. Oh, yes, I'm real, true rough. I was born to roughness and raised to it. I'm not anything I don't seem, Mr. Morena. I've had rough travel all my days, only—only—" she sat down again, twisting her hands painfully in her apron and bending her face down from the sight of the two men. The line of her long bent neck was a beautiful thing to see. She spoke low and rapidly, holding down her emotion, though she could not control all the exquisite modulations of her voice. "There's only one part of my travel that I want to forget, and that's the one smooth bit. And it's hateful to me, and you've been reminding me of it. I must tell you now that I'd rather be burnt by a white-hot iron—" here she gave him a wide and horrified look, like a child who speaks of some dreadful, remembered punishment, "than do that thing you've asked me. I hate everything you've been telling me about. I don't want to be beautiful. I don't want any one to be telling me such things. I don't want to be any different from what I am now. This is my real self. It is. I hate beauty. I hate it. I'm not good enough to love it. Beauty and learning and—music——"

Her head had been bending lower and lower, her voice rocking under its weight of restrained anguish. On the word "music" she dropped her head to her knees and was silent. "I can't talk no more," she said after a minute, and she stood up and ran out of the room.

"I'll be d——d!" swore Yarnall.

But Jasper stood, his face pale, smiting one hand into the other.

"I feel that I, at least, deserve to be," he said.

CHAPTER FOUR

Lazy-Y Loses Its Cook

THERE was a girl named Joan who followed Pierre Landis because he laid his hand upon her wrist, and there was another Joan who fled up the mountainside at sight of him, as though the fire that had once touched her shoulder had burned its way into her heart. Then there was a third Joan, a Joan astray. It was this Joan that had come to Lazy-Y ranch and had cooked for and "bullied" the outfit—a Joan of set face and bitter tongue, whose two years' lonely battle with life had twisted her youth out of its first comely straightness. In Joan's brief code of moral law there was one sin—the dealings of a married woman with another man. When Pierre's living and seeking face looked up toward her where she stood on the mountainside above Prosper's cabin, she felt for the first time that she had sinned, and so, for the first time, she was a sinner, and the inevitable agony of soul began.

She fled and hid till dark, then prowled about till she knew that Wen Ho was alone in the house. She came like a spirit from hell and questioned him.

"What did the men ask? What did you tell them?"

The men had asked for a lady. He had told them, as Prosper had once instructed him, that no lady was living there, that the man had just gone. They had been satisfied and had left. But Joan was still in terror. Pierre must never find her now.

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She had accepted the lie of a stranger, had left her husband for dead, had made no effort to ascertain the truth, and had had "dealings with another man." Joan sat in judgment and condemned herself to loneliness. She turned herself free from all her old life as though she had been Cain, and, following Wen Ho's trail over the mountains, had gone into strange lands to work for her bread. She called herself Jane and her ferocity was the armor for her beauty. Always she worked in fear of Pierre's arrival, and, as soon as she had saved money enough for further traveling, she moved on. She worked by preference on lonely ranches as cook or harvester, and it was after two years of such life that she had drifted into Yarnall's kitchen.

She was then greatly changed, as a woman who works to the full stretch of her strength, who suffers privation and hardship, who gives no thought to her own youth and beauty, and who, moreover, suffers under a scourge of self-scorn and fear, is bound to change. Of all the people that had seen her after a few months of such living, Jasper Morena was the only one to find her beautiful. But with his sensitive observation he had seen through the shell to the sweetness underneath; for surely Joan was sweet, a Friday's child. It was good that Jasper had torn the skin from her wound, good that he had broken up the hardness of her heart.

She left him and Yarnall that afternoon and went away to her cabin in the trees and lay face down on the bare boards of the floor and was young again. Waves of longing for love and beauty and adventure flooded her. For a while she had been very beautiful and had been very passionately loved; for a while she had been surrounded by beauty and taught its meanings. She had fled from it all. She hated it, yes, but she longed for it with every fiber of her being. The past two years were scalded away. She was Joan, who had loved Pierre; Joan, whom Prosper Gael had loved.

Toward morning, dawn, feeling with white fingers through the pine boughs into her uncurtained window, Joan stopped her weeping and stood up. She was very tired and felt as though all the hardness and strength had been beaten from her heart. She opened her door and looked at pale stars and a still, slowly brightening world. In the hollow below the pines a stream ran and poured its hoarse, hurrying voice into the silence. Joan bent under the branches, undressed and bathed. The icy water shocked life back into her spirit. She began to tingle and glow. In spite of herself she felt happier. She had been stony for so long, neither sorrowful nor glad. Now, after the night of sharp pain, she was aware of the gladness of morning. She came up from her plunge, glowing and beautiful, with loose, wet hair.

In the corral the men were watering their teams, above them on the edge of a mesa, against the rosy sky, the other ponies, out all night on the range, were trooping, driven by a cowboy who darted here and there on his nimble pony, giving shrill cries. In the clear air every syllable was sharp to the ear, every tint and line sharp to the eye. It was beautiful, very beautiful, and it was near and dear to her, native to her—this loveliness of quick action, of inarticulate calling to dumb beasts, of work, of simple, often-repeated beginnings. She was glad that she was working with her hands. She twisted up her hair and went over to the ranch-house,

Betty stood pale with joy, opening and shutting her big eyes.

where she began soberly and thankfully to light her kitchen fire.

It was after breakfast, two or three mornings later, when a stranger on a chestnut pony rode into Yarnall's ranch, tied his pony to a tree, and, striding across the cobbled square, came to knock at the office door. At the moment, Yarnall, on the other side of the house, was saying farewell to his guests and helping the men pile the baggage into the two-seated wagon, so this other visitor, getting no answer to his knock, turned and looked about the court. He did not, it was evident, mind waiting. It was to be surmised, from the look of him, that he was used to it; patient and not to be discouraged by delay. He was a very brown young man of quite astonishing beauty and his face had been schooled to keenness and restraint. He was well-dressed, very clean, an outdoor man, a rider, but a man who had, in some sense, arrived. He had the inimitable stamp of achievement. He had been hard driven, the look of that too was there; he had been driven to more than ordinary effort. One of the men seeing him, walked over and spoke respectfully.

"You want to see Mr. Yarnall?"

"Yes, sir." The man's eyes were searching the ranch-house wistfully again. "I would like to see him if I can. I have some questions to ask him."

"He's round the house, gettin' rid of a bunch of dudes. Some job. Both hands tied up. Will you go around or wait?"

The stranger dropped to his heels, squatted and rolled a cigaret.

"I'll wait," he murmured. "You can let him know when the dudes make their getaway. He'll get round to me. My name? It won't mean anything to him—Pierre Landis."

He did not go round the house and Yarnall, being very busy and perturbed for some time after the departure of his guests, did not go round to him till nearly noon. By that time he was sitting on the step, his back against the wall, still smoking and still wistfully observant of his surroundings.

He stood up when Yarnall came.

"Sorry," said the latter, "that fool boy didn't tell me you were here till ten minutes ago. Come in. You'll stop for dinner—if we get any to-day."

"Thank you," said Pierre. He came in and talked and stayed for dinner. Yarnall was used to the Western fashion of doing business. He knew that it would be a long time before the young man would come to his point. But the Englishman was in no hurry, for he liked his visitor and found his talk diverting enough. Landis had been in Alaska—a lumber-camp. He had risen to be foreman and now he was off for a vacation, but had to go back soon. He had been everywhere. It seemed to Yarnall that the stranger had visited every ranch in the Rocky Mountain belt.

After dinner, strolling beside his host toward his horse, Pierre spoke, and before Yarnall had heard a word he knew that the long delay had been caused by suppressed emotion. Pierre, when he did ask his question, was white to the lips.

"I've taken a lot of your time," he said slowly. "I came to ask you about some one. I heard that you had a woman on your ranch, a woman who came in and didn't give you any history. I want to see her if I may." He was actually fighting an unevenness of breath and Yarnall, unemotional as he was, was gripped with sympathetic suspense. "I want," stammered the young man, "to know her name."

Yarnall swore. "Her name, as she gave it," said he, "is Jane. But, my boy, you can't see her. She left this morning."

Pierre raised a white, tense face.

"Left?" He turned as if he would run after her.

"Yes, sir. These people I've had here took her away with them. That is,

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they've been urging her to go, but she refused. Then, suddenly, this morning, just as they were putting the trunks in, up came Jane, white as chalk, asking them to take her with them, said she must go. Well, sir, they rigged her up with some traveling clothes and drove away with her. That was six hours ago. By now they're in the train, bound for New York."

Yarnall's guest looked at him without speaking and Yarnall nervously went on: "She's been with us about six months, Landis, and I don't know anything about her. She was tall, gray eyes, black hair, slow-speaking and with the kind of voice you'd be apt to notice—yes, I see she's the girl you've been looking for. I can give you the New York people's address, but first, for Jane's sake—I'm a pretty good friend of hers; I think a lot of Jane—I'll have to know what you want with her—what she is to you?"

Pierre's pupils widened till they all but swallowed the smoke-colored iris.

"She is my wife," he said.

Again Yarnall swore. But he lit a cigaret and took his time about answering. "Well, sir," he said, "you must excuse me, but—it was because she saw you, I take it, that Jane cut off this morning. That's clear. Now, I don't know what would make a girl run off from her husband. She might have any number of reasons, bad and good, but it seems to me that it would be a pretty strong one that would make a girl run off with a look such as she wore, from a man like you. Did you treat her well, Landis?"

It had the effect of a lash taken by a penitent. The man shrank a little, whitened, endured. "I can't tell you how I treated her," he said in a dangerous voice; "it don't bear tellin'. But I want her back. I was—I was—that was three years ago. I am more like a man now. You'll give me the people's name, their address?"

Pierre laid his hand on the older man's wrist and gave it a queer urgent and beseeching shake.

After a moment of searching scrutiny, Yarnall bent his head.

"Very well," said he shortly; "come in."

CHAPTER FIVE
"The Leopardess"

A YOUNG man who had just landed in New York from one of the big, adventurous transatlantic liners, hailed a taxicab and was quickly drawn away into the glitter and gaiety of a bright winter morning. He sat forward eagerly, looking at everything with the air of a lad on a holiday. He was a young man, but he was not in his first youth, and under a heavy sunburn he was pale and a trifle worn, but there was a look about him of being hard and very much alive. Under a broad brow there were hawk eyes of greenish gray, a delicate beak, a mouth and chin of cleverness. It was an interesting face and looked as though it had seen interesting things. In fact, Prosper Gael had just returned from his three months of ambulance service in France and it was the extraordinary success of his play, "The Leopardess," that had chiefly brought him back.

"Dear Luck," his manager had written, using the college title which Prosper's name and unvarying good fortune suggested, "you'd better come back and gather up some of these laurels that are smothering us all. The time is very favorable for the disappearance of your anonymity. I, for one, find it more and more difficult to keep the secret. So far, not even your star knows it. She calls you 'Mr. Luck'—to that extent I have been indiscreet——"

Prosper had another letter in his pocket, a letter that he had reread many times, always with an uneasy conflict of emotions. He was in a sort of hot-cold humor over it, in a fever-fit that had a way of turning into lassitude. He postponed analysis indefinitely. Meanwhile his eyes searched

the bright, cold city, its crowds, its traffic, its windows—most of all, its placards, and, not far to seek, there were the posters of "The Leopardess." He leaned out to study one of them: a tall, wild-eyed woman crouched to spring upon a man who stared at her in fear. Prosper dropped back with a gleaming smile of amused excitement. "They've made it look like a cheap melodrama," he said to himself, "and yet it's a good thing, the best thing I've ever done. Yet they will vulgarize the whole idea with their infernal notions of 'what the public wants.' Morena is as bad as the rest of them!" He expressed disgust, but underneath he was aglow with pride and interest. "There's a performance tonight. I'll dine with Jasper. I'll have to see Betty first—" His thoughts trailed off and he fell into that hot-cold confusion, that uncomfortable scorching fog of mood.

The cab turned into Fifth Avenue and became a scale in the creeping serpent of vehicles, that glided, paused and glided again past the thronged pavements. Prosper contrasted everything with the grim courage and high-pitched tragedy of France. He could not but wonder at the detached frivolity of these money-spenders, these spinners in the sun. How soon would the shadow fall upon them too and with what change of countenance would they look up?

To him the joyousness seemed almost childish and yet he bathed his fagged spirits in it. How high the white clouds sailed! How blue was the midwinter sky! How the buildings towered! How quickly the people stepped! Here were the pretty, painted faces, the absurd silk stockings, the tripping, exquisitely booted feet, the swinging walk, the tall upspringing bodies of the women he remembered. He regarded them with impersonal delight, untinged by any of his usual cynicism.

It was late afternoon when Prosper, obedient to a telephone call from Betty, presented himself at the door of Morena's house, just east of the park, off Fifth Avenue; a very beautiful house where the wealthy Jew had indulged his passion for exquisite things. Prosper entered its rich dimness with a feeling of oppression, that unanalyzed mood of hot-and-cold feeling intensified to an almost unbearable degree. In the large carved and curtained drawing-room he waited for Betty. The tea-things were prepared; there would be no further need of service until Betty should ring. Everything was arranged for an uninterrupted tête-à-tête.

Prosper stood near an ebony table, his shoulders brushed by tall red roses, and felt his nerves tighten and his pulses hasten in their beat. "The tall child—the tall child"—he had called her by that name so often and never without a swift and stabbing memory of Joan and of Joan's laughter which he had silenced.

He took out the letter he had lately received from Betty and reread it and, as he read, a deep line cut between his eyes. "You say you will not come back unless I can give you more than I have ever given you in the past. You say you intend to cut yourself free, that I have failed you too often, that you are starved on hope. I am not going to ask much more patience of you. I failed you that first time because I lost courage: the second time, fate failed us. How could I think that Jasper would get well when the doctors told me that I mustn't allow myself even a shadow of hope? Now, I think that Jasper, himself, is preparing my release. This all sounds like something in a book. That's because you've hurt me. I feel frozen up. I couldn't bear it if now, just when the door is opening, you failed me. Prosper, you are my lover for always, aren't you? I have to believe that to go on living. You are the one thing in my wretched life that hasn't lost its value. Now, read this carefully. I am going to be brutal. Jasper has been unfaithful to me. I know it. I have sufficient evidence to prove it in a law-court and I shall not hesitate to get a divorce. Tear this up, please. Now, of all times, we must be extraordinarily careful. There has never been a whisper against me and there mustn't be. Jasper must not suspect. A counter suit would ruin my life. I must talk it over with you.

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I'll see you once alone, just once before I leave Jasper and begin the suit. We must have patience for just this last bit. It will seem very long." Prosper folded the letter. He was conscious of a faint feeling of sickness, of fear. Then he heard Betty's step across the marble pavement of the hall. She parted the heavy curtains, drew them together behind her and stood, pale with joy, opening and shutting her big eyes. Then she came to meet him, held him back, listening for any sound that might predict interruption, and gave herself to his arms. She was no longer pale when he let her go. She went a few steps away and stood with her hands before her face, then she went to sit by the tea-table. They were both flushed, Betty's eyes were shining under their fluttering lids. Prosper rejoiced in his own emotion. The mental fog had lifted and the feeling of faintness had gone.

"You've decided not to break away altogether, then?" she asked, giving him a quick glance.

He shook his head. "Not if what you have written me is true. I've had such letters from you before and I've grown very suspicious. Are you sure this time?" He laid stress upon his bitterness. It was his one weapon against her and he had been sharpening it with a vague purpose.

"Oh," said Betty, speaking low and furtively, "Jasper is fairly caught. I have a reliable witness in the girl's maid. There is no doubt of his guilt, Prosper, none. Every one is talking of it. He has been perfectly open in his attentions." Every minute Betty looked younger and prettier, more provoking. Her child-mouth with its clever smile was bright as though his kiss had painted it.

"Who is the girl?" asked Prosper. He was deeply flushed. Being capable of simultaneous points of view, he had been stung by that cool phrase of Betty's concerning "Jasper's guilt."

"I'll tell you in a moment. Did you destroy my letter? Oh, Prosper, please!"

He took it out, tore it up, and walking over to the open fire, burned the papers. He came back to his tea. "Well, Betty?"

"The girl," said Betty, "is the star of your play, 'The Leopardess,' the girl that Jasper picked up two Septembers ago out West. He has written to you about her. She was a cook, if you please, a hideous creature, but Jasper saw at once what there was in her. She has made the play. You'll have to acknowledge that yourself when you see her. She is wonderful. And, partly owing to the trouble I've taken with her, the girl is beautiful. One wouldn't have thought it possible. She is not charming to me, she's not in the least subtle. It's odd that she should have had such an effect upon Jasper, of all men."

Prosper sipped his tea and listened. He looked at her and was bitterly conscious that the excitement which had pleased and surprised him was dying out. That faintness again assailed his spirit. He was feeling stifled, ashamed, bored. Yes, that was it, bored. That life of service and battle—danger in France—had changed him more than he had realized till now. He was more simple, more serious, more moral, in a certain sense. He was like a man who, having denied the existence of Apollyon, has come upon him face to face and has been burnt by his breath. Such a man is inevitably moral. All this long, intricate intrigue with the wife of a man who called him friend, seemed to him horribly unworthy. If Betty had been a great lover, if she had not lost courage at the eleventh hour and left him to face that terrible winter in Wyoming, then their passion might have justified itself; but now there was a staleness in their relationship. He hated the thought of the long divorce proceedings, of the decent interval, of the wedding, of the married life. He had never really wanted that.

And now, in the ebb of his passion, how could he force himself to take her when he had learned to live more keenly, more completely without her. He would have to take her, to spend his days and nights with her, to travel with her. She would want to visit that gay little forsaken house in a Wyoming cañon. With vividness he saw a girl lying prone on a black rug before a dancing fire, her hair all fallen about her face, her secret eyes lifted impatiently from the book. "You had ought to be writin', Mr. Gael."

"What are you smiling for, Prosper?" Betty asked sharply.

He looked up, startled and confused. "Sorry. I've got into beastly absent-minded habits. Is that Morena?"

Jasper opened the curtains and came in, greeting Prosper in his stately, charming fashion. "To-night," he said, "we'll show you a leopardess worth looking at, won't we, Betty? But first you must tell us about your own experience. You look wonderfully fit, doesn't he, Betty? And changed. They say the life out there stamps a man and they're right. It's taken some of that winged-demon look out of your face, Prosper; put some soul into it."

He talked and Betty laughed, showing not the slightest evidence of effort, though the soul Jasper had seen in Prosper's face felt shriveled for her treachery. Prosper wondered if she could be right in her surmise about Jasper. The Jew was infinitely capable of dissimulation, but there was a clarity of look and smile that filled Prosper with doubts. And the eyes he turned upon his wife were quite as apparently as ever the eyes of a disappointed man.

So absorbed was he in such observations that he found it intolerably difficult to fix his attention on the talk. Jasper's fluency seemed to ripple senselessly about his brain.

"You must consent to one thing, Luck: You must allow me to choose my own time for announcing the authorship." This found its way partially to his intelligence and he gave careless consent.

"Oh, whenever you like, as soon as I've had my fun."

"Of course—" Morena was thoughtful for an instant. "How would it do for me to leave it with Melton, the business-manager, eh? Suppose I phone him and talk it over a little. He'll want to wait till toward the end of the run. He's keen; has just the commercial sense of a born advertiser. Let him choose the moment. Then we can feel sure of getting the right one. Will you, Luck?"

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"If you advise it. You ought to know."

"You see, I'm so confoundedly busy, so many irons in the fire, I might just miss the psychic moment. I think Melton's the man. I'll call him up to-night before we leave. Then I won't forget it and I'll be sure to catch him too."

Again Prosper vaguely agreed and promptly forgot that he had given his permission. Later, there came an agonizing moment when he would have given the world to recall his absent, careless words.

With an effort Prosper kept his poise. With an effort, always increasing, he talked to Jasper while Betty dressed, and kept up his end at dinner. The muscles round his mouth felt tight and drawn, his throat was dry. He was glad when they got into the limousine and started theatreward. It had been a long time since he had been put through this particular ordeal and he was out of practise.

They reached the house just as the lights went out. Prosper was amused at his own intense excitement. "I didn't know I was still such a kid," he said, flashing a smile, the first spontaneous one he had given her, upon Betty, who sat beside him in the proscenium box.

The success of his novel had had no such effect upon him as this. It was entrancing to think that in a few moments the words he had written would come to him clothed in various voices, the people his brain had pictured would move before him in flesh and blood, doing what he had ordained that they should do. When the curtain rose, he had forgotten his personal problem, had forgotten Betty. He leaned forward, his elbows on his knees, his chin in his hand.

The scene was of a tropical island, palms, a strip of turquoise sea. A girl pushed aside the great fronds of ferns and stepped down to the beach. At her appearance the audience broke into applause. She was a tall girl, her stained legs and arms bare below her ragged dress; her black hair hung wild and free about her face and neck. As the daughter of a native mother and an English father, her beauty had been made to seem both Saxon and savage. Stained and painted, darkened below the great, gray eyes, Joan, with her brows and her classic chin and throat, Joan with her secret, dangerous eyes and lithe, long body, made an arresting picture enough against the setting of vivid green and blue. She moved slowly, deliberately, naturally, and stood, hands on hips, to watch a ship sailing into the turquoise harbor. It was not like acting; she seemed really to look. She threw back her head and gave a call. It was the name of her stage-brother, but it came from her deep chest and through her long column of a throat like music. Prosper brought down his hands on the railing before him, half pushed himself up, turned a blind look upon Betty, who laid a restraining hand upon his arm.

He whispered a name, which Betty could not make out, then he sat down, moistened his lips with his tongue and sat through the entire first act and neither moved nor spoke. As the curtain went down, he stood up. "I must go out," he said, and hesitated in the back of the box till Jasper came over to him with an anxious question. Then he began to stammer nervously: "Don't tell her, Jasper, don't tell her."

"Tell her what, man? Tell whom?" Jasper gave him a shake. "Don't you like Jane? Isn't she wonderful?"

"Yes, yes, extraordinary."

She threw back her head and gave a call; it came from her deep chest and through her long column of a throat like music.

"Made for the part?"

"No." Prosper's face twisted into a smile. "No. The part came second, she was there first. Morena, promise me you won't tell her who wrote the play?"

"Look here, Prosper, suppose you tell me what's wrong. Have you seen a ghost?"

Prosper laughed, then, seeing Betty, her face a rigid question, he struggled to lay hands upon his self-control.

"Something very astonishing has happened, Morena, one of those 'things not dreamt of in a man's philosophy.' I can't tell you. Have you arranged for me to meet Jane West?"

"After the show, yes, at supper."

"But not as the author?"

"No. I was waiting for you to tell her that."

"She mustn't know. And, I can't meet her that way, at supper." Again he made visible efforts at self-control. "Don't tell Betty what a fool I am. I'll go out a minute. I'll be all right."

Betty was coming toward them. He gave a painful smile and fled.

CHAPTER SIX

Joan and Prosper

THE situation was no doubt an extraordinary, an unimaginable one, but it had to be met. When he returned to the box, Prosper had himself in hand and, sitting a little further back than before, he watched the second act with a sufficiency of outward calm.

This part was the most severe test of his composure, for he had fashioned it almost in detail upon that idyl in a cañon. There were even speeches of Joan's that he had used. To sit here and watch Joan herself go through it, while he looked on, was an exciting form of torment. The setting was different, tropical instead of northern, and the half-native heroine was more passionate, more emotional, more animal than Joan. Nevertheless, the drama was a repetition. As Prosper had laid his trap for Joan, silently, subtly undermining her whole mental structure, using her loneliness, playing upon the artist soul of her, so did this Englishman lay his trap for *Zona*. He was more cruel than Prosper, rougher, necessarily more dramatic, but there was all the essence of the original drama, the ensnarement of a simple, direct mind by a complex and skilful one. Joan's surrender, Prosper's victory, were there. He wondered how Joan could act it, play the part in cold blood.

Now he was condemned to live in his own imagination through Joan's tragedy. There was that first pitifulness of a tamed and broken spirit, then later, in London, the agony of loneliness, of separation, of gradual awakening to the change in her master's heart. Prosper had written the words, but it was Joan who, with her voice, the music of memory, shaken heart-strings, made the words alive and meaningful. Others in the audience might wonder over the girl's ability to interpret this unusual experience, to make it natural, human, inevitable. But Prosper did not wonder. He knew that simply she forced herself to relive this most painful part of her own life and to relive it articulately. What, in God's name, had induced her to do it? Necessity? Poverty? Morena? All at once he remembered Betty's belief that Joan was the manager's mistress—his wild, beautiful Joan, Joan the creation of his own wizardry. This thought gave him such pain that he whitened.

"Prosper," murmured Betty, "you must tell me what is wrong. Evidently your nerves are in bad shape. Is the excitement too much for you?"

"I believe it is," he said, avoiding her eyes and moving stiff, white lips. "I've never seen such acting. I—I—Morena says he'll let me see her in her dressing-room afterward. You see, Betty, I'm badly shaken up."

(*Continued on page 118*)

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Watching Our Heroes Grow Up

By Alfred Sinclair Clark

Decorations by C. B. Falls

Joan and Peter.

MOST novelists like to have some one else bring up their heroes and heroines until they are old enough to fall in love. It saves a lot of anxious thought. But it has its drawbacks. Indeed, some authors seem not to have been properly introduced to the ardent youths and maidens of their stories.

In recent years, however, many writers have tried to catch their heroes and heroines in their cradles. Some even pick out their grandparents. They keep a watchful eye over them as boys and girls. They are afraid that if they let some one else educate them, they may turn out badly.

This whole matter of educating youngsters is getting to be a lively problem. A generation or so ago, no one could get excited over it. You could no more argue about it at the dinner-table than you could about the opinions of the mound-builders on ventilation. But to-day education is in the air. It's harder to dodge than a cold. If you shut yourself away from discussions about it, it creeps in on you unawares, in magazines and books. Especially in books.

Mr. H. G. Wells has been looking into it. He had a sturdy young hero and a fine young heroine to bring up. He liked them so much that he put their names on his title-page, "Joan and Peter" (Macmillan, $1.75). He got them through babyhood without much trouble, but he tumbled into deep water when he tried to educate them. He hunted all over England to find a school that was good enough. Or, rather, he delegated the job to *Oswald Sydenham*, who had loved *Peter's* mother, but whose only reward had been an embarrassing appointment as guardian over *Joan* and *Peter*. *Oswald* assumed that there were plenty of good schools in England. He had only to turn a corner and there one would be. But there it never was. He became like Diogenes hunting through Athens for that mythical honest man. Everywhere he saw children "being guided into forests and left there—by queer, absent-minded men." It was worse for the girls. Even those who could afford the best were taught by "a sort of mental maid who did up their minds as their maids did up their hair for the dinner-table."

Mr. Wells was determined to give them something better than the usual school. So he put them into one of the new schools, started by a fiery enthusiast. "Her place was in the van. She did not mind very much where the van was going so long as she was in it. . . . She wanted to do something for mankind—it hardly mattered what."

Fresh air and freedom made the children lithe and joyous, but the training left the mental muscles soft. *Peter* wanted a school "'where you learn about guns and animals and mountains and foreign people. I'd like lessons about the insides of animals and about people in foreign countries, and how engines work, and all that sort of thing.'" But the real schools specialized in things that bore little or no relation to life. They aimed to turn out neat little automatic figures that would always give the expected answer to the expected question.

Joan and *Peter* mutinied. They refused to stop thinking. It disturbed their teachers and perplexed their relatives. The new education that is trying to thrust out the old seeks to make children think. Do we really want that? Won't it add a new terror to parenthood? And if the young once begin to think, who can guarantee that they won't keep it up? If everybody gets into this thinking habit, it's going to upset some of our most cherished beliefs.

Peter and *Joan* stumbled more than once on their path through the years. *Peter* indeed tripped a good deal. *Hetty* strayed into his life and Hettys are always making Peters stumble. But *Oswald* helped him. He saw that schools were not teaching *Peter* much about geography and history. So he carried *Peter* off to Russia and to Germany and he showed him things that books could not make real. And he filled *Peter's* mind with other thoughts than *Hetty*.

Toward Morning.

And then the war roared through England and swept *Peter* up into the air. On one of those days when he was droning ahead, a midge ten thousand feet above the blurred earth, a German plane came slashing at him out of the sun and *Peter* was a broken, bleeding thing that somehow managed to cheat death after whirling dizzily down and down and down in a spinning nose-dive. There was patching up to be done, but *Peter* was soon in the air again, for England was in dire need. His next fall made an end to his fighting. He came home to a *Joan* whom he had not known before. So *Peter* was lucky after all. "'We've just scrambled through, Joan, to love—as I scrambled through to life,'" he said. And it was not the fault of education that it had not all ended in disaster.

This stuffing with information that Mr. Wells so brilliantly protests against is apt to produce prodigies. A few years ago there were so many of them in New England that many people had about decided that childhood might be abolished. In the nursery of the future, Ibsen would displace Mother Goose.

This cramming process is best loved in Germany. It was there that the prodigy of prodigies lived, Christian Heinrich Heinecken, who had mastered sacred history by his second birthday, who could speak French and Latin a year later, who began to specialize in religious history at the age of four. He died a few months later, perhaps bored to death by the curious crowds that flocked to admire him.

You get a tragic picture of how it works to-day in "Toward Morning" (Lane, $1.50), by I. A. R. Wylie. Her hero, *Helmut Helde*, was born in Baden and there he went to school. He was a dreamy, romantic child, who would have been happy in the pleasant old Germany of troubadours and legends. But Prussia had shoveled out that old Germany.

The boy *Helmut* left laughter behind when he went to school. He was bullied by his playmates and teachers. "He knew that he was not to play again and soon he understood why. There was no time. Life was work." There was work every day, even in bed, even on the one half-holiday of the week. When the school went into the Black Forest for the holidays, there was no play. Just a line of gray boys in double file, holding their umbrellas like guns.

And then came the army, indescribably worse than school. For the school merely dulled him. The army debased him. It killed even the faint memory of the arms of *Lenchen* about his neck, of her lips pressed to his, the one brief happiness of his life. Like *Peter*, *Helmut* was swept away by the

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maelstrom of war, and fate was to deny him even an honorable death.

As a picture of life, it is perhaps too neatly arranged. People whom we love and hate do not come back into our lives quite so inevitably when crises overtake us. But as a picture of German education as it affects a sensitive lad, it is not overdrawn. Prussia's own statistics in black and white prove it. Twelve hundred and twenty-one child suicides in twenty-three years!

It's quite a different thing that you find in the pages of "Salt: or The Education of Griffith Adams" (Dutton, $1.50), by Charles G. Norris. But it is unpleasant enough. Education thwarted what might have been good in *Griffith Adams*, although it was his mother who was chiefly responsible for his failure. She lived to be ornamental, and you can't fashion a mother out of material like that. She could not have her hair mussed or her gown dirtied by a clumsy boy. So she killed off much in her son that might have made his life easier.

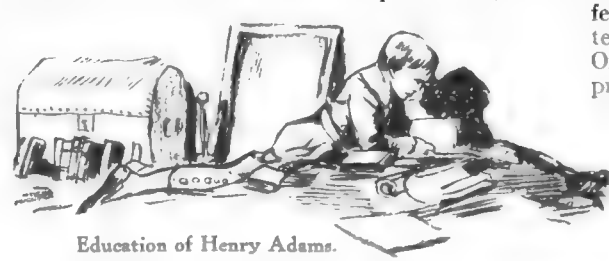
Private schools completed the maiming process. First there was a military academy where terrorization taught the lad to cringe and to lie; where he learned about sex in a way no boy should. And later there was a "family school" that perfected the sneak in *Griffith*. So when he went to college, it was not strange that he should waste all his opportunities. Nor was it strange that he should go wrong in business, in marriage, in everything. One is only surprised that he ever did right himself, that he ever found happiness in his work and in love. It was courageous of Mr. Norris to write this story and it is a courageous rather than a great book. It points out things that we have to face, in life as well as in education, and this makes it provocatively interesting, a book to discuss.

Are there any better schools? There is a Utopian one in "W. E. Ford: A Biography" (Doran, $1.35), by J. D. Beresford and Kenneth Richmond. It's really a novel; there never was a W. E. Ford. Mr. Beresford makes *Ford* a teacher who encouraged his pupils to think rather than to amass information. Instead of telling them that some incomprehensible thing was incomprehensibly thus and thus, he opened vistas down which they wanted to send their eager minds. Finally he started his own school. It could not make headway against human inertia, but before it failed, you got a vivid idea of what a school in the future might be.

And they really have schools like that in the present. In public and private schools in New York and Alabama and Indiana, there is being tried out something that is called "the new education." It's really an old thing made new, for it goes back to Rousseau for first principles. What it is doing is capably described by John and Evelyn Dewey in "Schools of Tomorrow" (Dutton, $2.00). The children who go to these schools really like them. They link up lessons with life. Shakespeare's "whining schoolboy" does not scuff unhappily along the roads that lead to them. He is eager for this learning, which seems to him vital. His body, his hands and his mind are all active. He is working out his own answers to all the questions that besiege the mind of a boy.

Whether or not these schools are going to prove what we want, it's evident that there is something wrong with education. For the best-educated people are crying out against it. Take a case so extreme that it may seem incredible. Imagine an American whose father had been Ambassador to Great Britain, whose grandfather and great-grandfather had both been Presidents of the United States. Add to this background the best possible schooling in youth, four years at Harvard and plenty of foreign travel. Then in middle age suppose him professor of history at Harvard and later editor of the *North American Review*. If you could find such a paragon of learning, you would readily agree that no better-educated man could be discovered in America.

Well, this isn't an imaginary case. There was such a man and he told the story of his life in "The Education of Henry Adams" (Houghton, Mifflin, $5.00). It is an extraordinary book, a really great book, one of the few of its generation that is certain to endure. And in it you find Henry Adams saying harder things about education than any of the professional reformers. At the age of thirty years, reflecting upon all that had been taught him, he "had to admit that nine-tenths of his acquired education was useless and the other tenth harmful." And he reached the altogether crushing conclusion that "The chief wonder of education is that it does not ruin all concerned in it, teachers and taught."



Education of Henry Adams.

These are the ripe judgments of a singularly sane and brilliant mind. No hot intolerance of youth drove him to write that he never had any faith in universities nor the slightest admiration for university training. It is the reasoned conclusion of an old man, trying to put together the pieces of a puzzle that will not fit. The puzzle was Life.

No one ever pursued education more relentlessly. He tracked it across the seas, to its labyrinthine lair in Germany. He was young and confident then. "A student at twenty," he remarks, "takes easily to anything, even to Berlin." He discovered that he had to understand German, so for three months he went regularly to a boys' school, where he sat patiently with children twelve years old. About all that he learned was that Germany was behind America in education. He says that he acquired more knowledge by reading Scott in the old farmhouse at Quincy than he did in all his schools.

One of his chief complaints about education is that it fails to link up life with lessons. It reminds one of the astonishment with which men greeted the opening of the world war. Here and in England prominent men seemed to take it as a personal affront that an assassination in Serajevo should have plunged the world into woe. It was not the assassination that seemed to grieve them so much as the fact that it happened in a place they had never heard of. But shouldn't an educated man have known about Serajevo? It was a powder magazine, heaped high with national hatreds that had been accumulating for generations, awaiting the spark. If all of us had known just a little less about the dim glories of ancient Tyre and a little more about modern Serajevo, mightn't public opinion have had an extinguisher ready for the moment the spark flashed?

Henry Adams had finished his book before Serajevo floated into the headlines, but he found the same slighting of important things in his college years. He remarks caustically that in all his four years at Harvard, he did not even hear mentioned the names of Karl Marx and Auguste Comte, "the two men of his time who most influenced its thought."

He has an almost uncanny faculty for compressing into a sentence or two more meaning than most writers can squeeze into a whole chapter. "No man can instruct more than half a dozen students at once," he says. "The whole problem of education is one of its cost in money." Or take this upon the supreme importance to the subject: "A parent gives life, but, as parent, gives no more. A murderer takes life, but his deed stops there. A teacher affects eternity; he can never tell where his influence stops." Or this about the cramming process: "What one knows is, in youth, of little moment; they know enough who know how to learn."

These scattered thoughts about education reveal little of what is in Henry Adams's book. He looked upon all of life as education, from his first sensation of color to his thoughts after his seventieth birthday.

He knew men who were worth knowing, he saw countless things in many lands that were worth seeing, and he used his mind about everything. So his book is like one of those fabulously rich goldmines of the Incas.

You can dig into it here or you can dig into it there and always do you turn up pure metal. And perhaps after its riches seem to have been wholly exhausted and men have forgotten its very existence, some future prospector of the mind will rediscover it and men of generations hence will find in it nuggets of surpassing worth.

Henry Adams offers no cure-all for the things that seemed to him wrong in education. And perhaps this is the best proof of his judgment. For fads and too buoyant an optimism are fatal guides in this field. You can't map out a boy's or a girl's career from the things they do in childhood. Sometimes a boy who is going to be a notable inventor can't be kept from tinkering with tools.

But you never can tell. John Keats, as a boy, had but one desire. He wanted to fight. But it would have been rather a waste to train him for pugilism.

If Henry Adams has no miraculous remedy, he has a suggestion that is better than the panaceas of less men.

All that the teacher can hope to do, he says, is to teach the mind to react. The task grows harder, for there are always more things to grasp, but the hopeful effort grows ever greater.

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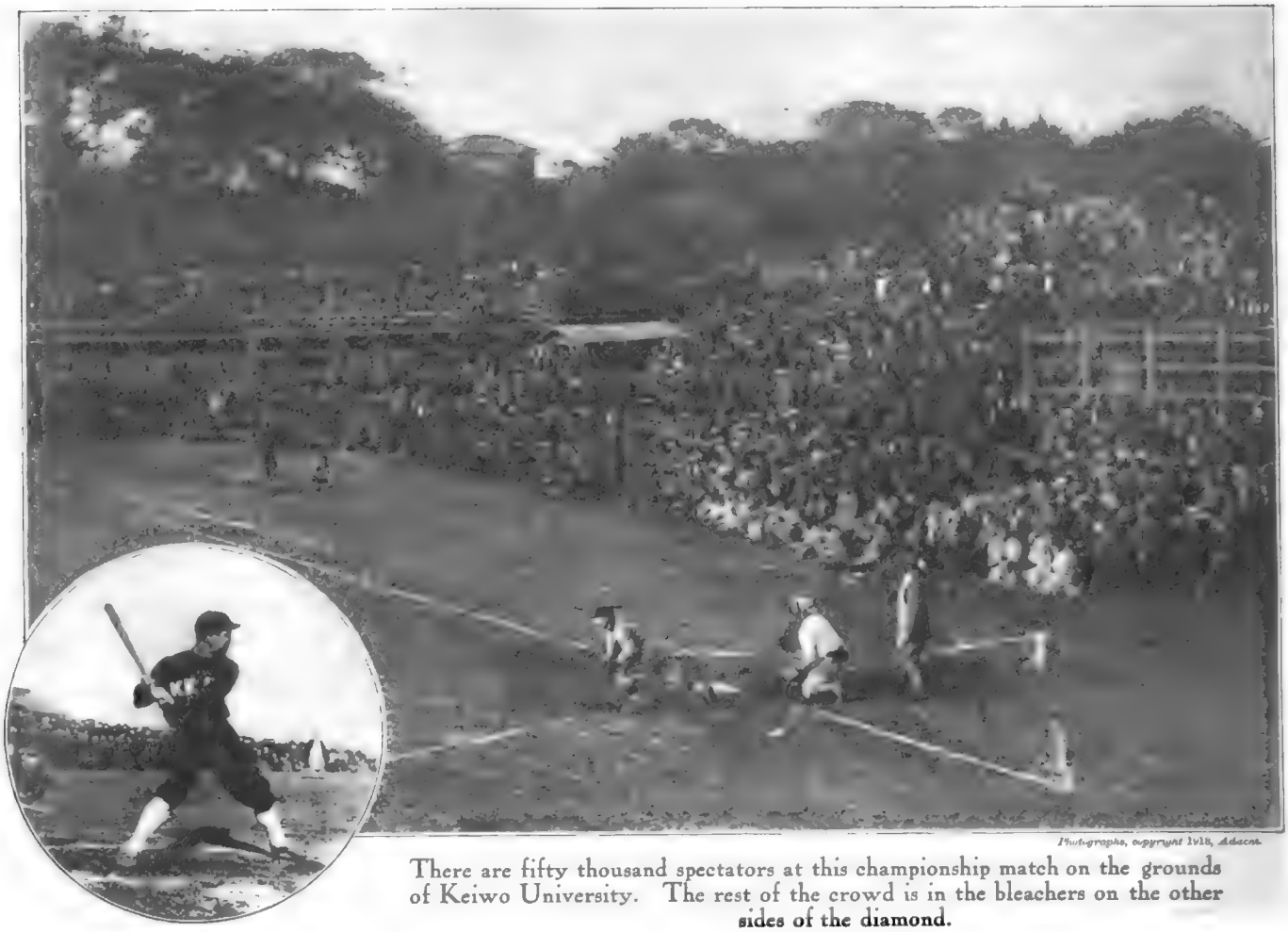

Photographs, copyright 1918, Adachi.

There are fifty thousand spectators at this championship match on the grounds of Keiwo University. The rest of the crowd is in the bleachers on the other sides of the diamond.

Attaboy, Japan!

By Adachi Kinnosuke

Bantai Zan, a Jap Ty Cobb.

Chinzei Zan, a Jap Matty.

THE heathen—the heathen Jap especially—is peculiar in many ways. Among other things, he is human. No Christian Columbus, born and bred in the United States, has discovered this every-day fact—as yet. The reason is largely because our Occidental friends try to find it in the after-dinner speeches of our distinguished diplomatists. That is about the last place to look for it.

In the realm of sports, now, all is different. There a nation stands out in the nude. The national game of a country is a good deal more than a volume of history, however fat.

Therefore, when a nation of some seventy million people change their national game, it is an event of some importance. And when the change is from wrestling to baseball, our American friends may like to know about it.

Japan to-day is doing precisely that thing—at least she has taken the first step toward it. And no faltering baby step at that. The devotees of our traditional wrestling game (old and decrepit when Rome was nothing much more than a she wolf and a babe) have deserted it for baseball.

In Japan wrestlers are a race apart: they are super six-footers; their corporeal dignity is in the neighborhood of three hundred pounds. And they still retain their old-time top-knots as the photos show. For this type of men to take to the American pastime is no mere pastime at all; it is nothing short of a heroic devotion, a passion. And when these heavyweights take to baseball, you might just as well make up your mind that Japanese, as a race, have gone pretty far in the right direction, on the highway of civilization!

To try to visualize this tremendous, this epochal event in a few pictures is the scandalous ambition of the accompanying photographs.

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The bleachers full of Jap fans ready to root with the cheer-leader. East is West sometimes, when it's baseball.

The Japanese ex-Foreign Minister opens a match game.

Nakamura, the south-paw, warming up.

Takano Yama, one of the old wrestlers, playing first base.

The ancient national sport of wrestling has been struck out. Now Japan prefers the outdoor game.

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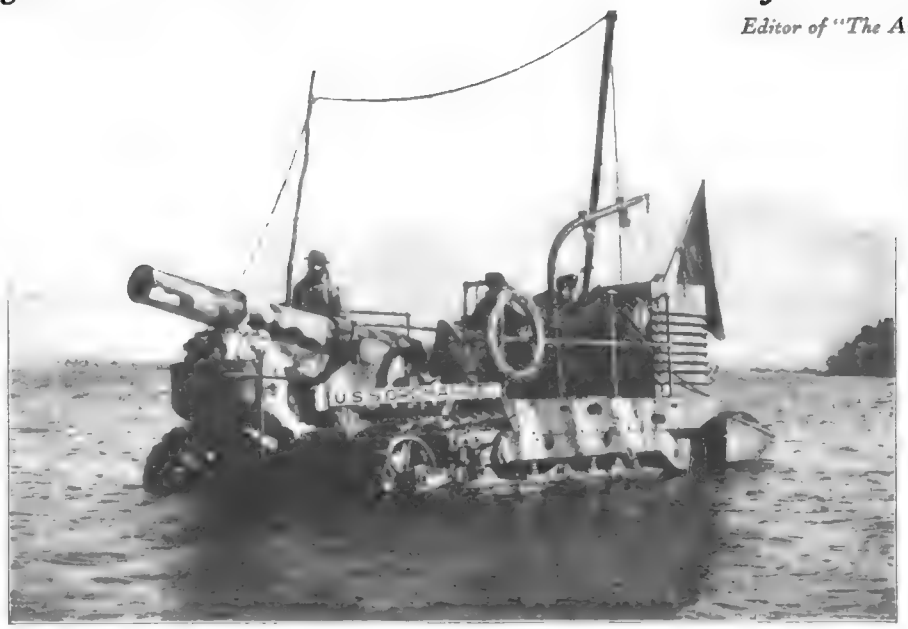
WONDERS *of the* WAR

"Handing It to Them"

By
John H. Van Deventer
Editor of "The American Machinist"



Crawling and creeping things have revolutionized warfare. Not the cooties, although they have done their share, but huge crawling mechanical insects that combine enormous load-carrying capacity with extreme mobility. One of them is shown above being tested for traction on a mud bottom. They promise to alter our needs of mobility as applied to peace-time pursuits.

BEFORE the war everybody thought that the proper attitude for a warehouse, hospital, machine-shop, printing establishment or fort was that of sedate immobility.

No one dreamed of these substantial edifices rambling over the landscape. It wasn't done.

This well-established opinion was smashed to bits the day that forts began to creep. Since that time—since the advent of the tank, the word "immobility" has been gradually but surely losing its application to many things. War has taught us how to bring the mountain to Mohammed. And peace will profit by the lesson.

Cannon were considered the most important "productive" tools of war. It was necessary to keep as many of them as possible on the firing-line and in firing condition. When a French gun went bad, the *poilus* hauled it to one of their machine-shops—anywhere from one to five miles back of their battery positions. Sometimes one of these guns had to wait at the shop for another job to be finished before its turn came, and quite frequently, after it had been finished, there would be some delay in sending it back.

Our Ordnance engineers on the S.O.S. had a different scheme. Attached to almost every battery was a motor-propelled machine-shop on wheels, a real "honest-to-goodness" shop containing a lathe, drilling-machine, grinder, air-compressor, hand-tools and power-plant. The sole duty of this shop was to keep the fighting equipment of this battery on the firing-line *all the time*. The motto was "Hand it to them; don't make them come and get it." A mighty good motto for U. S. service, either in war or peace.

These mobile shops darted from gun to gun to render first aid in the heat of battle. One can almost see them at work as one reads the following official commendation:

Headquarters 35th Division
American Expeditionary Forces,
October 20, 1918.

From: Commanding General, 35th Division,
To: 1st Lieut. E. C. Rose, M.O.R.S., 35th Division.

I take pleasure in commending both you and the entire personnel of your organization for your consistently excellent work, especially during the battle of September 26th-October 1st, when by pushing the M.O.R.S. forward to the very battery positions you were enabled to keep in repair and put into action guns which otherwise could not have been used.

PETER E. TRAUB,
Major-General, U. S. Army,
Commander, 35th Division.

As a result of this sort of work, Pershing's artillerymen broke the record for the number of guns kept in action. Out of every one hundred American guns the average was ninety-seven kept on the firing-line and three out of action. The French figures per one hundred guns were eighty-eight on the firing-line and twelve out of action.

At first all of these portable shops were mounted on motor-trucks. There were several varieties of them, but each one built for the purpose of giving service "on the job." Ordnance had these automobile machine-shops for repairing field-guns and field-vehicles; it had a lighter car equipped with precision tools for repairing field-guns and field-vehicles; it had a lighter car equipped with precision tools for repairing range-finders and delicate optical instruments, and it also had motor-shops equipped with sewing-machines for mending leather or canvas. The engineer corps had automobile blacksmith shops, tin-shops, and carpenter shops.

At first all of these shops were mounted on regular motor-trucks and traveled on wheels. They were capable of making as high as twenty-five miles an hour on good roads and had sufficient power to go across lots when necessary. But they had the disadvantage of all wheeled vehicles in being rather helpless in soft mud, and as every one knows there was plenty of mud in France.

So our undauntable Yanks applied the caterpillar principle—the same principle that made the tank possible. These caterpillars are a rather curious contradiction; they will carry an almost unlimited load, and yet their tread is lighter than that of the human foot. They are designed for a maximum bearing-pressure of less than seven pounds per square inch of tread surface—which means that they will cheerfully traverse mud or quicksand in which a human would become inextricably mired. Good-road legislation doesn't interest them a bit; they make their own roads as they go along.

Some of the later American caterpillar developments eclipse the renowned "tanks." The biggest tank mounts a gun no larger than three-inch caliber, whereas these "tractors" of ours mount six and eight-inch caliber cannon. The one shown in the illustration is a six-inch howitzer.

Our engineers, in anticipation of the 1919 drive, built a whole army of these mud-navigating caterpillar guns, and an army of caterpillar machine-shops and blacksmith shops to accompany these guns and maintain them on their march to Berlin—across lots. And just as these marvelous creeping things were coming into use, the Germans called it all off and left these creations without a job, except that of teaching us how mobility may be applied to peace-time pursuits.

Almost every branch of the Service in this war has done its bit toward making things mobile that had previously been kept stationary. The medical corps demonstrated the value of its motorized hospital units with their operating-rooms, their anæsthetizing-rooms, their receiving wards and all of the conveniences of a modern hospital—built to go where needed. Some day we are going to have one of these motorized hospital units in every city ready at a moment's notice for the scene of a train wreck or explosion or other

(*Continued on page 115*)

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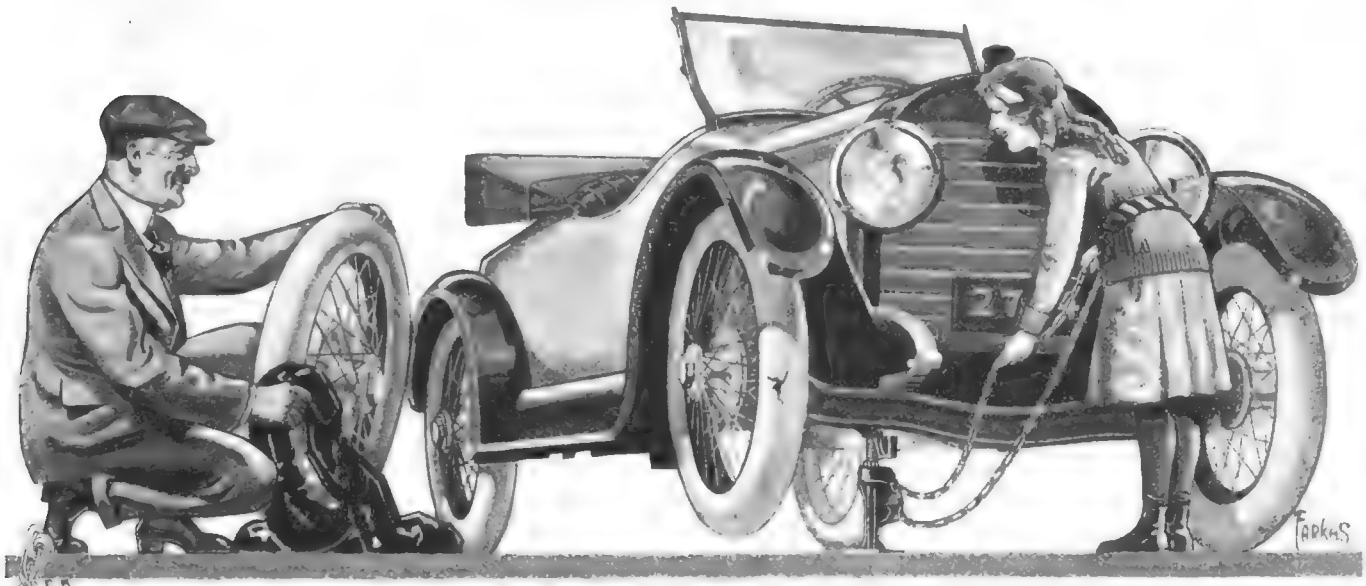

"Goodness, Daddy! You're Slow—The Car is Already Jacked Up!"

Weed Chain-Jack

It's Child's Play to Operate It

Simply a few easy pulls on its chain lifts or lowers the heaviest car while you stand erect. Up or down—there's no labor.

To operate a Weed Chain-Jack it is not necessary to get down in a cramped, strained position and grovel in mud, grease or dust under a car to work a "handle" that is apt to fly up with unpleasant results. ***To lift a car*** with the Weed Chain-Jack, simply give a few easy pulls on its endless chain while you stand erect—clear from springs, tire carriers and other projections. ***To lower a car*** pull the chain in opposite direction.

Never gets out of order. Gears and chain wheel protected by a stamped-steel housing. ***Chain heavily plated*** to prevent rusting. ***Has a strong cap,*** providing the kind of support from which an axle will not slip, while a ***broad base*** prevents the jack from upsetting on uneven roads. ***Quickly adjusted to any required height*** by lifting the screw and spinning the corrugated "collar" shown in the illustration. ***Try it yourself***—you will never be satisfied with any other jack.

10 Days' Trial

If your dealer does not have them, send $7.50 for any size for pleasure cars or $15.00 for the Truck size, and we will send you one, all charges prepaid. For delivery in Canada send $8.50 for any size for pleasure cars or $16.00 for the Truck size. Try it 10 days. If not satisfied, return to us and we will refund your money.

MADE IN FOUR SIZES

Size	Height When Lowered	Height When Raised	Height When Raised With Aux. Step Up	Price
8 inch	8 inches	12½ inches	14½ inches	$ 7.50
10 inch	10 inches	15⅜ inches	17⅜ inches	7.50
12 inch	12 inches	18½ inches	No Aux. Step	7.50
12 in. Truck	12 inches	19½ inches	No Aux. Step	15.00

The 8 inch and 10 inch sizes are made with an auxiliary step as illustrated. When in operative position this step adds two inches to the height of the jack.

The Jack That Saves Your Back

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Inc.
Bridgeport, Connecticut.

In Canada—DOMINION CHAIN CO., Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ontario.

LARGEST CHAIN MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD

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AFTER PEACE—?

(*Continued from page 59*)

Some Principles of Social Reconstruction

By Rev. John A. Ryan, D.D.

Professor of Industrial Ethics, Catholic University of America

WHILE it is quite unlikely that the United States will witness social changes either as numerous or as profound as those which will probably take place in Europe, there are good reasons to expect that fairly radical reforms will be attempted within the next few years. During the war the Government has exercised many and great new industrial functions; labor has become vastly more conscious than ever before of its power; and a large proportion of our enlisted men are coming home with the rather definite conviction that America must somehow be made a better place for average man.

Let us try to indicate the main lines along which the desire for social change and social reform may be most effectively directed.

The capitalist will have to adopt a new view-point. He will be required to realize that the rights and welfare of property are less important than the rights and welfare of the laborer. For the capitalist is not dependent for his living upon interest. Like the laborer, he possesses the earning capacity of his energies; hence he should not take from the product what he calls the "wages of capital" until all the laborers have received the means of decent living, including a reasonable provision for future contingencies.

Returns from capital in excess of the prevailing or competitive rate of interest are abnormal, and should be quite exceptional. No reason, either of logic, morals or economics, exists for giving any capital such a privileged position that it will yield more than the competitive rate of return. The only justification for a higher rate occurs when an occasional director of industry proves himself able to produce more cheaply than his competitors, and is willing to share the fruits of this ability with the consumer in the form of lower prices. The business man who gets more than the average rate of interest without somehow bettering the condition of the laborer and the consumer is a menace to social welfare.

Labor must become more interested in the efficiency of industry and the increase of the social product. For the betterment of the condition of the masses is very largely a question of having a larger product to distribute.

The economic waste in the process of getting goods from the producer to the consumer must be eliminated.

Space is wanting for more than the briefest indication of the methods by which these four objects may be gradually attained. Certain governmental agencies which have done good work during the war period should be retained and strengthened; for example, the War Labor Board and the National Employment Service. We should have a legal minimum wage for men, as well as for women and children, and a comprehensive system of social insurance which will protect the worker's future, without making him a dependent or lessening his individual initiative and freedom. In all industries which are not natural monopolies, genuine competition must be restored by whatever governmental action is necessary. Labor can be made more efficient by vocational education, through a frank adoption by employers of the principles of the War Labor Board, through a greater participation in at least the industrial portion of business management, through the conviction that an honest day's work ought to be rendered in return for a fair wage, and through the industrial devices of cooperation and copartnership. The wastes of the distributive process can best be eliminated through cooperative stores. These will enable the workers to become property owners as well as wage-earners, and will gradually fit them to become owners, at least in part, of the instruments of production. This is the ultimate goal of our industrial system, and the only enduring remedy for social unrest.

America Abroad

TO THE EDITOR OF EVERYBODY'S:

In a recent number of your valued publication I find a communication signed by Mr. George A. Briggs discussing measures necessary to the happiness and well-being of the world during the critical period of reconstruction to follow the war. Briefly his suggestions are three: Free trade, the Henry George system of tax on land, the abolition of protection for expatriated citizens. I am in hearty accord with the breaking down of those international barriers erected by high tariff, but am of the opinion that it would be untimely at the moment when the need of revenue is greatest to sacrifice the device by which that revenue can be most easily raised. I am in accord with the high philosophic value of the Single Tax theory and believe effort should be made to place national accountancy and expenditure on this basis, which is admittedly the most just and economical method, but I am of the opinion that vested rights require caution in the application of the system.

For the past six years business has kept me in South and Central America, and I am therefore ignorant as to the deference due Mr. Briggs' opinions. I can not, however, pass over without protest his suggestion as to the abolition of the rights of the American abroad.

If there is any lesson in the world war, it is that of human rights everywhere and specifically of American rights on the high seas and Belgian rights as guaranteed by solemn treaty. If there is any practical basis for the idealism which motivated the entry of the United States in the war, it is the theory that an American should be as safe beyond his own frontier as a Missourian in Kansas, or for that matter, as a farmer who passes beyond the line of his home township. The security of life and property when the individual is beyond the protection of family and friends requires some organization as truly in South America as in South Dakota, and it is no more true that an American becomes an outlaw when he passes beyond the border of his country than when he crosses his state line.

Perhaps if Mr. Briggs were offered a situation at double his present income representing some reputable American concern in a field where the product was badly needed, or if he were offered a high administrative position with large betterment in title, authority and emoluments in some foreign field of usefulness far more important than his present bailiwick, perhaps he would accept the trust, and undoubtedly, if he did accept, he would quickly be brought to a feeling of intense shame and regret when it penetrated his consciousness that a considerable number of not illiterate citizens of his own country held the opinion that he had become an outlaw without recourse against injustice from the government and citizens in the country where he had taken up his residence, and that his consuls were instructed by the home government to inform him that these privileges had been forfeited by his becoming an American resident abroad.

Aside from this point of view there is a no less cogent argument which should appeal to the humblest and most provincial inhabitant of the United States, whether he be dependent upon the soil or the factory for his daily bread. Even with the restrictions of the tariff, against which all idealistic minds rebel, every country engages in foreign trade, its imports and exports being approximately equal and the total in direct ratio to its civilization.

It is natural, philosophical and advantageous to all concerned that the selling should be in the hands of citizens of the country of production, and without such representation in the country where goods are consumed it is impossible to build up a satisfactory and honorable business. Despite the general opinion and German propaganda, Americans have always shown superior qualifications for this task. Something of the spirit with which our frontiersmen penetrated the West, blazing the trail for the railroads and laying the foundation of ranch, factory and farm, has become the heritage of their sons who go on like missions of laborious effort amid hardships to the vacant places of the earth, whence a visit home is a rare and costly event, where their children have inadequate sanitary and educational advantages, their pleasures and companionships

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Banff Springs Hotel and the Bow Valley

An Invitation to Canada

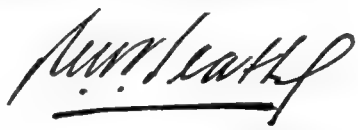
Under the stress of War, the Allies have learned many things, chief of which is that they have a common purpose, common ideals and a common humanity. War has made them better acquainted.

In the days of Peace this better acquaintance should continue, particularly between such near and good neighbors as Canada and the United States. It is for this reason that Canadians wish to emphasize that if any Americans decide to visit Canada this summer, they will be more welcome even than in the past.

They will find a country of unique grandeur and beauty if they come, for instance, to the Canadian Rockies. They will travel in Canada over a railway, the service of which has not been impaired by War, to hotels of which the Canadian Pacific is justly proud. They will, moreover, find a standard of comfort which the experienced traveller appreciates.

But, most of all, Canadians desire Americans to know that they wish to get still better acquainted. They like to visit your country and would like you to come and see theirs.

In spite of the War the Canadian Pacific Railway has maintained its organization of offices and agencies in the United States and these are at your service for information and particulars.



President
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

MONTREAL, *Easter*, 1919

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Passenger Offices and Agencies in the United States:

Atlanta, Ga.	220 Healey Building	Detroit, Mich.	199 Griswold Street	Portland, Ore.	55 Third Street
Boston, Mass.	332 Washington Street	Los Angeles, Cal.	605 South Spring Street	St. Louis, Mo.	420 Locust Street
Buffalo, N. Y.	11 South Division Street	Minneapolis, Minn.	611 Second Avenue South	St. Paul, Minn.	379 Robert Street
Chicago, Ill.	140 South Clark Street	New York, N. Y.	1231 Broadway, cor. 30th St.	San Francisco, Cal.	645 Market Street
Cincinnati, Ohio	430 Walnut Street	Philadelphia, Pa.	629 Chestnut Street	Seattle, Wash.	608 Second Avenue
Cleveland, Ohio	2033 East Ninth Street	Pittsburgh, Pa.	340 Sixth Avenue	Tacoma, Wash.	1113 Pacific Avenue
				Washington, D. C.	1419 New York Avenue

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are few and their life in constant jeopardy from the untoward elements of their strange environment.

The expatriated commercial and industrial missionaries have never asked for charity nor even for appreciation from those whose cause they serve. They ask only for fair play from the home government to which they pay their income and other taxes, whose ideals and interests they represent and whose fair name they uphold. The morality and intelligence of the little group of Americans in any foreign city would probably reach as high an average as that of any other foreign colony, or of a group, let us say, of Californians in New York or of New Yorkers in San Francisco, and probably far higher than that of an American frontier town in the heroic days of our own winning of the West. I speak advisedly when I say little group, for in Buenos Aires, Valparaiso, Lima and likewise Panama the number of Americans in business is less than that of Greeks, Swiss or Turks and infinitesimal compared with that of the greater nations with which we are accustomed to think ourselves associated in the world's work.

The United States has done much to promote business relations with Latin America of late, and it is the consensus of opinion that we are to have a large business with our neighbors after the close of the war; but the cornerstone upon which we must build is the man on the firing-line, the American who knows the goods he is selling loyally represent the firm producing them and plays square with the customer.

The British, the Germans, the French and all the rest have known this and have taken pains to educate and train their native sons to go into distant lands as pioneers to introduce their products, create and stabilize the demand for them, furnish the home mills with useful information, send back samples of raw materials with prices, build relations of mutual trust and make a place for others to follow. To their home governments they have been a class set apart, not as outlaws or orphans, but as valued specialists without whose ministry the mines, farms and factories at home would fall on evil days.

Not only was justice bespoke for them, and not only was it exacted to the minutest degree, but the homeland made a very special effort to obtain for its venturesome children opportunity spelled with a capital "O" and such consideration as at home is accorded the successful man of affairs. Its consulates, legations and traveling commissions were instructed to get in touch with their establishments, to show their confidence by purchasing freely of their wares, and making these merchants their brokers for the acquisition of other materials and their spokesmen or interpreters before the local public. Pressure or inducements were made to obligate the home concerns to likewise pass their business through their hands.

All that could be designed or imagined by the national board of trade at home to make each foreign colony prosperous and influential was put into effect as a matter of course.

Great Britain, despite the heroic and almost superhuman effort to raise troops for service in the war, notified her merchants in Latin America that they were more valuable to Britain in their present commercial capacity than in the ranks, a policy which will probably earn and save to Old England many millions if not billions in legitimate profits.

Business men located in a land foreign to their own are not as a rule less patriotic or less loyal than their brothers at home. It is even probable that their country and their flag mean more to them, and it is certain that their loyalty is more often put to the test, but this loyalty is not alone called into play by politics or war. It is frequently necessary to defend American ideas and ideals when they are misrepresented or slandered. It is not well that a German or even an ally be allowed to present without comment or contradiction his version of our Revolutionary War, our quarrel with England over the Venezuelan Boundary, nor interpret the Monroe Doctrine. Nor is it well to allow free currency to the fictions originated by Germans anent the incapacity of American manufacturers to fill orders as written and pack goods properly for shipment, much less the allegation that honorable treatment can not be expected from American firms unless a middleman of European origin be empowered to protect the purchaser with his guarantee.

I like to believe that the day is dawning when our boys will return from their experience abroad as crusaders returned to abolish the dismal provincialism from whence they sallied forth. I like to believe that the day is at hand when it will cease to be open season for baiting Americans in the sister republics of Latin America. I hope that should my son follow in his father's footsteps and venture to lands beyond the shadow of Old Glory, he will still feel its protection and have reason to be proud of the consideration shown him as a citizen of our great republic; and far, far in the future I foresee a day when there will be no war cry such as that of the Boxer rebels of, "China for the Chinese," nor yet "Nebraska for the Nebraskans," nor "Peru for the Peruvians," nor any appeal to prejudice which will prevent any country from giving to the rest its best contribution in mind and manhood, and when the United States especially shall be accorded the honor which is her due for her achievements in statecraft, invention and idealism.

JOHN G. GILL,

Panama, R. P.

Book-Learning and Hand-Learning

TO THE EDITOR OF EVERYBODY'S:

I have read with interest the articles entitled "After the War," and in Franklin K. Lane's article, "A Chance for Every American," I see that he claims that there are five and one-half millions of illiterates in the United States. How is this for our present method of education?

I wonder if he knows how many of the people of the United States who are college graduates are (as we used to call our superintendent of schools when I was a boy) educated fools? All they knew was books, and books was all that they tried to cram into our heads. Now I am and was like a lot of other people: I wanted to have my hands educated as well as my head, and my schooling did not in a direct way help me to be what I wanted to be, and that was a blacksmith.

My education in this line started when I was almost twenty-one years old, as an apprentice under a German reservist. He was a naturalized citizen of the United States, but he told me that if Germany should be at war, he was bound to fight for the fatherland.

I received one dollar a week for my work, and he taught me just as little as he could, just enough so that I could do the heavy, mean drudgery. He taught me, or tried to teach me the German methods, etc., but he failed altogether in doing that.

Now I would like to ask you, Mr. Franklin K. Lane, and all other educators, if they expect the husky young fellows (who also have heads) to get their mechanical education in this haphazard way from some pro-German, or pro something else, or are they going to get out of the rut and have some more manual training-schools, schools that *are* schools, not make-believes or play schools?

To illustrate: A young fellow from this place took a course in blacksmithing here in our county-seat town. (He is a big husky; weighs two hundred and forty pounds. He is at the front in France now.) He came home from this school course with his pockets full of playthings that he made in their class work.

In 1912 I visited the Hampton Institute at Hampton, Virginia. This institute is for colored folks only, and the boys in the mechanical departments were not making playthings to give away to girls and babies, but were doing actual work, such as building first-class stationary engines from the ground up. The building class were building fine city blocks by contract.

I took the pains to look up some of the graduates of this school and I found several of them running engines, etc., at sawmills, while white boys with the usual white boys' education were cutting logs, etc., at about half the price the darkies were getting.

And there was another graduate of that institute, Booker T. Washington. I don't believe Booker T. Washington would have been heard of outside of his home town if he had had the ordinary white man's college education.

Now here is my question: Are you going to give the mechanically fitted boy a chance to be educated in his line in this educational reconstruction, or are you going to compel him to get it any way he can, and pay for it almost with his life's blood?

If I have advanced any ideas that you can publish in any way to promote the cause of the mechanically minded boys, I wish you would do so. I am one of a fast-dying race, the village blacksmith, too old for war and too old for the United States to want me in any way. But my heart is with the boys of my make-up, and as they haven't had an even chance with the bookworms, I am trying to get up an interest in their behalf.

It is not only an interest in the boys, but isn't the mechanical ability of the men of this good old U. S. A. the very backbone of the nation in peace as well as war?

C. E. HUNT.

Lake View, Montana.

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Your tube can ruin a good tire

It was 8.00 A.M.

Brown had worked all night upon specifications and the figures completed *must* be in the Government officer's hands, 40 miles away, by 9.30 A.M. in order to obtain the contract.

A night of hard work—but that contract meant a prestige which assured his future.

Out on the lone country road he failed to see the treacherous nail—it all happened in a flash—flat tire.

Hastily pulling out an extra tube, he gave it air, but it had stretched way out of shape and would not fit. *Minutes counted* — out came the air, the tube stuffed in, tire clamped on and pumped in record time.

The car shot forward a few miles — BANG! The tube had failed in a time of need.

No other tube! Only one thing to do — the life of the tube was gone, it had buckled, pinched and blown out beyond repair. He would ruin his brand new shoe by running flat, but he *must* go on.

Time counts in many cases, but why spoil good tires on account of poor tubes?

HOOD red tubes are *made* right and *stay* right, do not deteriorate and can be depended upon in all emergencies.

Get one from *your* dealer.

Put on a Hood to-day
Forget it for a year

HOOD EXTRA PLY TIRES

You can buy HOOD TIRES at this sign

Write to us for free booklet, "The Why of the Extra Ply." It tells what you want to know about tires and tubes.

HOOD TIRE CO., Inc.
24 Nichols Avenue
WATERTOWN - - MASS.

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The CAILLAUX CASE

(*Continued from page 28*)

proof of scandal which Calmette had refrained from publishing, and which involved one other Minister and friend of Caillaux. For Caillaux there was a pronounced note of sympathy in the German press.

Despite his avowal, however, Caillaux was a candidate for reelection, and to the astonishment of all France he was reelected. Such things happen in politics, even in France. Some of the more ignorant electors even believed the story told them by some of Caillaux's supporters that Calmette was not killed at all—that the story was an invention of Caillaux's enemies. Caillaux's political opponent had chivalrously refrained from any reference during his campaign to the murder of Calmette, but Caillaux was offended at something in the proclamation of thanks which his adversary addressed to his supporters after his defeat. He challenged this gentleman to a duel, and the duel was fought without any serious results on either side. "His wife," said the Parisians, "shoots better than Caillaux."

The Clique of the *Bonnet Rouge*

THE verdict of the jury in the case of Madame Caillaux, tried for the murder of Calmette, was rendered on Tuesday, the twenty-eighth day of July, 1914, at nine o'clock in the evening. It acquitted her. France was at war before the week was out. The verdict, notwithstanding the imminence of war, produced several exciting incidents in Paris. Crowds paraded the boulevards crying, "Down with Caillaux!" The police used severely repressive measures in quelling these disorders. Caillaux moved about flanked by a body-guard. During the trial there had been a constant and concerted campaign on the part of a number of hangers-on and employees of the *Bonnet Rouge*, the chief organ of German propaganda in Paris, to provoke in the court-room and before the jury demonstrations in favor of Madame Caillaux and her husband. This band was made up of gamblers, bullies, and the lowest rounders of society. One of them was known as Tavera and was nicknamed "The Assassin." They were the band that afterward acted as Caillaux's body-guard. Nearly all the members of this band, including their leader, Vigo, alias Almereyda, founder and director of the *Bonnet Rouge*, had criminal records.

Almereyda, who later met a mysterious death in jail, mustered his followers at a Paris café each morning and gave them cards of admission to the trial. There were other and more powerful influences at work for Caillaux and his wife during her trial. The judge who presided was so partial in his rulings in favor of the defense that one of his fellow judges reprimanded him, and a duel between the two resulted. The outbreak of the war changed the current of public thought—the public never dreamed that there was any connection between the assassination of Calmette and the German propaganda—and Caillaux and his wife were forgotten in the frenzy of thronging events. On the eve of the call for the mobilization of the army, Jaurès, the then leader of the Socialists, whose duty it was to make the official call for the mobilization, was assassinated in Paris. A few evenings before, he had made a public speech in Brussels, advising the Belgians to remain neutral and not to take up arms. Caillaux and his wife went to South America.

On the fifteenth day of May, 1917, in the third year of the war, a man named Duval, who was then manager of the *Bonnet Rouge* under the directorship of Almereyda and who had made frequent and mysterious trips into Switzerland, was stopped at Bellegarde, on the border, where he was returning into France, and searched. They found on him a check for one hundred and fifty thousand francs. Interrogated as to the possession of this check, Duval said that it was part of a sum of five hundred thousand francs which represented the liquidation of the affairs of a corporation known as the "Société San Stefano" which he had previously left with a Madame Amherd, proprietress of a hotel at Geneva. He had drawn other sums from this deposit on previous visits, and the sum found on him was what had remained in the hands of Madame Amherd. The military authorities at Bellegarde, not satisfied with this explanation, seized the check and sent it to Paris. Through some mysterious influence in the Interior Department, presided over by Malvy, friend and political lieutenant of Caillaux, this check was returned to Duval.

Inquiries made by the military authorities and the police developed that Duval's wife was employed in a laundry at Paris. This fact aroused more suspicion. If Duval was a man of large affairs, why should his wife be employed in a laundry? It was also discovered that the "Société San Stefano," a company organized by German interests to control the bathing facilities of certain watering-places, had passed into the control of a German banker named Marx.

Marx was one of Caillaux's closest German connections. Subsequent investigation traced this and other sums to the amount of one million francs from Marx, through Duval, to the *Bonnet Rouge*, the organ which Caillaux himself had subsidized and which had loyally championed two interests—those of Germany and those of Caillaux. I said two interests—they were one and the same.

The Defeatists

THIS paper had been widely circulated at the front, and its campaign in favor of peace at any price, its stories and news items, so called, intended to create discord, dissatisfaction and mutiny among the French troops, resulted in the thorough demoralization of at least some of them. Time and again the attention of the government department over which Malvy, Caillaux's friend and coadjutor, presided was called to these facts, but the answer was that the *Bonnet Rouge* was but echoing the general public opinion, and that it was impossible to throttle the press. But this excuse did not apply to *L'Action Française*, Daudet's paper, which the same influence tried to suppress, and which was subjected to every journalistic vicissitude in the endeavor to muzzle its patriotic utterances. The *Bonnet Rouge* seemed to have powerful friends.

Duval, who was a man of ability, apparently soured by the unevenness of his lot, was far and away in character and intelligence superior to the others. He may have been a victim of circumstances. He once said to some one: "Formerly I was a very frank man; I have become profoundly hypocritical; it is the fault of society." He wrote many articles for the *Bonnet Rouge* over the signature of "M. Badin." There was not a national enthusiasm that he did not ridicule; there was not a national hope that he did not seek to destroy; there was not a national grief that he did not underrate; there was not a national sentiment that he did not satirize—and he was a clever lampooner. He had a worthy collaborator in one Marion, who had formerly been the subsidized champion of certain liquor interests. Duval had made not less than thirteen journeys into Switzerland from the beginning of the war up to May, 1917, when he was stopped and searched.

Caillaux in Argentina

HERE it is necessary in the narration of the story to make one more digression. What had become of Caillaux? The public indignation after the acquittal of his wife induced some of his friends to contrive for him a mission to Argentina. It was supposed to be a French propaganda mission. His friend Malvy went to Bordeaux and saw him off on this trip—Malvy at this time being Minister of the Interior, or Home Affairs, as they call it in France. Whatever Caillaux's mission in South America, he was not long there before he was discovered to be promoting German propaganda in connection with his friend Luxburg, the German Ambassador at Buenos Aires, who sent the now famous cable advising his Government to sink Argentine ships without leaving a trace. Luxburg, through Bernstorff, the German Ambassador at Washington, kept the German Government informed of Caillaux's current opinions and war views.

Meanwhile the German press at home was eulogizing Caillaux extravagantly, representing him as the victim of Bourbon plots in France; and Bernstorff at Washington, on advices from Luxburg at Buenos Aires, advised his Government to suppress these eulogies because of the embarrassment they might cause Caillaux in France; he suggested that the German press take the other tack and criticize Caillaux for the Agadir affair, which the latter had carried off so successfully for Germany, and which had caused so much feeling against him in France. That course would enable Caillaux to play his hand in France to better advantage.

Matters finally came to a crisis between Argentina and Germany, and Caillaux returned to France. When he sailed from South America, Luxburg, again through the medium of Bernstorff in Washington, informed his Government that the vessel on which Caillaux had sailed carried important papers and that her capture was desirable, but to instruct the German cruisers that in case of capture they were

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Pretty Feet Ugly Feet

Often a Matter of Shoe Polish

Expensive shoes and poor shoe polish in a short time produce shabby-looking feet.

Less expensive shoes, the right shoe polish, in the same time maintain neat-looking feet.

Why, therefore, is it not worth your while to learn what shoe preparations keep shoes in good condition longest, saving you money and improving your appearance?

The correct methods for the care of shoes are few and easy to learn and are similar to the correct methods for the care of hands and face. It is a skin you are caring for in either case.

A Mild Treatment

is best for a fine fresh skin.

You should use a *mild* cleaner and polish for your fine kid or calf shoes, and if they are colored, it is still more necessary, because harsh treatment discolors the skin.

As you should not plug up the skin with cosmetics, so you should not gum up your fine leather shoes with heavy shoe preparations.

CHAINLIGHTNING Shoe Cream takes the place of the old-fashioned combination polish, one thin coat of a cleaner and polish combined taking the place of a sticky and heavy gum cleaner and a heavy paste polish; one mild not sticky thin coat in place of two heavy gummy coats. It is made in White, Neutral (cream colored) Light Gray, Dark Gray, Tan, Brown and Black. It can be purchased of most dealers of high-grade shoes. If you try it, you will be sure to continue its use.

We wish also to impress you with the fact that thought, attention and correct principles have been used in the preparation of every shoe polish made by the Kelly Co.

We will send Pamphlet "How to Care for Shoes" on request

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to treat Caillaux with all consideration, but yet covertly, so as not to arouse the notice of the other passengers.

Shortly after Caillaux's return to France he went to Italy, and while there his declarations of German sympathy were so offensive that the Italian Government officially took measures to inform the French Government of them. In truth, the Italian Government politely showed Caillaux the door, and he again returned to France. He was at his home at Mamers, some distance southwest of Paris, in the Department of the Sarthe, when he received one day a visit from a strange group.

Duval had been for some time under suspicion of the military authorities because of his frequent trips to Switzerland. A formal interdiction had in fact been issued against him. Duval knew that he was under suspicion. He had learned from one of his colleagues of the *Bonnet Rouge* that Caillaux had sent word that all the *Bonnet Rouge* band were under suspicion and that Duval's relations with the German banker, Marx, were known. Under these circumstances, Duval feared even to make application for a passport. But his friends Landau and Goldsky of the *Bonnet Rouge* reassured him. They needed more money. Caillaux was the intimate friend of Almereyda, chief of the *Bonnet Rouge*, and Caillaux had powerful political influence—he could arrange for the passport. They offered to take Duval to the home of Caillaux at Mamers, and one day, under pretext of presenting the fiancée of Landau to Caillaux, five of them —Landau, Goldsky, Marion, Duval and the lady—mounted joyously an automobile, Landau on the seat beside the chauffeur. And Caillaux received them—he even made an excuse for not inviting them to *déjeuner*.

The day after the return of this group to Paris, Landau and Goldsky went with Duval to the office of Malvy, Minister of Home Affairs, member of the War Committee, friend of Caillaux. They saw Leymarie, Malvy's chief assistant—and within forty-eight hours Duval had his passport, despite the protest of the Passport Bureau. It was when he was returning from this trip that Duval was stopped and searched, and the check for one hundred and fifty thousand francs found on him. It was Leymarie who afterward gave the order to return this check to Duval. It was subsequently proved that not only Leymarie, but Caillaux, knew at the time of Duval's relations with Marx, the German banker.

The Fatal Slip of Paper

LEYMARIE has already been convicted of this complicity; but how did Caillaux know? one asks. By a providential link in the chain of evidence we know now many things. We even know that the withdrawal of the famous French offensive in the spring of 1917, which threatened disastrous consequences to the German army, was not because of the sacrifice of life, the reason given at the time, but because of a conspiracy behind which was undoubtedly Caillaux's influence and Caillaux's friends. But the fact of Caillaux's guilty knowledge of Duval's mission is susceptible of more convincing proof.

Madame Caillaux's maiden name was Rainouard. Caillaux had used this name in signing occasional telegrams, and the military authorities knew it. Under this name he had rented a safe-deposit box in an Italian bank at Florence. One day he sent a telegram to this bank regarding this safe-deposit box. The French authorities thus learned that Caillaux had such a box. They requested the Italian authorities to open this box. In it was found some amazing evidence of Caillaux's political plans. But perhaps the most significant find was two slips of paper. One read:

"M. Lipschar as intermediary"—Lipschar was a friend of Caillaux and a witness for the defense at the trial of Madame Caillaux—"does not appear to be desirable. I put myself at your disposition, and I am authorized to establish the connections that you desire."

This was in typewriting. The other was a slip written with a pen, giving the address of "H. A. Marx, care of Professor Ersberg, 27 Steinerstrasse, Berne, Switzerland."

The handwriting was that of Marx, and it was the same hand evidence of which had been found in the possession of Duval.

Caillaux, when asked to explain these slips of paper, said that one day a gentleman asked over the telephone for an interview with him, saying that he was an agent of the Swiss Government and that he wished to discuss economic questions of interest to France. Caillaux had accorded him the interview, but said that the gentleman had confined himself to placing in his hands an envelope in which were found these two slips of paper.

"I arose immediately," said Caillaux, "and showed him the door."

This visitor was Marx. How did he get into France? And why did Caillaux not inform the authorities of the presence of a German agent in Paris? But more significant even than the answer to these questions is the fact that Caillaux carefully preserved the slips in a security box where the French military authorities would not be likely to find them.

While all these events were transpiring, Léon Daudet in *L'Action Française*, and Maurice Barres in the *Echo de Paris*, were conducting a vigorous campaign against treason at the heart of France. Their attacks were aimed at the Caillaux political syndicate of German spies and agents. One bitter fact that had aroused their indignation was the retirement of Generals Nivelle and Mangin, two French generals who were harassing the German army acutely.

On the twenty-second of July, 1917, two months after the discovery of the check of one hundred and fifty thousand francs in the possession of Duval, and after the facts connected with the withdrawal of the French offensive had time to seep through the minds of keen observers, Clémenceau made a powerful atack in the Senate on the whole group of German agents. He named Caillaux and formally accused Malvy, Minister of Home Affairs, of treason to France.

"The Tiger" Attacks

SHORTLY after, Léon Daudet wrote a letter to the President of the Republic, Poincaré, charging Malvy, while a member of the French War Committee, with having given the Germans exact information of French military and diplomatic movements, notably details of the proposed attack of the Chemin des Dames, and that his hand was shown in the French military mutinies and in the withdrawal of the French offensive in the spring of 1917. He also accused him of securing passports for Almereyda and Marion on a visit these two made to Spain which coincided with the presence of a German submarine in one of the Spanish ports.

These attacks forced the resignation of Malvy and the installation of a new governmental personnel, with Clémenceau at the head. Caillaux and all of the *Bonnet Rouge* band were placed under arrest. Almereyda, who knew intimately the rôle played by Caillaux and Malvy—who was their boon companion, but whose gameness under pressure they distrusted—was found dead in his cell. The official announcement given out was that he had committed suicide by strangling himself with one of his shoestrings. But there were conflicting stories. In any event, he was strangled to death. He had been removed the day before from one prison to another. Léon Daudet has declared in *L'Action Française* that he was murdered. Bolo, whose treason is another story, only indirectly connected with Caillaux's local activities, was tried and shot. Duval was also shot. Malvy was banished from France for five years. Marion was given ten years at hard labor; Landau, eight years; Goldsky, eight years; Leymarie, two years, and the others minor sentences.

It was necessary—necessary, as said the eloquent Mornet, who prosecuted the *Bonnet Rouge* band, if France was not to fall forever, carrying with her all that was the best and most beautiful in the world—necessary, if those who gave their lives for the life of the nation were to have any assurance that the sacrifice they made was not to be made in vain—necessary, that while they fought for that victory which was to be consecrated by their blood, justice should protect them against those who would stab them in the back.

Foch was appointed to the supreme command, and the Germans turned their backs on Paris and their faces toward Berlin.

The DOUGHBOY *and the* Y.

BY HERBERT COREY

A frank and sympathetic picture of the feelings of the American soldier in France toward the Y. M. C. A. and an estimate of its work over there, by one who has been with the American Army and seen the soldier's side of the question from the beginning.

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TAM *o' the* SCOOTS

(*Continued from page 56*)

Do you think—do you think they'll take Peronne—but she'd have time to clear, wouldn't she, Tam——"

Tam made no reply.

Not that day nor yet the next was Peronne taken. There were days and nights of furious, frantic endeavor, when men worked and fought without sleep, when the Umpty-fourth aerodrome was shelled to a blackened heap, when day reconnaissance followed night bombing without intermission, and haggard-faced pilots hawked through the skies, sustained by the sense of the army's imminent peril.

The day after Peronne fell Blackie sent for Tam. They were occupying a new aerodrome to the west of the Amiens line and Tam had slept for six hours on the bare ground, a sleep of sheer exhaustion, when he was awakened by Blackie's summons. That great man, unshaven, chewing vigorously at the end of a cold cigar, beckoned Tam into the hut which served as his headquarters.

"A special mission for you, Tam," he said; "there's a woman in Peronne who calls herself Marie Vaupois. Her real name is Clara Geth. She was left behind in Peronne when the Germans evacuated the town, and she had collected a whole bunch of information. Our intelligence tells us that she's leaving at eleven o'clock by motor-car for Spa. I haven't time to tell you how she hoodwinked the French authorities or impersonated the daughter of a French soldier, but she kept a little picture-post-card shop."

Tam put his hand to his eyes. "Aye," he said unsteadily. "What would ye have me do, Captain Blackie, sir?"

"It's a chance in a hundred, but you may have the luck," said Blackie rapidly; "she mustn't reach Spa. She carries too much in her head for our comfort. Kill her. You can either bomb her or machine-gun her, but she's got to be killed. It's a rotten job, I know," he said clapping the other on the shoulder, "but if you look carefully over the ground, Tam, as you pass, you will see hundreds of our own fellows who are lying unburied because a woman like that has been working secretly——"

"Oh aye," said Tam.

He swung out without another word. The riggers had finished repairing his machine and she was loaded up. Soon he was zooming up into the clear skies, heading for Peronne. He fought off an attempt that was made to intercept him and a few minutes before eleven reached the north road which runs through Gouzeaucourt.

The roads were crowded with troops, but presently he saw a car speeding up one side which had been left clear and he dropped for observation and attack. The lorry Archies blazed at him. Machine guns came into action and their bullets zipped through his wings. He saw the troops break from the road to cover, but the car sped on and at the back he caught a glimpse of a woman with a purple motor-veil and swooped down almost vertically, his machine gun cackling furiously.

Nothing could live under such a fire. He had one glimpse of a huddled figure in the tonneau before the car swerved into a ditch and overturned. Then he set his face for home.

He landed in the aerodrome and Billy came to meet him with a radiant face.

"Tam, Tam," he yelled, "I've had news!"

Tam's heart stood still.

"Have ye, Billy?" he said quietly.

"She got away, Tam. Nobody saw her after the Germans came in, and her house wasn't touched. Isn't that bully? Gee! I'd like to see her just for two minutes," said the boy, his eyes shining.

Tam looked down. For his part he was trying not to see her.

He Understands Pershing

By Arthur A. Jeffrey

"YES, suh, I grew up with Johnny Pershing," said Allen Warfield, hotel porter, "and I have my doubts if there's a man in Laclede that knew him any better than I did. We was both exactly the same age. The diff'unce between Johnny Pershing and me was that he kep' on goin' and I stayed where I was.

"Jist what was it you wanted to know? If you was to give me an idee of what you was most p'ticular about findin' out, I might recollect somethin'."

"General Pershing was a farmer boy?" I suggested.

"That he was," said Allen Warfield. "Let me see. One time I recollect I was out huntin' on the Pershing fahm and there was Johnny and Jimmy huskin' cawn. They was drivin' a so'l hoss and a bay hooked up in chain ha'ness. Jimmy was a huskin' the down row and Johnny was takin' two rows 'longside. Johnny Pershing was a great cawn-husker, suh. He sure was."

"John Pershing liked animals?" I inquired.

"Yes, suh"—promptly—"the Pershings always had a lot of chickens and hawgs and cows. Now I recollect Johnny was a great hand to milk the cows and slop the hawgs."

"And they kept some riding horses?"

"Now let me think," parried Warfield. "Yes, suh, they did have a ridin' hoss—an old racker named Selim. He was a so'l with white laigs. Yes, suh, I recollect Johnny used to git him out and ride him up and down the road—he was a great boy for ridin' hosses."

Arthur A. Jeffrey

Allen Warfield, also of Laclede, Mo.

But it was now Warfield's turn.

"See this letter?" he asked me, taking a well-worn envelope carefully from his breast pocket. "That's a boy I raised—a white boy that was bo'n at the pa'sonage and that took a likin' to me when he was only fo' years old. He's been like my own boy ever since." And the hotel porter's strong face softened into lines of infinite kindness. "I have writ him every week and in the letter I got last night he says: 'Allen, your letters are a life-saver over here.' And I've got another letter ready to send him this mornin'."

"Is that your handwriting, Allen?" I asked, in genuine admiration of the bold, swinging script.

"It's the same way Johnny Pershing writes," answered Allen Warfield. You've heard of Ella Seward—Pershing's schoolteacher? Well, suh, we colored folks didn't go to the same school, but Ella Seward and her good old father and mother came to our houses night after night to teach us how to read and write.

"They'd come to our house and visit for a while as jolly and as sociable as you please and then they'd have school—for old and young—and before they'd go home they'd read out of the Bible and have prayers. They taught my mammy—her that had brought me, bo'n in slavery, away up here to live—they taught her to read like the rest of us. Yes, suh, and Johnny Pershing's mother helped us the same way; and always on a Sunday, after the white folks had been to their own Sunday-school in the fo'noon, Mr. Pershing and Mrs. Pershing and the Sewards would come and hold Sunday-school for us colored folks.

"Johnny Pershing sure had the right kind of bringin'-up every day of his life here in old Laclede. That's why he ain't never held his head so high that he can't see folks for jist what they are. Yes, suh, the right kind of teachin' he had—in his own family and in school—and it's my opinion that's what kep' Johnny Pershing always and forever a goin' on up."

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LEST WE FORGET

(*Continued from page 16*)

must be able, on a pinch, to substitute verbal for written orders and supplement any written information he has seen with his observations. He must go through terrific barrages to reach his destination.

Thus it takes considerable picking and choosing to find men of that caliber in sufficient quantity to supply the personnel of the various headquarters. Even a platoon should have at least one trained runner, a company headquarters at least four, with the proportion increasing with each successive headquarters. It took me about six months to train at all efficiently the runners in my company, and I believe mine were no worse instructed, and no less intelligent than the average runner or courier.

LACK of equipment and lack of training and organization made it impossible to start our actual training in modern warfare, based on the lines developed by the English, French and Germans, until July 24, 1917—one month less two days after our arrival in France. And even then we could only "simulate" the varied equipment required by an infantry company in modern warfare. Such vitally necessary articles as gas-masks and steel helmets did not arrive until August, 1917.

Eventually most of our borrowed regalia did come, and in October we were all cheered by the news that we were to go to the trenches. The enthusiasm was somewhat dampened, however, when about two weeks before we started we found all our 1917 rifle ammunition to be defective. It had passed the factory tests and the careless eyes of government inspectors, and had been sent to us overseas, where the difference between perfect and imperfect ammunition meant the difference between life and death to our soldiers. Fortunately, it had been discovered by the troops in time to substitute the 1916 for 1917 ammunition.

I believe it was October 18, 1917, that we moved up for the first time into the firing-line. Nearly four months after landing in France, our "splendidly equipped and trained" Regular division was considered by the Allied command only sufficiently trained to be placed in the line with the proportion of one American battalion to one French regiment of three battalions. Nor did the Allied command place American troops in the line at this time for fighting purposes. They were placed there simply for part of their training, and the Allies had to supply us with most of the transportation and all of the higher officers.

As I spoke French I was fortunate enough to go before the rest of the company to arrange the relief, and saw things from the beginning.

War has many evils. But it has this great advantage: A man can definitely prove to his own satisfaction whether or not he has the courage of his convictions. Startled out of himself by a sudden crisis, a coward may cope with a dangerous situation and a really brave man fall down. But in the line the long grind and the continuing crises soon sift the wheat from the chaff, and the brave man shows his worth. So a young man feels a great thrill when going for the first time to the fires that prove him.

Our first stop was a little village by the name of Maixe. Being in a quiet sector, it was still inhabited by the farmers of the districts, though only a few miles behind the lines. But what a sight! The gray-green army of the Hun had swept over the little village, and left in its wake the devastation in which the German lords and their followers always delight. Houses had been wantonly burned and blown up, although manifestly the military value of such a feat was nil. Indeed, during the hasty retreat after the first Marne battle, time had been taken to burn and blow up the houses, where time had not been takn to blow up the bridges in front of the village, the only destruction warranted by military necessity.

AFTER a reconnaissance we were moved into the Arracourt sector, near Maixe, and truly, Arracourt is an interesting place even if it was a quiet sector. The frontier French town of that district, though smashed by nearly three years of fighting, it had not been entirely annihilated. The splendid old château had one of its sides shorn off, the roof smashed in, and was rapidly crumbling beneath the spiteful artillery fire. The garden, evidently in pre-war times the pride of its owner, was rank with weeds, and the small grove of trees and the stream had been ingeniously fixed up with grenade death-traps and barbed wire, as a strong point of resistance. The church was almost entirely shattered, and the bell, formerly used to summon the peaceful peasants to prayer, now served as a gas alarm for the blue-clad warriors of France. Nor do I, for one, feel that the bell lost any dignity in such a service.

But let not the unenlightened mass of civilians think that even in such a rarely quiet sector as this, warfare was comfortable. The mental strain, the mud (it is nearly always raining in northern France) and the fatigue of walking over great distances are the same in every sector. And in a calm sector one always feels as though one were sitting on a volcano.

THEN we had for the first time the experience of employing rolling kitchens. Before entering the war, the United States Army had what in the year 1913 was considered a very modern cooking equipment. But the war had developed kitchen wagons drawn by horses, and so constructed that the cooking could be carried on during the march. Never were they officially introduced into our army until after our first division had been over three months in France, and even then we had to borrow from France. The American company was considerably heavier than the French, and in the Arracourt sector we also had some engineers attached to us. Consequently we had a very hard time cooking enough food for all.

Added to all this, the supply system, commanded by officers ignorant of supplying large units in the field and depending too much on mule teams and light trucks, utterly broke down, and we were often left without food.

Though our stay in the line was short, yet the good it did was inestimable. Up to that time, American line officers had received instruction from the French. Excellent instructors and valiant and efficient soldiers though our allies were, yet it was difficult to obtain from them the most important details of organization. The difference in nationality, language and habits of thought often made the knowledge hard to transmit. Our own Regular Army officers on the General Staff and line, trained in the antiquated schools, could give no information on the subject of modern war. Only by our own experience could we learn, and experience, though an effective, is a costly teacher. We did not learn how to attack in this sector; but we did learn how to organize our units in such a way that the First Division could successfully attack at Cantigny and Soissons.

We discovered the necessity of liaison (the method of correlating separate units so they shall act as a whole), and the runner system, and we learned a great deal about handling our supplies.

But most important of all, the younger officers—I am not so sure about the older—discovered their absolute ignorance of modern warfare.

Captain Roosevelt's story will be concluded in the June number.

From A Little House

By Mary Stewart Cutting

I LIVE in a little house,
But the door can open wide——
I live in a little house
But the whole round world's outside!

The light marches in with the morning,
The stars creep down at night,
The high rain treads on my door-step,
The far winds call on their flight,
And the Spring comes in as a lover,
When Winter's feet depart;
And O the voices and voices
That reach the door of my heart!

I live in a little house,
But the door can open wide——
I live in a little house,
But the whole round world's outside.

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First Ladies of the Land

By Joan Moody

THE feline reaction in half a hundred other filmy hearts when Norma Talmadge pinned on her shiny badge down in Bayside, Long Island, and became the first moving-picture-actress deputy sheriff was: "She's only looking for notoriety." Miss Talmadge and her chief, Sheriff Mitchell of Queens County, correct this and say it is speeders she is looking for and trespassers on her own or other people's property or rioters on the beach. When slow-moving vehicles in those parts are ordered to keep to the right, they always obey—they claim that keeping on the right side of Deputy Talmadge is really more a pleasure than a duty.

Mrs. Davenport-Engberg of Washington State has beaten all the rest of her sex to the distinction of being the founder and conductor of a symphony orchestra. An excellent pianist, Mrs. Engberg early won laurels on the concert stage. With marriage and motherhood she did not "neglect her music." On the contrary, her adopted home, Bellingham, seemed to her excellent soil for the development of her favorite dream.

"I am sure," said Mrs. Engberg, "that in every intelligent community there is lying dormant the material with which to build up a symphony orchestra. Why should such orchestras be confined to the large cities?"

Mrs. Engberg of Bellingham, Washington, first symphony orchestra conductorette.

Twelve years ago, when Mrs. Engberg gave voice to this idea, there were not more than a dozen people in Bellingham who played any instrument; now one gets the impression that excellent cellists and slide-trombones bloom on every square. And under their ardent leader's direction this Davenport-Engberg Symphony Orchestra has become a musical organization to be reckoned with. It is, perhaps, second only to one other on the Pacific coast.

The first actress to qualify as a real deputy sheriff is Norma Talmadge.

The war accustomed us to women steeple-jacks, women plumbers, women ship-builders, but here is one more surprise—Miss Helen Courtney, the first and only woman fire-engine salesman. Looking rather like the ingénue in a musical comedy, she strays into a meeting of august city fathers and, murmuring something about centrifugal force and five hundred gallons a minute, exits laughing with a ten-thousand-dollar order in her bead bag.

Miss Courtney doesn't rely on intuition for her knowledge of the fire-engine business. She grew up in the main office of her firm at Columbus, Ohio. Maybe there was a trace of feminine wile exhibited in her method of clinching her first sale. She called up each of the Seattle city fathers and asked him to meet her at the council-chambers. They were all busy men, but believed that the matter must be of importance since it was to be discussed in the council-rooms. It was an unheard-of thing for the whole city council to knock off work and discuss fire apparatus. But Miss Courtney explained her point of view about her engine so clearly that seven out of nine of the councilmen voted for the purchase.

From the home office came the following wire: "Entire staff paralyzed at your success. Our hats are off to you."

Webster & Stevens.

Helen A. Courtney of Ohio and points west, first fire-engine saleswoman.

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BEEMAN'S

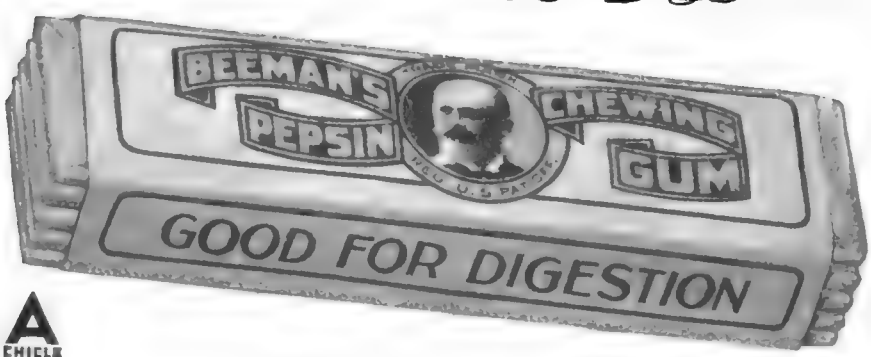
ORIGINAL PEPSIN CHEWING GUM

SLEEPLESSNESS, irritation and nervous let-down are conditions that often arise from slight forms of indigestion.

The speed at which we live, and the high tension under which we work are largely responsible for the lack of care we give both to the selection of our food and its proper mastication.

I have found in my own personal practice that chewing my Original Pepsin Gum ten minutes after each meal frequently relieves these conditions.

D C Beeman



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Sightseers *vs.* Cabbages

By Constance Austin

With photographs by the American painter, Harry B. Lachman

From the American Committee for Devastated France

WHEN the armistice was signed, they said at the State Department that a hundred thousand applications for passports came pouring in. And various worthy stay-at-homes denounced Americans as a nation of sightseers.

It was back in June, 1917, that ten American women were taken by General Pétain into the devastation of northern France—sightseeing. Six months later they had become a part of the Sixth French Army and thirty villages were under their supervision. Another three months and they—augmented by other "sightseers"—were caring for sixty villages and had helped eight hundred families to become once more either partially or wholly self-supporting.

On March 27, 1918, the German advance became so grave that evacuation was again in order, and for more than a week at a time these American women of the Committee for Devastated France (yes, Anne Morgan's society) never took off their clothes. They transported refugees and their property and saved all the committee's supplies to the last precious bag of potatoes.

June brought the enemy still nearer and the committee, some of it, retreated again, taking the children's colony back of the danger zone. The rest of the "sightseeing" committee stayed in the war zone (by request of the Army) and opened canteens and dispensaries for soldiers.

Immediately upon the counter attack of the Allies, the refugees streamed back to their villages and farms and found—"no man's land."

Barbed wire and labyrinthine trenches and wrecked towns and shattered homes and memories. And only a few hundred thousand people demanding passports to go over and help! Sightseers, indeed! Who wouldn't prefer a serviceable sightseer any day to a stay-at-home cabbage?

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In war days, in addition to their reconstruction work, the American Committee fed some five thousand soldiers a day at their canteens.

After you have lived with people a while, carrying water and splitting wood for them, and, with them, going without the same things, you just naturally speak the same language, no matter where you were born.

RECONSTRUCTION—You can spell it all in one line like this, crosswise, or you can spell it as in the lower right-hand corner, up and down in a breezy Japanese acrostic. However you spell it, it means the same thing, a new deal—all round—with the abused "sightseers" sitting in the game. Take that, Mr. Cabbage!

R esources
E mployment
C hild-saving
O pening schools
N urses
S upplies
T eachers
R estocking farms
U tensils
C ooperation
T ools
I nformation
O pportunity
N utrition

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Good-by, Uniform!

By William Atherton Du Puy

Formerly Captain, U. S. A.

Drawing by Judy Collins.

I HAVE been in the Army but a few months, have served in a routine way on this side of the ocean, have missed the big adventure of getting to the front, and yet those months in uniform have been the best thing that has come into my life.

This feeling is entirely aside from a sense of duty done; the satisfaction of a service, however slight, rendered to the cause. It is a sort of inward glow, a phosphorescence of spirit that comes with the putting on of soldier clothes. The work I have done is not the cause of it. In fact, like most short-service men, I have floundered about, have been immersed in detail, have fretted because of the little it seemed possible to accomplish as a mere cog in the war machine.

We have all been exasperated at red tape, have recalled in gloom the apparently greater opportunities for usefulness which had been ours in private life.

But finally we have learned that this was the way in which the great task was to be accomplished and each has ground along on his particular work. Here and there an individual has had a chance to spread his wings and soar, but to the mass it has been a plodding job.

But enveloping it all was an atmosphere. We were men in the uniform of our country and this fact made a peculiar difference. We had to live up to those uniforms and they carried to us a moving responsibility. We had tried before to live up to a self-imposed code, or to an inherited good name, or to some of those character assets of private life. But none of them compared with living up to the uniform of one's country.

The thing gripped us all, and the exemplary conduct of Tom, Dick and Harry, while in the service, was a demonstration of the result. While a civilian I had marveled at the good behavior of our soldiers. Of course I know there have been exceptions; but personally I have never seen a man in uniform guilty of conduct that deserved criticism. Wherever I saw these boys there was a reserve and a dignity about them that had not been theirs before they came into the Army.

THERE was a big thing in them that kept them too much uplifted for petty misconduct. Deportment that would reflect on the uniform was inconceivable. Each man was instinctively correct, punctilious, gracious. The fiber of him had tightened, and though he may never have become conscious of it, I should say that he got a hundred dollars' worth of inward glow every month.

Then there was a peculiar fellowship among us who wore the uniform. We were buddies in being true to it, but we were more. We might be checking supplies in a cantonment, or figuring trajectories in ordnance, but we were always possible comrades on the firing-line and that bred a feeling of camaraderie. So, when we met as strangers on a train, or asked each other the way to a street address, or for a match, there was a difference. There was a tie between us—a life-and-death tie. A thing had come into our hearts that we otherwise could not have known.

I think there is nothing in army life that men enjoy more than the element of formality that is a part of it. There is a chord in the human heart that responds to pageantry, to ceremony. There is a joy in treading the measures of the stately minuet. There is an appeal in the formal service of the Episcopal Church. An instinct within man is gratified in standing to the national anthem or paying respect to the flag at retreat.

So do men in uniform love the ceremony of the salute. They exceed their instructions in the rigidness with which they stand at attention. They put a snap into their salutes that can not be written into drill regulations. Bolsheviki may abolish the salute, Socialists may inveigh against it, but there is no basis in fact for the theory that it is unpopular among men in uniform, nor even among officers of high rank, who, perchance, may introduce a degree of bored languor into its return. The spirit of the salute is a perquisite to wearing the uniform that three or four million men will be relinquishing with regret as the season advances.

BUT beyond all this there is a cockle-warming element in the game of uniform-wearing that would soon ring up a fortune on any pleasure cash-register. There is, for instance, the attitude of the public toward the man in uniform. It has a feeling of proprietorship in him which it takes no pains to hide. It bumps into him on the street, in stores, at the movies. It feels no formality toward him, smiles into his face with a peculiar affection, talks freely to him where it would have raised haughty eyebrows to another stranger, confidently asks him all manner of questions. And all the time it makes this wearer of khaki know that it loves him, that it brings to his shrine a degree of appreciative affection that he can never hope to deserve.

I am admittedly a homely man. Kindly people have always, in talking to me, so shaped their conversation that they might get an excuse for remarking offhand that good looks were unnecessary for a man, thus extending consolation. But when I came home in uniform, my little six-year-old daughter climbed up in my lap and said to me from the depths of her heart:

"Daddy, you are so pretty!"

I rode down-town on a street-car immersed in my newspaper and looked up to see a child of four across the way gazing on me with a soul full of rapture and devotion. In my thinking mind I knew that my uniform on any other man in the world would inspire the same homage, but in the emotional part of me there was a welling up such as all the melodramatic stars in the game, even had I box seats on a pass, could not produce.

Because the waiters serve me ahead of men in mufti, because the candy-girl gives me overweight, because the hotels cut their prices when I pay my bill, because I am the recipient of endless favors and special considerations due to the Army clothes I wear—I have felt the glow within me ever on the increase, have accepted these manifestations of good-will as confirmation of the value of the modest thing I have done, have come to love my uniform as one loves the good guardian angel who showers upon him countless priceless blessings that he otherwise would have missed.

So, as the time for parting with these symbols of service in the Army approaches, a spirit of sentimental regret obtrudes into a situation that is otherwise like that of the call of the old swimming-hole when school lets out in the spring. I consign my uniform to moth balls as a lover closes the leaves of a favorite book on a forget-me-not given to him by the only girl in the world on the day they climbed the hill of love to its very peak. I pull down the piano lid on a symphony which, I know, will go echoing through all the years of my future.

THUS I say my last good-bys. I unstrap for the last time those puttees that have bitten cruelly into my ankles; I take off that tightly buttoned blouse that has cost me oceans of perspiration when the days were hot. I shake out my last year's clothes and ease myself into their informal unrestraint. But sentimentally there is a sigh of regret, a consciousness of something being put away with the uniform which but for it I never should have possessed, a thing that permeates the soul of man and is without price. And all the time I know that some three million other Americans are burning this same parting incense for the blessings that have thus come into their lives, leaving with them an essence that will sweeten memory and mellow the smoking of many pipes through the decades that are to come.

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Cincinnati Cleveland St. Louis San Francisco
John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Philadelphia
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Still on Active Service

By Betty Shannon

Her army numbers 170,000 troops, who serve for life.

EVANGELINE BOOTH, commander-in-chief of the American forces of the Salvation Army, arbiter of the destinies of one hundred and seventy thousand uniformed souls, had stolen a minute from her busy day to play her harp. Her copper-crowned head was resting against the gilded frame, her fine, artistic hands caressed the strings, as I paused at the threshold. She sensed my nearness and arose, tall and commanding and most feminine in a trailing house-gown of straight lines and of deep red.

She drew me into the simply furnished room. Her study, bound with a ribbon-like row of small-paned windows, gives a view on every side of the country landscape. There was a fire crackling out its inviting warmth. A canary twittered cheerily. Two friendly dogs gave added welcome.

"Jiddie" brought us some tea. "Jiddie" is a person of rank. She is a captain in the "Home Department," which privileges her to take care of the beloved commander, with whom she has been since the Klondike gold rush, when the two of them and four other women carried the Salvationists' helpful hand to both the successful and the broken of those wild days.

There is a thoroughness about Evangeline Booth that strikes you the moment you meet her handclasp. You know forthwith that whatever she does or thinks she is committed to with all the devotion and fire of a dynamic nature.

Though she was the daughter of the founder of "the Army," she entered at the bottom. Her first service was selling the *War Cry*, the Army's publication. But she sold it with such vigor and consecration that she became the champion *War Cry* seller of the organization.

She sold flowers and matches on the London streets so that she might know the problems of the girls to whom she was going to dedicate her life. And when she was a little older, and had passed through the lowest ranks of "the Army" and was now a commissioned officer, she went dressed as a beggar or street singer into those slums which even the police thought it more comfortable to keep away from. Here she founded the slum work of the organization. She was stoned, with other Salvationists, and persecuted and put in prison. She served apprenticeship in the most anguishing posts there were to be held, before she was sent from England to command the Salvation Army in Canada, and from there to the United States.

One of the secrets of the great success of Evangeline Booth's leadership is that her officers know that she does not ask of them anything that she has not done, or would not do, herself.

It takes all of the time of many a very busy man to direct the affairs and decide the policies of business corporations far smaller than the Salvation Army, with its eleven provinces, its training-colleges, hospitals, lodging-houses, its representatives in eight hundred and thirty cities and towns, and its property valued at over seven million dollars.

But in spite of the physical strain of her commandership, Evangeline Booth refuses to live in greater comfort than that in which her officers may live. The car which carries her to and from the city or the station is the loan of an automobile company. Her quarters are inexpensively furnished, and there are many gifts. The iron crane which holds the kettle over the fire came from the village blacksmith. The ferns in the flower-pots Miss Booth brought in from the woods herself—in the little auto-truck loaned her by the village grocer-woman for the expedition.

If Evangeline Booth's deeds and life are dedicated "to the glory of God," she is most thoroughly human.

When she is on one of her rare vacations, she can dive off a spring-board twenty feet above the water with all the stunts of diving form that the experts have devised.

Her swimming records are remarkable. Several summers ago she swam across Lake George—four and one-half miles—with a broken ankle in a plaster cast. It was a feat that no man had done with two good ankles.

She has never found a horse she could not ride.

She can play almost any musical instrument, and has composed a number of songs which she used to sing frequently before the demands of public speaking made inroads on her singing voice.

As for dancing, card-playing, the movies and the theatre—"the questionable amusements"—she and "the Army" stand at an uncompromising distance.

"Our lives are too full of other things to be interested in them," says Miss Booth in explanation of their stand, "and they prove harmful to many who are weak."

We talked of the change of the status of "the Army" from the derided street-corner-meeting days to now, when practical religion expressed in the terms of hot doughnuts on the firing-line of the great war has written its name large on the sentimental heart of the world. "It has always been the same, the Army," said Miss Booth, "only now the world has found it out."

We talked of trees. "They have their arms always lifted to the skies," she said. And we spoke of children. "More of their prayers arise each night for me, perhaps," said Evangeline Booth proudly, "than for any other woman in America."

It was long after the commander's beloved sunset had faded from the sky, but there was just one more question to ask—that question one always hesitates to ask an attractive woman who has never married.

"We believe in marriage," said Miss Booth when I had asked it. "We have more happy marriages in our ranks than any place I know of. But there are many reasons why a commander may not happen to marry—some of them," she added with a human twinkle, "of the heart."

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APPERSON

The EIGHT WITH EIGHTY LESS PARTS

IN the foreground of such scenes of elegant life one finds the Apperson playing its role with dignity and distinction. Fitted by appearance to mingle with the most expensive of imported productions. Powered to ask no favors in a friendly brush on the road with the swiftest cars built. Equipped with the powerful, responsive Apperson 8 Motor—the 8 with 80 less parts.

APPERSON BROTHERS AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, KOKOMO, INDIANA

The Apperson Anniversary Model Touring or Tourster The Apperson Standard Model Touring or Sportster
Enclosed Models for Fall Delivery

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SILVER STRIPES AMONG THE GOLD

(*Continued from page 22*)

wrought obscurely the minor wonders of science, of the subtle and deadly warfare of the laboratories, one day to become so deadly that it would slay the war-god himself, of dim quests in tropical forests for creatures which proved to be fabulous—

"Then you're the big-game Daventry, are you!" Dorothy interrupted in surprise. "I thought you were one of the others."

"What do you know of the Daventrys?" he challenged quickly.

"Nothing but the usual gossip. 'Daventry's for deviltry,' you know." She smiled with an air almost of patronage. "You needn't plead not guilty to that part of it, I think."

He started to answer, thought better of it, and began to talk world politics.

Their affair, if it could be specified by such a term, aroused amusement, astonishment or resentment among Dorothy's fellow players, according to the degree and kind of their interest in her. Steve Rathbun put the question direct:

"What do you think you're doing with that chemical formula in human guise that we picked up in the Grab, anyway, Doe?"

"Nothing," said the girl, which as an answer was wholly inadequate. But it was the best she could give, even to herself. Captain Daventry interested her, she told herself, only because she was vividly interested in the whole human race (Elvenstone had once told her frankly that she was concerned with too many curiosities ever to make an artist), of which he was an unusual specimen. He even attracted her—by artificial light. But the revealing day was a sufficient correction to any undue romanticism. Meantime, the publicity expert had snorted.

"You've certainly got him lashed and tied," he observed. "By the way, I guess he's headed for trouble."

"What kind of trouble?"

"Strictly professional. The talk is he's got a poison-gas so lively and vicious that he can't make it mind, and he's trying to rake in some reckless outsiders to take a chance that he's afraid to take himself."

"I don't believe it," said Dorothy positively.

"Don't you? Well, there's an ad in the paper for a volunteer for one hour's work, well paid, at 101 Connecticut Avenue, and that's the devilish Daventry's business address."

"Let me see it."

RATHBUN looked up, surprised. Excitement appeared in his face, and then a rapt, professional expression. "By cracky, Doe!" he exclaimed. "There's your chance!"

"Just what I was thinking," she observed.

"Great stuff, oh!" cried the enthusiast. "The paper'll eat it up. I'll bet I can get the press associations to carry it on the wire. 'Beautiful Actress Risks Life for Science.' Only, look here, Doe"—he regarded her anxiously—"you don't take any chances, see?"

"Why, Steve, where is your professional instinct?" taunted the girl. "Think what headlines you'd get if anything did go wrong."

"Cut the josh-stuff, Doe. This is the real danger-signal. From all I hear, that gas'd kill you as soon as look at you. They say it's mixed with some sort of blistering stuff, too, that'd just peel the complexion right off your face if the mask didn't work. No, you tackle friend captain and get him to put us up a neat little fake test, and I'll do the rest."

"Keep off the grass, Mr. Steve Rathbun. We've had our share of publicity out of Captain Daventry. You are positively not on in this scene."

"Then you forget it yourself, Doe. I guess there's too many teeth in that buzz-saw."

No sooner had the press-agent left, than Dorothy sought and found the advertisement. It was brief and not too reassuring. Candidates were to apply at Room 306, and ask for Dr. Conroy. Just what was impelling the girl to the experiment confused her own powers of analysis. There was an element of penance in it for her misjudgment of Daventry. It appealed to her adventurousness. And it would be her most fitting apology to him: to share the perils which he had chosen in preference to the more spectacular dangers of the front. But, beyond all this, there was a vague feeling that she wished to prove herself to him as able to take her part in that sterner, more austere and demanding world of science, wherein he toiled.

Nothing of her purpose did she hint to him, when they met that night. On the contrary, she seemed to have developed an elusive quality which puzzled and presently discouraged him. Thereupon she rallied him upon being less amusing than usual.

"I've told you all I know, and more," said he. "Besides, I'm not feeling too sprightly. This is the last of our suppers, isn't it, since you take the night train tomorrow?"

It was as near as he had ever come to sounding the personal note. "But I'm not going to die, you know," she said lightly. "And neither are you, I suppose. Unless you kill yourself with some of your horrid experiments."

"Oh, they're about over with. That is, the risky ones. I've tried them all on myself, and I'm to make an observation test to-morrow on a subject, and that's the end of that."

"Who is your subject?"

"I don't know. And I won't know. Where there's any element of danger, I like to keep it impersonal. You see, I have to run the apparatus, and it's rather delicate. So I won't see my subject, except with the mask on, until it's over."

"Is it really so dangerous? Is there any chance of its being fatal?"

"Not with a subject who obeys directions. The lower strata of the gas are uncertain. A fall or a fainting fit might be serious."

"But you've been through all these dangers yourself."

"Well, danger is a part of war." He looked at her with his clear, intent gaze. "Doe," he said.

Her chin was propped on the tapering, gathered fingers in the posture which seemed, in some occult sense, to belong to him alone. Now the fingers quivered, but imperceptibly to him. It was the first time he had used her familiar name. "Yes?" she answered.

"There's one thing I want you to know—before you go. About what you said that day at the Lunch Palatial, the Grab, you know. I suppose, really, I ought to have gone to the front, like the rest, only——"

"Oh, *don't!*" said the girl, and laid a tremulous hand on his.

"—only," he pursued apologetically, "a man gets absorbed in his own work, and forgets that there are bigger things outside of it. But, you know, it wasn't precisely that I was afraid."

"Do you want me to cry," said she, "before all these people?"

"I don't see why you should," returned Daventry, in bewilderment.

"Talk to me," said Dorothy, "as you used to. I'm tired."

FERVENT were the protests of the astounded Dr. Conroy when Miss Dorothy Spencer applied at the Chemical Warfare Division, Subsection K, in answer to the advertisement. But she got her way. Doe always did that. In concealing gown and mask she was led, quite unknown to Daventry, to the door of the gas-chamber, repeating to herself Conroy's final directions:

"And, remember, if you feel the slightest burning of the skin, or tendency to faintness, just lift your hand. Captain Daventry and I will be watching through the window."

Going in, she had a brief look at Daventry. He was grave and intent, as he stood by his apparatus; but gave a little nod and smile of encouragement to the masked and robed figure as it faced him for a moment.

Dorothy took a seat on the lone chair. She could hear a preparatory clicking of mechanism through an orifice at the end of the room, above which was a small window. Daventry's face, sallow and stern, could be dimly seen. That was good. That gave her courage.

The unseen mechanism clacked and purred and a thinnish, barely perceptible vapor began to glug and ooze, leakily, sickishly, into the room. Dorothy, nerved to everything else, had not expected the noise. It purred at her, like an unseen animal of hypnotic powers. It invaded her senses. She began to tremble. This wouldn't do. She mustn't fail. Not before him. She propped her foot upon the round of her chair, set her elbow on her knee, pursed her fingers under the chin-piece of the mask, and fixed her eyes on the face at the window—which seemed to grow dim and alter into a mask of incredulous and stricken amazement.

"My God!" demanded Captain Daventry of Dr. Conroy. "Who is the subject? Doe!"

"Steady," said Conroy. "Don't shut off. Wait—" But Daventry had vanished around the corner.

She could have held on; she *knew* she could. She wouldn't have fainted, except that she knew she might with safety when she saw Daventry burst in at the door, and felt his arms around her.

"She's coming around," said Dr. Conroy,

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five minutes later. "Don't lean over her, captain. She needs air." Then he began to laugh.

For the subject had opened her eyes, looked up into the agonized face above her, and, lifting a weak arm, drawn it down to her and kissed its lips.

"They do queer things when they're coming out, sometimes," said the doctor indulgently.

Quite conscious enough to be aghast at herself now, Doe caught at this as at a saving cue. "Where am I?" she murmured in the formula duly made and provided for such occasions.

Trying to answer, Captain Daventry choked queerly. Conroy caught him by the arm. "Come here to the window," he commanded. "Did you inhale while you were in there?"

Through that strangling afternoon and night, Daventry, fighting for breath, struggled with a haunting illusion which he banished on his recovery—that there had been in Dorothy's cheeks a faint, rising color, and in Dorothy's eyes a dreamy recognition, before her lips touched his.

By the time he was certified fit for work, "The Maid Triumphant" was triumphing over New Orleans.

IV

THE Grab had fallen on depleted days. With the turn of the spring Washington had begun to thin out. The noontide rush, clutch, and gobble was notably less tumultuous. Two or three hasty captains of industry commanding the rear-guards of their jobs and faithful to the earlier habit of hurry, still hustled to, hustled through, and hustled from the menu of the Lunch Palatial; an occasional hobo in luck bestowed his patronage; and there was the permanent custom of the stenographers, left-over officers, and doorkeepers. Among those still to be reckoned present was Captain Carr Daventry. But, the fuzzy little cashier observed, he came later than before and ate less.

On a riotously sunny, breezy, leafy day of early June, Captain Daventry entered the Grab, passed, unnoticing, beneath a new sign in tasty red letters with green initials, swinging from the false arch, "WELCOME, ONE AND ALL," deposited in his chosen chair a large pamphlet full of depressing symbols, wherewith he proposed to improve his quarter-hour, and ordered his customary luncheon, while facing a bright-orange, gilt-framed exhortation to "PUT A SMILE ON IT," at which he scowled savagely, and presently bore the viands, teetering perilously, to his familiar coign beneath the unforgetable and irrefutable postulate, "ONCE A LADY ALWAYS A LADY."

It was ten years ago—or was it weeks?—he reflected drearily, that he had inadvertently directed Dorothy's attention to that golden truth. He had lost a good deal of appetite since then, and most of his interest in life. Dorothy had dropped him out of her scheme of existence. No letter. Not a word of any kind. That one infinitely brief, infinitely poignant moment of sweetness had been her farewell; if, indeed, it had been anything but the accident of a groping spirit.

Conroy could have told him of anxious inquiries by phone, through that evening after the experiment; and, later, by long-distance, until he was certified out of danger. But Conroy was an officer and a gentleman and on his oath of silence.

So Daventry, barricading himself from the outer world of the Grab by his pamphlet propped against the vinegar cruet, proceeded to busy himself in distasteful formulas, interspersed with hardly less distasteful pie and coffee.

"Won't you *please* pass the mustard?"

This time the mustard-pot, under the involuntary spasm of his elbow, leaped desperately off the table and rolled on the floor, unregarded.

"Doe!" said Daventry, very low. "Miss Spencer," he corrected himself.

"I like the first best," she said.

He tossed the learned and disagreeable pamphlet under the table. "Why haven't you let me hear a word from you?" he demanded.

"I don't know," said Doe; which was true.

"Why have you come back?" he asked.

"I don't know," said Doe; which was at least half true.

"Why are you looking at me so strangely; as if you didn't know me?"

"I don't know," faltered Doe; which wasn't true at all.

For the fact was that she had come back for the special purpose of seeing, by the honest and revealing light of day, a lean, bilious-eyed, yellow-faced, elderly looking man, in order that she might exorcise from her invaded and troubled imagination the memory of a very different and counterfeit presentment which, recalled under the deceptive and glamorous night-lights, she had been wholly determined but still unable to forget.

She didn't want to be in love with a changeling of the dark! And here, to her utter discomfiture, was the face of her rebellious memory, true to its every detail, and in the broad light of day.

"We're playing a return week in Baltimore," she explained rather breathlessly. "And so—*what* have you done to yourself?" she demanded breaking off abruptly. "You're different. I mean, you're like—you look awfully well," she concluded lamely, in a formal tone.

He smiled, realizing the cause of her confusion. "It's my late Chinese complexion you mean," he said. "You see, I finished those picric-acid experiments long since. So the picric has faded out."

BUT Doe's deep and luminous eyes were still troubled. She shook her head. "I don't know you—quite," said she. "Talk to me." And she propped her curved chin on the points of her gathered fingers.

But this time he failed of his cue, which was, as of old, to be vague and amusing and impersonal.

Daventry was not feeling precisely impersonal at that moment. "Why did you volunteer for the gas test?" he asked.

"That isn't what I mean by talking," she plaintively protested. "I want to be amused. I'm tired."

"So am I," he retorted forcefully. "Why did you?"

"Well—if you're going to be obstinate about it—" She ventured a glance at him and perceived clearly that he was— "it was my apology."

"For what?"

"For supposing even for a minute—even in my own silly mind—that you were a slacker."

"I don't see how risking your life——"

"No, you wouldn't," she interrupted with scornful calmness. "You're a man, you see."

"You remind me," he said grimly, "of what I had almost forgotten. Tell me: After you collapsed, when you came out of your faint, do you remember anything in particular?"

"Nothing of scientific value."

"D—n science!" said Daventry, blaspheming a dethroned goddess. "You kissed me."

"Did I?" The tone was innocence itself, but she did not meet his eyes.

"Don't you know you did?"

"I REMEMBER vaguely there was something queer. I suppose," she added blandly and with a sudden, perverse and wholly feminine instinct to torment in revenge for her own growing fear of what was coming, "I must have mistaken you for some one else."

The light in his face died. "Ah, that would be it," he said quietly.

"I didn't!" cried the girl, her cheeks flaming, and was instantly panic-stricken at the betrayal. She had cause.

"Doe! Will you marry me?"

"No. Of course not! How dare you ask me—here?"

"It's the best place I know of," he averred stoutly. "It's where I first met you. Will you, Doe?"

As is the mystery and the way of the eternal feminine, hard-pressed, on its defense, she stabbed backward, recklessly, "You don't know anything about me. You don't know who or what I am. You don't know what people say about me."

"Yes," he said quietly.

"Who?" she cried. "Who dared—to you?"

"Some one I couldn't very well kill. Two fool women in the theatre. And afterward—but that doesn't matter. Even if it were true, and I know that it isn't——"

"It isn't. I've been careless and reckless and haven't cared what malicious people said. But that's all. Suppose—suppose it were true?"

"I should have asked you to marry me just the same. I—I shouldn't have had the right to cavil. My own reputation hasn't been altogether clear."

She lifted eyes of wide amaze. "You!" she said. "'Daventry's for deviltry.' Oh, *no!*" And she burst into uncontrollable laughter.

He faced her, still and unmoved. "As long as you understood," he said. "But I don't want anything in the past to come back and hurt you!"

"The past?" The laughter was choked in her throat. "Not the St. Just scandal!" she said, with a swift intuition.

"Yes."

As sharply and uncontrollably as the laughter had beset her, anger and tears flooded her being. Her chemical captain! With his face of a modern saint devoted to the austerities of science. "I hate you," she said passionately.

"Doe," he said, "that was ten years ago. I was hardly more than a boy. It is over, and forgotten—except by a few scandal-mongering fools. I love you. I've never

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loved any one as I love you—not the hundredth part, Doe."

But the girl's face was hidden in her hands. Daventry glanced swiftly around. There was but one belated luncher in sight of their corner, a chauffeur who was practising total immersion in a bowl of rice and milk. The fuzzy little cashier caught Daventry's eyes and immediately became deeply concerned in adjusting to an exact level on its wall the gilt-edged aphorism back of her. Daventry's comprehensive regard paused once more, momentarily, to take in a golden and glowing motto pendent above Doe's bowed head which, embodying in its curt monosyllables the wisdom of the ages and the inspiration of all poetry, music and art since the world began, shouted imperiously to his manhood to act at once or be forever supine, in the deathless words:

"DO IT NOW."

Daventry made three steps around the table, drew the girl's hands from her face, and did it now.

"Oh!" gasped Doe in a tremulous whisper. "The people!"

Daventry did it again. "There aren't any people," he said. "Just you and me."

Doe turned her face from him. "And—and her."

"Forgotten," he said; "for years past. There's only you in the world."

Her face turned to his again. "Then I don't care," she whispered. "Yes; I do. I care—all the more. I've cared right from the first. Only I didn't know it."

The fuzzy little cashier diverted her attention from a meticulously leveled frame behind her, in time to marvel and thrill at the eternal mystery as typified in the two figures passing out into the joyousness of the June day, and to congratulate herself upon the bill dropped on her desk with an injunction to keep the change; this last, she justly reckoned, being a deserved tribute to tact. She glanced back at the orange-and-brown-lettered precept: "BUSINESS IS BUSINESS. WHY NOT MIND YOUR OWN?" which she had just followed so profitably.

"You never can tell about them professor guys," she observed philosophically to the emerged chauffeur. "There's more *to* science than you might think."

Self

By Oscar C. Williams

RAIN and night and mist-haired winds
that bring
The far-off sobbing of the unseen stars . . .
But down the pane
The little selfish drops of rain
Are waging endlessly their petty wars

Tears and grief, the sorrow of a world,
The unseen hearts that sob for ones set
free .
But in my brain
My little selfish thoughts in pain
Are chasing one another endlessly.

Vanguard of fleet of 38 Liberty Trucks passing through Oakville, Delaware County, Ind., in August, 1918, over Tarvia Road built in 1916. Note perfect condition of road after two years of hard service.

Every community should have roads like these—

HERE is the story of how Delaware County, Indiana, got good roads, as told by the County Surveyor. Everyone interested in good roads should read it.

"Our first Tarvia road was built in 1914. Between 1914 and 1918 we constructed sixteen streets and roads, with a total area of about 2,880,000 square feet.

"Some of these are main streets in the city of Muncie, others are main roads subject to heavy traffic, while others replaced low-lying gravel roads that used to wash-out at every overflow of the river.

"*Every Tarvia road and street in Delaware County has given uniform satisfaction. No repairs have been necessary.*

"Our so-called 'hard' roads, built of brick or concrete, are often claimed as permanent construction, but we have in this county brick roads and streets built less than a decade ago that are almost impassable and must soon be rebuilt. New material will be required because the old brick cannot be used again.

"On the other hand, when a Tarvia road wears, a little stone is added, Tarvia is applied, and the road is as good as, or better than, new.

"With proper maintenance, our Tarvia roads will last ten to twenty years. The cost of maintenance will be small and the entire road can be rebuilt at less than half the cost of a brick pavement.

"Considering the various types of road from a purely financial standpoint, one does not need to be skilled in higher mathematics to arrive at the correct answer."

(Signed) S. Horace Weber,
County Surveyor.

Tarvia is a coal-tar preparation for use in constructing new macadam roads or repairing old ones. It reinforces the road surface and makes it not only mudless and dustless, but also water-proof, frost-proof and automobile-proof. A few Tarvia Roads in any community will add to property values and reduce taxes.

Illustrated Tarvia Booklet free on request

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In order to bring the facts before tax payers as well as road authorities, The Barrett Company has organized a Special Service Department, which keeps up to the minute on all road problems.

If you will write to the nearest office regarding road conditions or problems in your vicinity the matter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers.

This service is free for the asking.

If you want *better roads* and *lower taxes*, this Department can greatly assist you.

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Madame Hirooka, the Invincible

By Edith Wilds

BY NO means are all Japanese women to be found on fans and teacups or tripping round in threes in "The Mikado." Several score are successes in the professions—medicine, science, education, journalism; many thousands have become a fixed part of industrial life and are at work in factories, in the railroad stations, on the roads and in the parks. But, so far, only two Japanese women have succeeded in attaining a position in the financial world: Madame Suzuki, the head of a large banking establishment, and Madame Asa Hirooka, who not only saved her family from bankruptcy, but has made for it several fortunes.

As a child, Madame Hirooka admits that her independence caused her parents many a qualm. It is the way of the Orient for parents to wish their daughters to be soft and sweet and feminine, so it is small wonder that the parents of half a century ago gazed apprehensively at the strange little girl who wanted to know why "You force my brother to read and study interesting books, and forbid me to do it."

"You might become unladylike," said the worried parents, and changed the subject.

The blood of the eleven Mitsui families flows in her veins, yet she defied tradition and became the first woman financier—the Hetty Green—of Japan.

But she studied and read every chance she could get—Chinese history, English books in translation, anything.

Again, when her parents planned to marry her to a man she had never seen, the eldest son of a rich merchant family, ten years her senior, "It is not right," declared the rebellious one, "that marriage should be arbitrarily arranged by parents."

"Well," they replied, "either marry as we bid or become a nun."

To this spirited girl, marriage—any marriage—was better than being immured as a nun. So she married. (Remember that this was fifty years ago, and she was a daughter of Japan.)

The Hirooka family, whose son she married, belonged to the merchant class who made great fortunes loaning money to the *daimios*—nobles. The head of the family, her husband, did not concern himself with any occupation, but lived luxuriously, and considered that he had attained scholarship when he understood the *Noh* drama. The young matron was not greatly impressed by the learning of her husband and decided to study by herself. She bought a *soroban*, a contrivance the Japanese use for counting, and mastered its intricacies.

Then she longed to study the Chinese classics. But how? It was impossible to learn them by herself—she must have a teacher. This seemed equally impossible, for Japanese daughters were not taught the Chinese classics. She brooded on this problem. She *must* learn Chinese. A day or two later it "happened" that her husband began the study of Chinese with a famous teacher, as was the custom among the young men of fashion of that time, a fact pointed out by Madame Hirooka. He was not clever, and it became his wife's duty to assist him in his lessons. In this way she met the Chinese classics. As to the Japanese literature, it was obviously a wife's duty to read aloud to her husband. Thus in time she became very well educated, and, incidentally, won for herself the nickname of *Kichigai*, or Crazy.

Then came the Revolution and financial panic. The rich merchants who had loaned money to the *daimios* lost much of their money and their patrons. However, out of the confusion there came to Madame Hirooka her opportunity, for when the Government arranged to convert the notes of the *daimios* held by the merchants into bonds, she was the only member of her family who had any knowledge of calculation and was called into the conference.

Her family, since there were no *daimios* to loan money to, decided to go into business. They tried indigo, Japanese paper, oil, rice—but failed in everything. Bankruptcy was ahead. Then it was that Madame Hirooka, not out of her twenties, decided to take a hand.

Among the English books translated into Japanese which she had read were several on banking. With these books at hand, she determined to start a bank, organizing it according to English banking methods. It was a tiny affair then—she laughs merrily as she recalls it—but to-day it is the largest bank in Osaka.

Madame Hirooka, however, had a vision that was not bounded by this little bank. It was larger sums of money that she wanted. Just at this time the Bank of Japan was instituted, and by buying and selling the bonds of this bank she made a large amount of money.

Still not satisfied, Madame Hirooka thought that she would like to own a coal-mine, for were not railroads being established in Japan and would not the railroads need coal? But when she asked her family to allow her to use some of the money she had made in the bond enterprise for her coal-mining scheme, they were horrified. The idea of a woman entering such a business! Finally, however, worn out probably by her persistence, they consented.

So one day there appeared in Moji, in the mountains of Kyushu, a young Japanese woman clad in bloomers, with a pistol in her belt, accompanied by two quaint and rather frightened attendants. At Moji there was no house, so the young financier lived in a hut. She was very short of capital and it required all the steel stamina of the woman to keep her first mine going. But she prospered and as time went on was able to buy many mines, often, though, having to sell them cheap. One mine, which to-day can not be bought for less than a million yen, she was forced to sell for ten thousand yen. But she won out, and they changed her nickname from *Kichigai*, the Crazy one, to *Katarenu*, the Invincible.

When railroads began to be constructed in the Kyushu Province, a statesman was sent there by the Government to manage the enterprise. The place was wild and there was much outlawry, but this statesman has since said that the one thing he feared more than anything else was Madame Hirooka. Why? She was charming and she wanted a railroad built in a remote part of the province over which her coal could be transported. Day after day she visited this poor man, turning a deaf ear to his objections. She would not give up and at last she succeeded. Invincible!

In 1890 she sold her coal interests and invested her fortune in her banking business, in insurance and in fruit culture and mining in the newly opened Korea. And some of it went into the establishment of a Japanese Women's University.

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She was now ready to retire, to put the direction of her affairs into younger hands. But there was no son, only a daughter. However, in Japan, this is not an irreparable calamity. A son may be adopted who will take the family name and marry the daughter. Madame Hirooka consulted with the head of Doshisha University and as a result of their conference it eventually happened that their star student, who was not an eldest son (eldest sons may not be adopted), changed his name to Hirooka and married Miss Hirooka. (Recalling the marriage a half century ago of a certain rebellious girl, we can earnestly hope that this marriage was the result of mutual affection!) The bridegroom is now in America allowing Harvard University to fit him for the formidable duty of managing the Hirooka millions.

Madame Hirooka was sixty-one when she gave up a desultory belief in Buddhism to become an active Christian, and with her usual energy began to study again—this time, the Bible. And now there appears on the lecture platform of Japan an intrepid old lady who holds hundreds of people silent as she urges a higher standard of life and greater freedom for the women of Japan.

I have called her the Hetty Green of Japan. She is that only in her wonderful grasp of the principles of money making. Hetty Green was a dollar worshiper; Madame Hirooka is merely a dollar respecter. Hetty Green ruined banks by withdrawing her money when they most needed it; Madame Hirooka established banks. Hetty Green, when she married, forced her husband to sign a contract agreeing not to touch a penny of her fortune; Madame Hirooka saved the fortunes of her husband and his family from ruin. Hetty Green divorced her husband because of money disagreements; Madame Hirooka, even though she suffered from her husband's practise of concubinage, refused to divorce him. Hetty Green foreclosed mortgages on churches, and ruined them; Madame Hirooka founded a women's university. Hetty Green was very rich, but seldom rich enough to help those in need; Madame Hirooka's riches are made to work overtime in innumerable acts of kindness.

Now, Madame Hirooka, white of hair, keen of eye, at sixty-eight is about to start on a tour of the world.

Song

By Charlotte Becker

THE summer may not bind again
The fallen petals of the rose,
The wind bring back its pilferings,
The sea its sunken spoil disclose.

And love may not regain the heart
That once he held and flung away—
Time has no magic to restore
The vanished hours of yesterday.

Keep This Dish Before You

When you order foods for children keep Puffed Grains before you—these whole-grain toasted bubbles, puffed to eight times normal size.

Remember their attractions—how children's faces light up when they see them.

Remember their exquisite taste, which makes them food confections.

And Also This

Remember, too, that Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are whole grains. They are rich in minerals, etc., which part-grain foods omit.

Whole grains excel flour foods for children, as every mother knows. And this form makes those whole-grain foods attractive.

More than that, these grains are steam-exploded. Every food cell has been blasted, so digestion is easy and complete.

The Puffed Grains, prepared by Prof. Anderson's process, are the best-cooked cereal foods in existence.

Consider all these things—how children love them, what perfect foods they are, and how fitted for digestion.

And there are three kinds, each with different flavor, which avoids monotony.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice And Corn Puffs

All Bubble Grains—Each 15c, except in Far West

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

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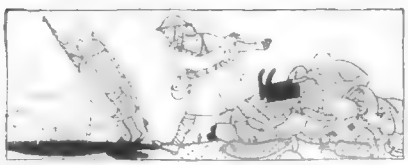
Under *the* Spreading Chestnut Tree

Drawings by Ralph Barton

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.



PAT, a soldier in the American Army, was asked on his return to tell about his successful hand-to-hand encounter with a German.

"I got siperated from the rist o' the min," he began, "and foive o' the villains came charjin' upon me. 'None o' that,' sez I. 'I'll tache ye cowardly spalpeens some o' the rules o' the game.' They wuz husky brutes, but ther wuz wan small wan, and I wuz shure I cud lick 'm. So I sailed into the rist o' thim and bate thim into silence. 'Now,' sez I to me German frind, 'the odds are even, and I'll fight ye.'"

ON THE first day of school in an Ohio town the teacher of the first grade was securing the names of her pupils.

She came to one youngster whose father was noted for his profanity, and said: "What is your name?"

"Bobbie Hughes," was the reply.

"Do you know your a-b-c's?"

"Hell, no; I've only been here five minutes!" was the astonishing answer.

A NEGRO labor battalion had just embarked at Hoboken for overseas duty and, because of a shortage in the supply, only the officers and non-commissioned officers of the unit had been issued life-preservers.

Just before the ship sailed a newly made corporal reported at the troop orderly room and asked to be allowed a word with his captain.

"Cap'n," said the corporal, on being admitted to the office, "ef it don' make no diffunce to you, suh, Ah'd lak to be busted back to a private."

Surprised at this request from a man who had so recently been promoted, the captain asked what the trouble was.

"'Tain't no trouble, suh," replied the corporal. "Ah jes' ain' got no hankerin' to be no non-com," he added.

But the officer was not convinced. He questioned the soldier still further, and finally the corporal made a clean breast of his troubles.

"Well, suh, it's lak dis," he began. "Dey's jes' gi'n me an' de other officers an' non-coms one o' dese yere life-belts. Now Ah's pow'ful much obliged fo' de compliment, Cap'n, an' Ah s'pose dey knows whut dey's doin', suh; but ef dis ship gits sunk wid me in one o' dese yere life-belts, all dem other niggahs in mah squad is sho' gwine to ride me fo' a raft."

TOM, the country six-year-old, presenting himself one day in even more than his usual state of dust and disorder, was asked by his mother if he would not like to be a little city boy, and always be nice and clean, in white suits and shoes and stockings.

"They're not children; they're pets," he answered scornfully.

TWO soldiers from Fort McKinley, Maine, attended a bounteous repast on Thanksgiving Day, and after partaking of the most varied assortment of dishes, the hostess inquired if they would have anything else. One soldier gazed longingly at the fruit, candy and ice-cream, as yet untouched, and remarked: "A little more room, please."

IN A certain New England town they tell of a Tom Mullins who was noted for his shiftlessness. Had it not been for his wife, Tom would not have done a stroke of work on his little farm and garden, for he preferred to sit and read all day.

One evening, after he had been reading a French history with deep interest, he laid down the book and said to his wife:

"Do you know, Ellen, what I would have done if I had been Napoleon?"

"I know quite well," said his wife. "You would have settled right down on a farm in Corsica and let it run to ruin, while you growled about your hard luck."

A NEGRO private had spent long, tiresome months in a camp near New York and wanted to go off on leave. He had a pass, but not the password, and when he came to the sentry the sentry refused to let him go. The negro pulled out his little pass and offered it.

"That isn't enough," said the sentry. "You must have the word."

"You mean that piece o' paper won't let me out?" demanded the darky.

"Have to have the word."

The negro reflected, then he pulled out a razor and began stropping it on his sleeve. "Man," he said impressively, "I gotta father in hell, a mother in heaven, an' a girl in Harlem, an' I'se gwine see *one* of 'em to-night."

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THE WRISTS ON THE DOOR

(*Continued from page 53*)

"What difference does it make to *you* where I go?" asked the boy drearily. "If you must know, I'm going to Maurice's."

Mr. Montagu sprang to his feet. With bitten lips he kept himself silent at this final thrust of the hypernatural, but the damp beads had returned to his brow. His terror lasted only a moment, and in his resurging desire to hold back the boy, he demanded, both curiously and assertively:

"What are you going to *Maurice's* for?"

He had not supposed that there was a particle of color in the pitiful face, but as the boy answered, a delicate flesh-tint seemed to leave it, turning him deathly white.

"I—I want to look at the women," he said.

At his agitation and pallor, the hectic whisper of his voice, above all, the light of fiendish hate that leapt into his beautiful eyes and ravaged their look, a physical sensation crept through the older man from head to foot and held him motionless.

But it was not horror at the boy himself. As he stood there wan and shivering before him, every best instinct in Henry Montagu rushed uppermost, and he felt that he would give anything in his life, gladly devote, if not actually give, that life itself, to set the boy right with the world. And with his terror gone and his horror going, he impulsively walked across the room and stood between him and the door.

"Why do you leave me this way? You mustn't mind what I say to you or how I say it, for it can't be any more abrupt or strange than the way you came here. I don't want you to go to Maurice's. And if you do, I'm going with you."

"No! No!" cried the boy fearfully.

"I don't want you to leave me. I want you to confide in me. I want you to trust me, and to tell me, without fear, what it is you've done."

"No, no, no, no! Don't ask me to!" cried the boy.

"I do ask you to. I have some right to know. I'd be justified in detaining you if I wanted to——"

"You couldn't!" cried the trembling youth passionately.

"I said I'd be *justified*. Are *you*, in dashing like a shot into my life and then leaving me without a word to explain it? I've played host to you gladly, though you've torn my nerves to pieces. Remember how you came here!"

"Yes! Yes!" ejaculated the boy bitterly. "I'm an intruder! I forced myself on you and I know it! God knows I know it!"

"I didn't mean it unkindly. I tell you, I want you to *stay!* I want you to, no matter what you are or what you've done. You've admitted that you've done something—something terrific——"

Desperately sobbing, he hurled himself against it.

"And I have!" cried the boy, his eyes lighting wildly. "At last, at last! I've done it, I've *done* it!"

"And in spite of it, I want you to stay! Whatever it is, I want to protect you from the consequences of it!"

"Look to yourself!" cried the boy. "You'll curse me yet for coming here! Let me go, and protect *yourself!*"

"I am no longer considering myself. I've done that too much in my life, and to-night I'm reckless. No matter *what* the crime you've done——"

"Crime?" His visitor flashed wondering eyes upon him. "You fool! You fool!" Again, the exclamation was like an echo of himself, but Mr. Montagu had no time to entertain the thought, for the boy was stammering out his astonishment in hysterical syllables. "I—a criminal! *I*—I— Oh, I might have *known* it would seem that way to you! But *I*——"

Again under the penetrating gaze his host felt himself morbidly guilty, but there was a thrill of gladness in his heart that now welcomed the grim alternative of the boy's simple madness.

"Stay with me!" he cried. "Sleep here, and rest, and then——"

"Let me go to Maurice's!" cried the boy desperately. "You'll regret it if you don't! Oh, for the pity of God, for pity of *yourself*, let me leave you while I still *offer* to leave you!

Mr. Montagu backed himself against the door.

"Why do you want to go there?" he demanded. "What is it you want to look at the women in Maurice's for?"

The boy hung fire under the determined voice.

"The—the women who go to Maurice's are—are—of a—certain *kind*, aren't they?"

"Some of them—most of them," said Mr. Montagu. "If you've never been there, why do you want so to go? They're not unusual; simply—painted women."

"Painted?" repeated the boy in astonishment. He turned to the portrait. "*That's* a painted woman, too. Aren't they *alive* at Maurice's?"

In his marvel at the enormous innocence of it, Mr. Montagu wondered, for the first time, what the young man's age could definitely be, but in a moment he remembered the one pitiful way to account for the pathetic question, and his voice was very gentle as he said:

"My boy, if you have your heart set on going to Maurice's, you shall go. But surely, after this mysterious time together in my house, and knowing that whatever you may be I welcome your companionship, you won't refuse my request to let me go with you? To say that I've enjoyed it would be to put a queer word to a terrible business that I have no way of understanding. But until you came I was bitterly, hungrily lonely——"

"Don't! Don't!" cried the boy. He had begun to tremble at the earnest tenderness of the voice. "I can't bear it! You don't know what you're talking about! Oh! let me go to Maurice's, and let me go alone! If you insist on going with me I can't stop you——"

"I do insist," said Mr. Montagu.

"But I can plead with you not to! And I can warn you what the price will be! Oh—" and he stretched out his hands in so imploring a gesture that his host could see the dull, dried blood of his cruelly injured wrists—"for God's sake, for *God's* sake, believe what I tell you! *If you leave this house with me to-night, you're lost!*

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Oh, God, God, I see you don't believe me! Tell me this, I beg of you, I demand of you—did you *feel* that I was in the hall to-night, before you opened the door?"

"Yes," said Mr. Montagu.

"Had I made any noise?"

"No."

"Then I can prove to you that I know what I'm saying! I *did* that! I *made* you feel me! Till after you let me in, I wasn't strong enough to make a sound! Yet I made you know I was there! Am I telling the truth, then? When I started to leave you, and now, even now, in warning you, I was doing, I *am* doing, a more unselfish thing, a decenter thing, than any you've ever done in all your years of life! It's because I like you more than I want to! I'm unselfish, I tell you! I *wanted* you to go to Maurice's with me! I intended to make you, as I made you let me in! But if you do, you'll find me out! I'll tell you! I won't be able to conceal it! You'll know the truth about me! You've said all this was mysterious—for your own sake, let it stay so! You needn't think all truths are beautiful, and the truth about me is the most ghastly in the universe!"

"I *want* to find you out," said Mr. Montagu, steadying his voice. "I want to know the truth."

"By that cross and crown of thorns that mean so much to you and nothing at all to me," implored the boy, *"don't go!* I swear to you, *mine is a more terrible secret than any living heart has ever held!* You'll hate me, and I don't want you to! Oh, *while* I don't, while I'm *merciful* to you, believe me, and let me go alone! No loneliness that *you* could ever suffer would equal the price that you will pay if you go with me!"

Though the sense of horror sweeping indomitably through him was worse than any he had felt before, Mr. Montagu's answer was deliberate and resolute:

"I told myself only a few minutes ago that I would sacrifice anything in my life, almost my life itself, to—well, to this. Do you mean that the price would be—my—death?"

He threw every possible significance demandingly into the word, and the boy's voice was suddenly quiet in its tensity as he gazed back at him.

"It would be worse than death," he said solemnly. "If you let me go, and face your loneliness here, there's a chance for you, though I've warned you as it is. If you leave the house with me to-night, you're as lost as I am, and I am irretrievably damned and always have been damned. As truly as you see me standing before you now, the price is—madness."

"Come," said Mr. Montagu, and without another word he opened the door.

AT MAURICE'S, Mr. Montagu led the way to the far side of the big room, threading in a zigzag through the gleam of bright silver, the glitter of white linen, the crimson of deep carnations. Maurice's in its own way was admirably tasteful; as distinctively quiet and smooth in its manners and rich hangings as it was distinctly loud in its lights and ragged in its music. No after-theatre corner of Broadway had a crisper American accent of vice, or displayed vice itself more delicately lacquered. The place was as openly innocent as a street, with a street's sightless and irresponsible gaze for what occurred in it. And nothing remarkable occurred, save the fungus growth of what was to occur elsewhere.

Mr. Montagu, on the way to the table, looked several times over his shoulder, ostensibly to speak to his companion, but in reality to see whether the extraordinary boy was running the gantlet of eyes he had presupposed he would. And each time he met inquisitive faces that were not only staring but listening.

His own conspicuousness was grilling, but it was part and parcel of his insistent bargain; he could understand, quite sympathetically, how the youth's appearance, as awful as it was immaculate, should pound open the heart of any woman alive; and his suppressed excitement was too powerful for him to resent even the obvious repugnance in the faces of the men until he imagined an intentional discourtesy to the boy on the part of the waiter.

TO HIMSELF, the man was over-servile, and elaborately cautious in pulling out his chair, but he stood, with his face quite white, and his back to the boy, and pulled out none for him. Henry Montagu had never yet bullied a waiter, and he did not bully now. But with an icy glare of reproof at the man, he rose and set the chair for his guest himself.

"Shall I order for you?" he asked gently as the boy sat quietly down; and made irritably incisive by the tendency of near-by men and women to listen as well as watch, he emphasized his expensive order of foods and wines, repeated each item loudly to cheapen the listeners, and sent the man scuttling.

In his intense desire to see the effect of the queerly chosen place on his queerly chosen companion, he now turned to him. And as he saw the effect, every shock of the night seemed to recoil upon him. The feeling of mystery; the foreboding, despite his courage and his conviction that the boy was mad, of the imminent unknown; his recurrent and absorbing curiosity to learn the gruesome secret that he had declared; all rushed one by one back upon him, and then as swiftly left him to the simple grip of horror at his face. It was gazing at woman after woman, here, there and yonder, throughout the large room, deliberately, searchingly, venomously, its great eyes and set lips and every tense haggard line fuller and fuller of an undying hate that eclipsed even that which had shaken Henry Montagu before they came. Appalled and fascinated, he looked with him, and back at him, and with him again, to the next and the next. There were women there, and ladies of every sort, good, bad and indecipherable; yet in every instance the childlike, horribly sophisticated eyes had picked their victim unerringly, deterred by neither clothes, veneer, nor manner.

As he stared with him from frightened female face to frightened female face, Mr. Montagu realized shamefully that his own features were helplessly mirroring the detestation of the boy's, and he changed from very pale to very red himself as woman after woman flushed crimson under his gaze. Yet the boy's face grew calm and his voice was perfectly so as he turned at last from his horrid review and met the eyes of his host.

"I see what you meant, now, by 'painted' women. Well, they'd much *better* be dead!"

At the tone, cruelly cool as if he planned to see that they were, Mr. Montagu shivered. "Why, *why* do you hate them like that?" he whispered.

The fierce anger flickered dangerously in the great eyes again.

"Because they're my enemy! Because they and the wicked thing they mean are my prowling, triumphant enemy, and the enemy of all others like me!"

"Oh, my boy, my boy!" pleaded the man of the world, sickly. "You don't realize it, but I can tell you from appearances—some of those women you stared at are here with their *husbands!*"

"So was *your* wife when she came here," said the boy.

Mr. Montagu fell back in his chair with a gasp. As swiftly as it had leapt into his mind, the frightful implication of the words leapt out again in his amazement at the boy's knowledge of the incident.

But the waiter stepped between them with the order, and in obvious terror now instead of simple aversion, clattered it down with trembling hands.

"Go away! Go away!" commanded Mr. Montagu angrily. *"I'll* arrange it! Go!" And the waiter escaped.

"How did you know?" he asked; but without waiting for a reply he poured out the boy's wine and his own, and took a long hasty draft.

"Now, how did you?"

"Oh!" cried the boy piteously. "Don't ask me! I shouldn't have said it! I knew I'd let it out if you came here with me! I'll be telling you everything in a minute, and you'll go stark mad when you know!"

The inference rushed again upon Henry Montagu, a worse vague horror than any yet, and he almost sprang from his chair.

"Are you going to tell me my wife was unfaithful to me, and with—with——"

"FOOL! Fool!" cried the boy. "I wish to God she *had* been unfaithful to you! I tried to make her, I can tell you that! Then there'd have been at least half a chance for *me!* But now that she's dead, there's no chance for either of us, even you! Unless—O God!—unless you'll control yourself and think! I beg you again, I beg of you, *think* again! Go away from here, go now, without asking me anything more, and there's just a shade of a chance for you! I told you there was none if you left the house, but there may be, there may be! Go home, and forget this, and be satisfied your wife loved you, for she did. She kept herself for you *at my expense!* Go now, and they'll let you go. But if you stay here and talk to me, you'll leave this place in manacles! I'm here, *among those women*, and I'm with you! My secret will come out and drag you down, as I planned it should before I began to like you! And you like me, too—I feel it. For *my* sake, then, for God's sake and for your sake, *won't you go?*"

"No!" cried Mr. Montagu, almost roughly in his eagerness. "I don't judge you, but it's your duty, and in your power, to put me where I can! I harbored you, thinking you were a frightened fugitive, and you weren't. I'm your voluntary host in circumstances of mysterious horror and you ask me to quit you in ignorance! I won't! You sicken me with a doubt about the wife I loved— Who are you? What are you?"

"If you believed I knew as much of her

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as I said I did," cried the boy, "why don't you believe me when I assure you that she loved you? What more should *you* demand? I meant everything I said, and more—your wife was nothing but a licensed wanton, *and you knew it!* You ask me who and what I am—so long as she loved you, who are *you*, and what are *you*, to point a finger at her?"

A rush of instinctive fury filled the man, but he felt as dazed at finding himself angry at the beautiful unhappy youth, as if he had known him for years, and he only gasped and stared.

"If you think I'm crazy," cried the boy, "I'll show you, as I showed you once before, that I know what I'm talking about! I'll tell you something that was a secret between you two, and your wife didn't tell me, either! The night you'd been here, after you'd gone home, *after you were locked in your room*, you disputed about this place! She refused to come here again, and she refused to tell you why! But I know why!"

Once more Mr. Montagu gasped and with a thrill of wondering terror.

"Who are you and what are you?" he demanded. "I command you to solve this mystery and solve it now!"

His voice had risen to a shout, but a sudden lump in his throat silenced it, for the boy was weeping again.

"Oh," wept the boy, "if you've liked me at *all*, put it off as long as you can, for you'll make me tell you I hate you, and *why* I hate you!"

"*Hate* me?"

It had struck Henry Montagu like a flail in the face, wiping away his anger, his astonishment at the boy's uncanny knowledge, even his astonishment that the word was able to strike him so.

"I—I've suffered enough through you!" he stammered painfully. "And if I've got to suffer more, I insist on doing it now and getting it over with!"

"Don't! don't! It will *never* be over with!" gulped the boy.

"I'm *through!*" cried Mr. Montagu. "*Who* are you? *What* are you?"

At the determined finality of the voice the boy quivered like a helpless thing, and his stuttering ejaculations came as if shaken out of him by the shivering of his body.

"Wh—*who* am I?"

"*Yes!*"

"Wh—*what* am I?"

"*Yes!*"

Never yet had he been so awful as in the torment and majesty that gazed like fate at Henry Montagu now, and the frightful fire of the eyes seemed to dry up the tears on his cheeks at its first flare of accusing righteousness.

"*I'm the child that you and your wife refused to have!*"

As the aghast man shrank back before his blighting fury, he leaned farther and farther toward him.

"*Now* do you know why I hate you as no human thing can hate? *Your wilful waste has made my hideous want!* Now do you know why I said I'd done a more terrific thing than had ever been done in the world's history before? *I've gotten in!* At last, at last, I've gotten in, in spite of you, and after she was dead! I've done a greater and more impossible thing than that great Mystery the world adores! I've gotten in despite you, and without even a

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woman's help! When we spoke of *that* life once before to-night, I shocked you! Do you believe *now* that my history is more terrible, or not? He suffered, and suffered, and He died. But He'd *lived!* His torture was a few hours—for mine to-night, I've waited almost as many years as He did, and to what end? *To nothing!* God, God, do you see *that?*"

He twisted open his hands and held out his bruised wrists before the trembling man's yes. "For all those years——"

He suddenly drew himself to his full height and threw them passionately above his head in the posture that had haunted Henry Montagu from the first instant's glimpse of him.

"For all those endless years, ever since your marriage-night, I've stood beating, beating, beating at the door of life until my wrists have bled! And you didn't hear me! You couldn't and she wouldn't! You didn't want to! You wouldn't listen! And you—you never have heard that desperate pounding and calling, not even to-night, though even so, with that woman out of the way, I made you *feel* me! But *she'd* heard me, the ghoul! She heard me again and again! I made her! I told her what she was, and that you knew it, and I meant it! Her marriage certificate was her license! She gave you a wanton's love, and you gave her just what you got! And I made her understand that! I made her understand it right here in this place! That's why I wanted to come here—I could see only her picture, and I wanted to see a *real* one of them! Until to-night, I could never see either of you, but I always knew where you were!

"And when you brought her here, I made her look at that enemy of me and my kind that I could always *feel*—those women that she was one of and that she *knew* she was one of when I screamed it at her in this place! For *I was with you two that night! I was with you till after you'd gone home, you demons!* That's why she'd never come near the place again, the coward, the miserable coward! That's why I hate her worse than I hate you! There's a pitiful little excuse for the men, because they're *stupider.*

"FOR the hideous doom of all our hopeless millions, the women are more wickedly to blame, because they must face the fact that we are waiting to get in. God, God, I'd gladly be even a woman, if I could! But you're bad enough—bad enough—bad enough to deserve the fate you face to-night! And now, God help you, you're facing it, just as I said you would! You deserve it because you were put here with a purpose and you flatly wouldn't fulfil it! God only demands that mankind should be made in His image. In a wisdom that you have no right to question. He lets the images go their own way, as you've gone yours. Yet you, and all others like you, the simple, humble image-workers, instead of rejoicing that you have work to do, set your little selves up far greater than Great God, and actually decide whether men shall even *be!*

"You have a lot of hypercritical, self-justifying theories about it—that it's better for them not to live at all than to suffer some of the things that life, even birth itself, can wither them with. But there never yet was any living creature, no matter how smeared and smitten, that told the truth when he said he wished he'd never been born, while we, the countless millions of the lost, pound and shriek for life—forever shriek and hope! That's the worst anguish of the lost—they hope! I've shown what can be done through that anguish, as it's never been shown before. Even the terrible night that woman died, I hoped! I hoped more than ever, for knowing then that for all eternity it was too late, I hoped for *revenge!* And revenge was my right! Yes, every solitary soul has a right to *live*, even if it lives to wreck, kill, madden its parents! And now, oh, God, I've got my revenge when I no longer want it! The way you took me in, the way you wanted me to stay when I'd almost frightened you to death, made me want to spare you! It was my fate that I —I liked you—I—*more* than liked you. And I tried to save you! Oh, God, God, *how* I've tried!"

AS HE stood with his hands thrown forth again and his wretched eyes staring into those of the white-faced man, Henry Montagu met the wild gaze unflinchingly. He had sat dumbstruck and shuddering, but the spasmodic quivering of his body had lessened into calmness, and his whispered, slow words gained in steadiness as they came: "My boy, I admit you've nearly driven me to madness just now. I was close to the border! I can't dispute one shred of reproach, of accusation, of contempt. Your fearful explanation of this night, the awful import of your visit and yourself, have shaken me to the center of my being. But its huge consistency is that of a madman. You poor, you pitiful, deluded boy, you tell me to believe you are an unborn soul, while you stand there and exist before my eyes!"

The boy gave a cry of agony—agony so immortal that as he sank into his chair and clutched the table, an echoing moan of it wrenched from the older man.

"I *don't* exist! Didn't I tell you my secret was more terrible than any living heart had ever held? I'm real to you since I made you let me into your thoughts to-night. I'm real to you, and through your last moment of consciousness through eternity I always will be! But I won't be with you! You don't believe me yet, but the moment you do, I won't be here! And I never can be real to any other creature in the universe—*not even that prostitute who refused to be my mother!* I don't exist, and never can exist!"

"But you do! You do! You're there before me now!" gasped Mr. Montagu through chattering teeth. "How can you deny that you're sitting here with me in this restaurant? I forgive you—I love you, and I forgive you, but, thank God, *I see through you at last!* You're a fanatic, a poor, frenzied maniac on this subject, and you've morbidly spied on and studied me as a typical case of it; through your devilish understanding and divination you've guessed at that conversation between me and my wife, and like the creature I pictured you in my house, a ravening, devouring thing, you've sought to drag me into your hell of madness! But you shan't! I tell you I see through you at last, you pitiful mad creature! You know you're there before my eyes, and just so truly as you are, not one syllable do I believe of what you've told me!"

As the boy sprang with a venomous shout to his feet, all the hate in his terrible being sprang tenfold into his eyes.

"Do you call me 'mad,' and 'creature'? Do you dare deny me, now, after all I've told you? You coward, you *coward!* You've denied me life, but you can't deny this night! The people in this place will let you know presently! I tried to spare you. Though I'd thirsted for my revenge I pleaded with you, *prayed* to you to spare yourself! If you'd stayed in the house, you might have come to your senses and forgotten me! But what hope for you is there *now?* Do you still believe I exist? Look back at the night! Do you remember the portrait? You commanded me to stop—commanded, as you've always commanded my fate, and I was powerless. To me, that was a parental command—from *you*, you who deliberately *wouldn't* be my parent! Did you see me wince under it? If you hadn't done it, you'd have found me out right then! I'm not a physical thing, and I couldn't have moved it! I only *said* I was going to Maurice's! I couldn't have come here if you hadn't brought me! When you wondered, as we were starting out, whether I had a hat, I stooped down in the hall. But you only thought I picked one up! As we came in here, you only *thought* I checked it! Did you see the man stare as you reached out to take my check away from me? Have I eaten or drunk to-night? I've not, for I'm not a *creature!* And mad, I? Look to yourself, as I told you to look before it was too late! You fool, you've been staring inoffensive women out of countenance, with all the hate from my face printed on yours, and in the eyes of all these people you've been sitting here for half an hour talking to yourself, and ordering wine and food for an empty chair! *You* won't ever believe you're mad, but every one else will!"

"So help me God," cried Henry Montagu, white and trembling, "you're there! I swear you're there!"

"So help you God, I'm *there!*" cried the boy frightfully, pointing straight at him.

"RIGHT there, in your brain, there, there, and *only* there! I'm no more flesh and blood than—than I *ever* was, *because, you murderer, you and your damned wife never would let me be!* Well, do you see through me *now?*"

"No! No!" screamed Mr. Montagu. "I *don't* see through you! I don't!" But as he leaned forward to clutch at him in his terror, all that he could see before him was a closed door beyond a dozen tables, a disused entranceway diagonally opposite the one that had let them in. "I *don't* believe you!" he wailed. "Oh, my God, my God, my God, *where are you?*" He turned frantically to the men and women nearest him. "You saw him! There *was* a boy with me, wasn't there? Wasn't there? Yes, see, there, isn't he going for that door? Oh, my boy, my boy!" And he dashed toward it. He heard the terrible screams of women, and chairs and a table crashed in his wake. He reached it. It was locked.

Desperately sobbing, he hurled himself against it.

It seemed to him as if all the men in the restaurant fell upon him. Strong, merciless hands dragged down and pinioned the wrists with which he had beaten against the door.

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Heroic Words of War

By Paul Souchon *Translated by Alissa Franc*

Illustrated by Stuart Hay

THROUGH the war all classes of French society were merged into one, with but a single aim; and the words I have gathered from French newspapers and official documents were spoken by soldiers, by officers, by women or by children; all have the same ring—good French coin! This little collection shows us war-time France, for often a spontaneous word does more to give the reason of victory than does the wisest strategic treatise.

Madame de Castelnau

MADAME DE CASTELNAU lived in the south from the time of the mobilization. Those of her children who were not sacrificing the lives she had given them, beside their father, remained with her.

When the news of the death of Xavier de Castelnau reached the castle, no one dared break the news to the poor mother. So a daughter asked the priest to undertake this for her.

The next morning, at first mass, Madame de Castelnau, according to her usual custom, approached the holy table. The priest had not yet been able to tell her the terrible tidings, but finding himself directly in front of her, he was so distressed that his hand shook when giving her the consecrated wafer.

Madame de Castelnau lifted her head in surprise and saw the priest's anguished look. She immediately understood. In a low voice, as brave before the altar as her husband on the battle-field, she asked simply, with a face as pale as death,

"Which one?"

They and We

A WOUNDED corporal in a hospital told how, while on patrol duty, he had seen the body of a non-commissioned French officer hanging by the feet, his face bashed in with muskets.

"My men and I were furious," he said, "and made up our minds that we'd do the same thing to the first German we caught. That night we found two Germans hidden in a barn. We fell on them and then—as they were hungry we gave them bread. We could not do what they did, for we are not of the same race," he finished with pride.

The Substitute

IT WAS in a military hospital at Bordeaux, and a newly wounded soldier had been carried in.

The Red Cross nurse was surprised to see a middle-aged man, and she read the chart.

"Forty-eight!" said she. "Did you enlist?"

"I'll tell you, ma'am, but it's not worth mentioning. I had a boy, a beautiful boy, whom I loved dearly. He died, and then the war broke out. He would have been twenty-one. So I said to myself, 'I'll go and be his substitute.' "

The Bread of Glory

A GROUP of men for seventy-two hours had been keeping back a force of four times their strength, living all that time on a few crusts of bread and mouthfuls of water. When word came that relief was near and that they would soon get some food, they simply shrugged their shoulders and, pointing to their empty belts, they replied:

"To hold out all we need is cartridges."

Recruits

FOUR or five volunteers in the class of 1914 had just joined their regiment. They had arrived early the day previous and over their trenches flew bursting shells and clouds of black smoke. A veteran looked at one of them from the corner of his eye.

"Well, young man, what do you think of our concert?"

The recruit looked at the last volley of shrapnel.

"It's a bit more real than the movies, isn't it?" was his simple reply.

The Man Who Couldn't Stoop

AN ENGLISH convoy, returning at night from a village with wagons of food for the men in the trenches, was accompanied by a small detachment of French soldiers also carrying provisions. Suddenly a starshell, frequently used by the Germans to discover such convoys, showed up the men as clearly as if it were day.

"Lie down," commanded the English officer. They obeyed at once. All but a single French soldier.

A few seconds afterward a quantity of shrapnel struck the convoy. As if by a miracle the French soldier who had remained standing was unwounded. He was called to order by the officer.

"I am taking some bottles of wine to my comrades and they aren't corked and I was afraid of upsetting them," was his simple apology.

The Last Cigaret

THIS is a touching little story told by a deputy of the guard when he returned from the front:

"We saw two colonials coming toward us. They were carrying a German soldier whose stomach had been cut open, on an improvised stretcher made of two rifles and a cloak. The wounded man was muttering strange words, and a gunner approached to question him.

" 'He wants a cigaret before he dies,' he translated.

"Thereupon one of the poilus asked us for a cigaret, which he slipped between the lips of the dying man, and lighted the match for him.

" 'There you are, poor old chap," he said gently.

"A smile passed over the face of the dying man; he folded his hands as if in prayer, or else to express his thanks. The cigaret fell. His eyes closed. He was dead."

Father and Son

A FIRST lieutenant, son of a general, was killed, dying so bravely that his name was cited in the order of the day.

His father was dictating orders, when an officer stood at attention before him and in a trembling voice said:

"General, your son was killed by a bullet in repulsing the enemy at the front."

The general started slightly, and for an instant remained silent. Then he turned to his officers: "We'll go on with the work, gentlemen."

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The Grave-Digger

A CERTAIN battalion of Zouaves, making a raid, left behind them three dead. A hero among their comrades decided that they must receive burial. This brave chap jumped out of the trench before we could stop him. He took some bricks with him, holding them at arms' length as he crawled on his stomach behind this frail defense. Thus he reached the first body and buried it; though only level with the soil, it yet received funeral honors. The Germans had never ceased firing all this time and the little rampart of bricks crumbled beneath their bullets. Yet the Zouave made for the second corpse. He buried it like the first, hardly a hundred meters from the enemies' trench. His courage almost made the Boches stop shooting. They seemed awed.

Then the daring grave-digger rose and stood erect, unarmed, his spade on his shoulder. Slowly he reached the third body, buried it deep under ground—and not a single shot broke the silence. When he had finished, he wiped his forehead and, still facing the Boche, without once turning toward us, he picked up some bits of wood to make a cross for the graves.

He again rose, appeared to hesitate for an instant, as if searching for something, made a military salute and came back to the trench without stooping an inch. Barely had he jumped in when a volley whistled over his head. His comrades congratulated him in great excitement and asked him why he had hesitated at the end.

"I was wondering if I hadn't something I could use for the three colors of the flag to put before their mugs," he calmly replied.

The Example

IT WAS at Spincourt during a fierce fight and it literally rained shrapnel. We were to go over the top. Our lieutenant looked us over. Did he see fear in the eyes of some? Did he, perchance, dread to read there terror of the enemy? He stood before us, having ordered us to lie down; then, turning half-way toward us he calmly said·

"I will give you one minute to——"

I mentally finished the sentence, "to pull yourselves together." But what he really said was, "to light a cigaret." And from a bejeweled case he took a cigaret and proceeded to light it slowly, with shells bursting around him. He didn't flinch by a hair's breadth. After blowing several puffs of smoke to the shrapnel-filled sky, he took his sword.

"And now, my children, forward," and he pointed to the enemy.

Not one of us lowered his head under fire.

In the Shadow of the Cathedral

SOME German wounded had been laid in a shed beside the Cathedral of Rheims. A bolt of the shed had loosened and by peeping one could catch a glimpse of the prisoners.

"Dirty dogs," growled a civilian, pointing his finger at them; "considering what the Germans did at Rheims they should be made to eat in a pigsty. Look at 'em. They're fat—why do they treat 'em so well? They ought to be shot!"

A soldier had been quietly listening. A simple peasant, he seemed, somewhat heavy and stolid.

"They're not Germans when they're wounded," was his gentle reproach; "they're just men."

Discretion

IT WAS at the Place du Chatelet, Paris, and a small crowd of about fifty convalescents was gathered together. The following dialogue went on between one of the wounded and an inquisitive idler.

"Well, old chap, where were you wounded?"

"In my foot," the soldier quietly replied.

"But in what country?"

"Would you mind asking my captain?" the soldier answered after a moment's hesitation.

"Where is your captain?"

"He's in the place where I was wounded," was the reply.

Important

SHELLS were falling in the trenches. The captain from his loop-hole saw them bursting at several paces from him, when to his amazement there appeared two men bringing him his breakfast in real saucepans. He expostulated with them for being so rash.

"But, Captain, we couldn't let 'em get cold—they're broiled kidneys," was the reply.

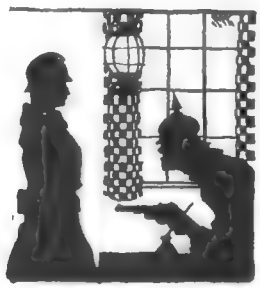
The Tricolor Ribbon

IN A trolley-car in Liège sat a lady wearing pinned to her dress a little tricolor ribbon.

A German officer ordered her immediately to remove the seditious emblem. Three times he repeated his order. She paid not the slightest attention. At last he rose from his seat in exasperation and tore it off her coat. Whereupon with the same calm she looked up at him and said:

"It's easier to take than Paris, isn't it?"

And the officer quickly alighted from the car.



Sergeant Giacomini

SERGEANT GIACOMINI of the Thirtieth Infantry had been ordered to cover the right flank of a certain company with his section. A short distance away he found a group of unarmed German soldiers waving a white flag. He approached them without the slightest hint of suspicion. He had hardly advanced above a hundred meters, however, when some of the enemy, hidden behind a bend in the road, fell upon him, taking him prisoner. His company having been given orders by the sergeant to remain behind, the incident passed unnoticed by them. When, however, he did not return, the men grew anxious and started searching for him. But too late! The Germans had left, taking with them the infuriated French sergeant. Giacomini immediately grasped the enemy's plan when he appeared before the chief of the detachment that had captured him. The officer proceeded to say to him in excellent French:

"You will now take us to your company. If you don't, I shall blow out your brains."

The sergeant clenched his fist. "I'd die first," he replied, glaring at the man before him. But suddenly he calmed down. "I am at your disposal," he stated simply.

Two German detachments a few minutes later started moving toward the French lines. At their head walked Sergeant Giacomini surrounded by Prussian noncommissioned officers. It began to grow dark. About a hundred yards from the French trenches the sergeant stopped.

"Over there," and he pointed to the trenches. Making use of their usual subterfuge some soldiers advanced, waving their arms and calling, "Friends! English, English!"

The French soldiers hesitated for a moment. Perhaps they would have fallen into the trap laid by the enemy. But—"Shoot, they're Germans!" suddenly rose over the shouts of the so-called English.

The French, recognizing Sergeant Giacomini's voice, hesitated no longer. A fierce volley struck the first line of the enemy, who quickly retreated, seeing their trick had failed.

Sergeant Giacomini had lain low before their fire and was thus able to escape and join his company, and it is not difficult to imagine the reception he got from his men. His heroism was reported to his general. He was cited in the order of the day and awarded the military medal for bravery.

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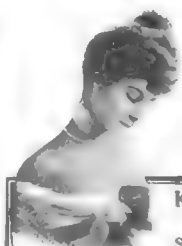

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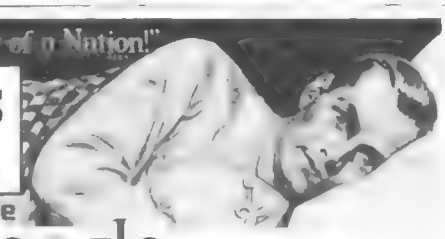

"I Gave My Blood"

AT B——, in the hospital of the Grand Hôtel, a wounded soldier was to have a limb amputated, but as he was very weak the surgeons hesitated.

"If only we could infuse some blood into him."

"Why not use me?" asked one of the wounded, a Breton.

And the transfusion was made. The hospital staff was touched by the man's sacrifice. He was known to be terribly poor and they quietly collected five hundred francs among themselves. The money was brought to his bedside with many thanks for the wonderful service he had rendered.

"See here," was the reply, "I gave that chap my blood; I didn't sell it to him."

The Fisherman

A CAPTAIN off duty was fishing from a bridge which was suddenly attacked by artillery at some distance. After the first shell had burst his men called to him to get out of danger.

"But how can I? I've just got a bite," was his reply.

In Front

ONE morning after a terrible night attack the doctor went to a first-aid station in the forest of Bloante in the Argonne. He found three men lying badly wounded with the Germans still firing over their heads. The doctor recognized one of them as the colonel, with a bullet wound in his chest. They managed to carry the wounded away under fire a few hundred meters behind the line. The colonel was very weak and suffering a great deal from internal hemorrhage. The bullet had made a very small hole in his chest, coming out through his back, causing terrible injury. The wounded man could not feel the wound in his chest and thought himself wounded in the back.

"How on earth did I get wounded in the back?" he shamefacedly asked in a low voice.

"Colonel," said the doctor, "you got jolly well wounded in the chest. The bullet came out behind."

The colonel's strong figure immediately relaxed and he gave a sigh of relief. "That's better," said he.

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Your boy's life!

How much is it worth?

BEFORE November 11th, there was scarcely a home in America which did not daily send up prayers for the safety of its soldier son.

Churches were always open. All through the day, men and women knelt and prayed—silently. But one could hear their prayers as plainly as if they had been spoken.

Before November 11th, you would freely and gladly have given outright your every possession to insure the safety of your boy in France. Millionaires would have *given* their millions. Poor folks would have *given* their homes.

Listen, you whose sons were saved. Listen to one whose son was not.

Your son's life *was* priceless. Your son's life *is* priceless.

Every hour of every day you should send up thanksgiving for what you have been spared.

* * * * *

WHAT saved your boy?

Tremendous preparations for a long war which resulted in a short war. We were to have 4,000,000 American boys in France next Spring. American artillery would have stood wheel to wheel behind the whole American Front. Germany would have had showers–of American bombs.

Then German spies did a great American work.

They dutifully reported America's overwhelming preparations.

Germany saw the end—and quit a full year ahead of schedule.

And now the bill must be paid. Thank God we can pay it with dollars alone—not with dollars and blood both.

The Victory Liberty Loan is your chance to make *your* thanksgiving definite.

The measure of your subscription to the Victory Liberty Loan will, in accordance with your means, be the measure of your thankfulness that the lives of American sons were saved.

Victory Liberty Loan

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"ALL THE BROTHERS WERE VALIANT"

(*Continued from page 42*)

made secure. Old Aaron Burnham pushed forward and tugged at them, and Joel heard him say: "They'll hold him fast, Captain Shore. Like a trussed fowl, sir, that he is."

"Captain Shore." Joel echoed the words in his thoughts. That would be Mark, come into command of the ship again. And Aaron added: "I've set the bolt on the cabin door, sir; not five minutes gone."

Mark laughed. "Good enough, Aaron. You and Varde take him down. Varde, you'll stay in the after cabin. If he tries to get free, summon me. And—treat Mrs. Shore with the utmost courtesy."

Varde was at Joel's side, and Joel saw the twist of his smile at Mark's last word.

They took him down into the main cabin—Varde ahead, then Joel, and old Aaron close behind, his hand on Joel's elbow. Priss met them in the after cabin, crouching in a corner, white and still, her hands at her throat. Her eyes met his for an instant, before Varde led him toward his own cabin. Aaron, behind, looked toward Priss, and the girl whispered hoarsely:

"Is he—hurt?"

"He is not," said Aaron grimly. "We were most gentle with the man, and he made no struggle at all."

Varde thrust Joel into the little cabin where his bunk was; and Joel heard the snick of a new-set bolt on the outer side of the door. He was alone, bound fast.

Before he left the deck, he had heard Mark cry an order to the man at the wheel. The telltale in the after-cabin ceiling told him that the *Nathan Ross* had changed her course again—for Mark's island. In the face of the men he had held himself steady and calm. But now, alone in his cabin, he strained at his bonds, lips cracking over set teeth. He strained and tugged. Hopeless.

No! Not hopeless! He felt the lines yield a little, a little more. Then, with a tiny snap of sound, the coils were loose, and he shook the cords down over his wrists and hands. He caught them as they fell across his fingers, lest the sound of their fall might warn Varde in the cabin outside his door, and—he was still stupefied by the surprise of this deliverance—he lifted the broken bonds and examined them.

A single strand had yielded, loosing all the rest. And where it had broken, Joel saw it had been sliced all but through with a keen blade.

WHO? His thoughts raced back over the brief minutes of his bondage. Who?

No other but Aaron could have had the chance and the good-will. Old Aaron. And Aaron's knives were always razor-sharp. Drawn once across the tight-stretched cord.

Aaron had freed him. Aaron.

He remembered something else: Aaron's words to Mark on deck: "I've set the bolt on his cabin door."

Aaron had set the new bolt that was the only bar between him and the after cabin, where Varde stood watch. Aaron had set the bolt and Aaron had cut his bonds, therefore—the bolt must be flimsy, easily forced away. That would be Aaron's plan. A single thrust would open the way.

He turned toward the door, then caught himself, drew back, dropped on the bunk and lay there, planning what he must do.

XV

THE discovery of Aaron's loyalty had been immensely heartening to Joel. If Aaron were loyal, there might be others. Must be. Not all men are false.

He wondered who they would be. He went over the men, one by one, from mate to humblest fore-mast hand. Finch and Varde were surely against him. Old Hooper—he and Aaron were cronies, and the other mates had left Hooper somewhat out of their movements thus far. Old Hooper might be, give him his chance, on Joel's side.

Old Hooper and Aaron. Two. Dick Morrell? A boy, hot with the wonder and glamour of Mark's tale. Easily swung to either side. Joel thought he would not swing too desperately to the lawless side. But—he could not be counted on. What others were there?

Joel had brought his own harpooner from the *Martin Wilkes*. A big Island black. A decent man. A chance. Besides him, there were three men who had served Asa Worthen long, among the fore-mast hands. Uncertain quantities. Chances everywhere.

But—he must strive quickly. There was no time to sound them out. When his dinner was brought at noon, his broken bonds would be discovered. They would be more careful thereafter. Three hours lay before him.

He set himself to listen with all his ears, to guess at what was going on abovedecks, and so choose his moment. He must wait as long as it was safe to wait; he must wait till men's blood ran less hot after the crisis of the morning. He must wait till sober second thought was upon them.

But there was always the chance to fear that Mark might come down. He could not wait too long.

He could hear feet moving on the deck above his head. The *Nathan Ross* had run into rougher weather with her change of course; the wind was stiffening, and now and then a whisk of spray came aboard. He heard Jim Finch's bellowing commands. Heard Mark's laughter. Mark and Jim were astern, fairly over his head.

There were men in the main cabin. The scrape of their feet, the murmur of their voices, came to him. Dick Morrell and old Hooper perhaps.

It was through these men that Joel's moment came. Finch, on deck, shouted down to them. Mark had decided to shorten sail, ease the strain on the old masts. Joel heard Morrell and Hooper go on the deck.

That would mean most of the men aloft. The decks would be fairly clear. His chance.

He wished he knew where Varde sat, but he could not be sure of that, and he could not wait to guess by listening. He caught up a blanket from his bunk, held it open in his hands, drew back—and threw himself against the cabin door.

It opened so easily that he overbalanced; all but fell. The screws had been set in punch holes so large that the threads scarce took hold at all. Joel stumbled out—saw Varde on the cushioned bench which ran across the stern. The mate was reading a book from Joel's narrow shelf. At sight of Joel, he was for an instant paralyzed with surprise.

That instant was long enough for Joel. He swept the blanket down upon the man, smothering his cries with fold on fold; and he grappled Varde, and crushed him, and beat at his head with his fists until the mate's spasmodic struggles slackened. Priss had heard the sound of combat; swept out of her cabin; bent above them. He looked up and saw her, and he said quietly:

"Get back to your place."

She cried pitifully: "I want to help! Please."

He shook his head. "This is my task. Quick."

She fled.

He lifted Varde and carried him back to the cabin where he himself had been captive; and there, with the cords that had bound his own arms, he bound Varde, wrist and ankle; and he stripped away the blanket, and stuffed into Varde's mouth a heavy woolen sock, and tied it there with a handkerchief. Varde's eyes flickered open at last, and Joel said to him:

"I must leave you here for the present. You will do well to lie quietly."

He left the man lying on the floor, and went out into the after cabin and salvaged the bolt and the screws that had been sent flying by his thrust. He put the bolt back in place, pushed the screws into the holes, bolted the door. No trace remained of his escape.

PRISS stood in her own door. Without looking at her, he opened the door into the main cabin. That apartment was empty, as he had expected. The companion ladder led to the deck.

But he could not go up that way. Mark and Jim Finch were within reach of the top of the stair; he would be at a disadvantage, coming up to them from below. He must reach the deck before they saw him.

He crossed the cabin to a lockfast, and opened it, and took out the two pairs of heavy ship's irons that lay there—spring handcuffs that locked without a key. He put one pair in each pocket of his coat.

There was a seldom-used door that opened from the main cabin into a passage which led in turn to the steerage, where the harpooners slept. Joel stepped to this door, slipped the bolt, entered the passage, and closed the door behind him.

It was black dark where he stood. The passage was unlighted and the swinging lamp in the steerage did not send its rays this far. The *Nathan Ross* was heeling and bucking heavily in the cross seas, and Joel chose his footing carefully and moved forward along the passage, his hands braced against the wall on either side. The way was short, scarce half a dozen feet; but he was long in covering the distance, and he paused frequently to listen.

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He had no wish to encounter the harpooners in their narrow quarters.

He heard, at last, the muffled sound of a snore; and so covered the last inches of his way more quickly. When he was able to look into the place, he saw that two of the men were in their bunks, apparently asleep. The black whom he had brought from the *Martin Wilkes* was not there. Joel was glad to think he was on deck; glad to hope for the chance of his help.

With steps so slow he seemed like a shadow in the semi-darkness, he crossed to the foot of the ladder that led to the deck. The men in their bunks still slept. He began to climb. The ship was rolling heavily, so that he was forced to grip the ladder hard. One of the sleepers stirred, and Joel froze where he stood, and watched and waited for endless seconds till the man became quiet once more.

He climbed till his head was on a level with the deck, still hidden by the sides of the scuttle at the top of the ladder. And there he poised himself, for the last steps to the deck must be made in a single rush, so quickly that interference would be impossible.

He made them; one—three. He stood upon the deck; looked aft.

Mark and Jim Finch stood there, not ten feet away from him. Finch's back was turned, but Mark saw Joel instantly; and Joel, watching, saw Mark's mouth widen in a broad and mischievously delighted smile.

XVI

AT THE moment when Joel reached the deck, the other men aboard the *Nathan Ross* were widely scattered.

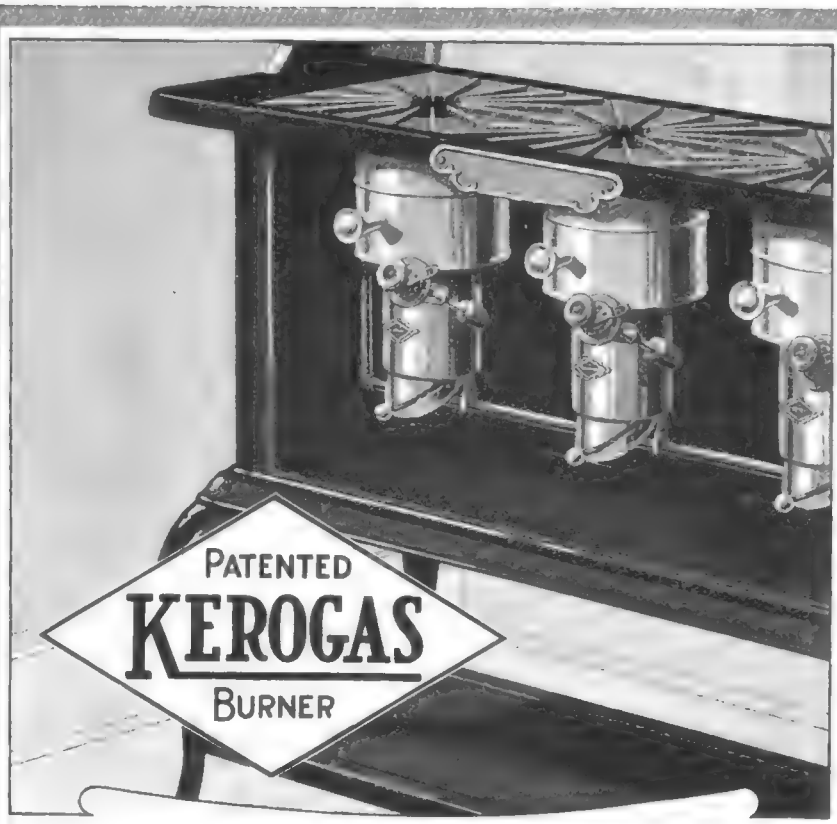
Varde, the second mate, he had left tied and helpless in the cabin. Two of the four harpooners were below, in the fo'c's'le; and the rest of the crew, under Dick Morrell's eye, were shortening sail. In the after part of the ship there were only Mark Shore, Finch, a foremast hand at the wheel, old Aaron Burnham, and the cook. Of these, Mark, Jim and the man at the wheel were in sight when Joel appeared; and only Mark had seen him.

Joel saw his brother smile, and stood for an instant, poised to meet an attack. None came. He swept his eyes forward and saw that he need fear no immediate interference from that direction; and so went quietly toward the men astern. The broad back of Jim Finch was within six feet of him.

What moved Mark Shore in that moment, it is hard to say. It may have been the reckless spirit of the man, willing to wait and watch and see what Joel would do; or it may have beem the distaste he must have felt for Jim Finch's slavish adulation; or it may have been an unadmitted admiration for Joel's courage.

At any rate, while Joel advanced, Mark stood still and smiled, and he gave Finch no warning, so that when Joel touched the mate's elbow, Finch whirled with a startled gasp of surprise and consternation, and in his first panic tried to break away. Still Mark made no move. The man at the wheel uttered one exclamation, looked quickly at Mark for commands, and took his cue from his leader. Finch was left alone and unsupported to face Joel.

Joel did not pursue the retreating mate. He stepped to the rail, where the whaleboats hung, and called to Finch quietly:



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"Mr. Finch, step here."

Finch had retreated until his shoulders were braced against the wall of the after house. He leaned there, hands outspread against the wall behind him, staring at Joel with goggling eyes. And Joel said again:

"Come here, Mr. Finch."

Joel's composure, and the determination and the confidence in his tone, frightened Finch. He clamored suddenly: "How did he get here, Captain Shore? Jump him! Tie him up—you—Aaron!"

He appealed to the man at the wheel, and to old Aaron, who had appeared in the doorway of the tiny compartment where his tools were stored. Neither stirred. Mark Shore, chuckling, stared at Finch and at Joel, and Finch cried:

"Captain Shore. Come on. Let's get him."

JOEL said for the third time: "Come here, Finch."

Finch held out a hand to Mark appealingly. Mark shook his head. "This is your affair, Finch," he said. "Go get him, yourself. He's waiting for you. And—you're twice his size."

Give Finch his due. With even moral support behind him, he would have overwhelmed Joel in a single rush. Without that support, he would still have faced any reasonable attack. But there was something baffling about Joel's movements, his tones, the manner of his command, that stupefied Finch. He felt that he was groping in the dark. The mutiny must have collapsed. It may have been only a snare to trap him. He was alone—against Joel, and with none to support him.

Finch's courage was not of the solitary kind. He took one slow step toward Joel, and in that single step was surrender.

Joel stood still, but his eyes held the big man's; and he said curtly: "Quickly, Finch."

Finch took another lagging step, another.

Joel dropped his hand in his coat pocket and drew out a pair of irons. He tossed them toward Finch, and the mate shrank, and the irons struck him in the body and fell to the deck. He stared down at them, stared at Joel.

Joel said: "Pick them up. Snap one on your right wrist. Then put your arms around the davit, there, and snap the other."

Finch shook his head in a bewildered way, as though trying to understand, and abruptly a surge of honest anger swept him, and he stiffened and wheeled to rush at Joel. But Joel made no move, either to retreat or to meet the attack; and Finch, like a huge and baffled bear, slumped again, and slowly stooped and gathered up the handcuffs.

With them in his hands he looked again at Joel, and for a long moment their eyes battled. Then Joel stepped forward, touched Finch lightly on the arm and guided him toward the rail. Finch was absolutely unresisting. The sap had gone out of him.

Joel drew the man's arms around the davit and snapped the irons upon his wrists. Finch was fast there, out of whatever action there was to come. And Joel's lips tightened with relief. He stepped back.

He saw, then, that some of the crew had heard, and three or four of them were gathering amidships, near the try-works. The two harpooners were there, and one of them was that black whom Joel had brought from the *Martin Wilkes*, and in whom he placed some faith. He eyed these men for a moment, wondering whether they were nerved to strike.

But they did not stir, they did not move toward him; and he guessed they were as stupefied as Finch by what had happened. So long as the men aft allowed him to go free, they would not interfere. They did not understand; and without understanding, they were helpless.

He turned his back on them and looked toward Mark.

Mark Shore had watched Joel's encounter with Finch in frank enjoyment. Such incidents pleased him; they appealed to his love for the bold and daring facts of life. He had smiled.

But now Joel saw that he had stepped back a little, perhaps by accident. He was behind the man at the wheel, behind the spot where Aaron Burnham stood. He was standing almost against the after rail, in the narrow corridor that runs fore and aft through the after house.

The pistols were in his belt, and the two rifles leaned on the rail at his side. Mark himself was standing at ease, his arms relaxed, his hands resting lightly on his hips and his feet apart. He swayed to the movement of the ship, balancing with the unconscious ease of long custom.

JOEL went toward him, not slowly, yet without haste. He passed old Aaron with no word, passed the wheelman, and faced his brother. They were scarce two feet apart when he stopped; and there were no others near enough to hear, above the slashing of the seas and the whistle of the wind, his low words.

He said: "Mark, you've made a mistake, a bad mistake, in—starting this mutiny."

Mark smiled slowly. "That's a hard word, Joel. It's in my mind that if this is mutiny, it's a very peaceful model."

"Nevertheless, it's just that," said Joel. "It is that, and it is also a mistake. And—you are wise man enough to see this. There is still time to remedy the thing. It can be forgotten."

Mark chuckled. "If that is true, you've a most convenient memory, Joel."

Joel's cheeks flushed slowly, and he answered: "I am anxious to forget—whatever shames the House of Shore."

Mark threw back his head and laughed aloud. "Bless you, boy!" he exclaimed. "'Tis no shame to you to have fallen victim to our numbers." But there was a heat in his tones that told Joel he was shaken. And Joel insisted steadily:

"It was not my own shame I feared."

"Mine, then?" Mark challenged.

"Aye," said Joel. "Yours."

Mark bent toward him, with a mocking flare of anger in his eyes; and he said harshly: "You've spoken too much for a small man. Be silent. And go below."

Joel waited for an instant; then his shoulders stirred as though he chose a hard course, and he held out his hand and said quietly: "Give me the guns, Mark."

Mark stared at him, and he laughed aloud. "You're immense, boy," he applauded. "The cool nerve of you!" His eyes warmed with frank admiration. "Joel, hark to this," he cried, and jerked his head toward the captive Finch. "You've ripped the innards out of that mate of mine. I'll give you the job. You're mate of the *Nathan Ross* and I'm proud to have you."

"I am captain of the *Nathan Ross*," said Joel. "And you are my brother, and a —— mutineer. Give me the guns."

Mark threw up his head angrily. "You'll not hear reason? Then—go below and stay there. You——"

There are few men who can stand flat-footed and still hit a crushing blow; but Joel did just this. When Mark began to speak, Joel's hands had been hanging limply at his sides. On Mark's last word, Joel's right hand whipped up as smoothly as a whip snaps, and it smacked on Mark's lean jaw with much the sound a whip makes. It struck just behind the point of the jaw, on the left-hand side, and Mark's head jerked back, and his knees sagged, and he tottered weakly forward into Joel's arms.

Joel's hands were at the other's belt, even as Mark fell. He brought out the revolvers, then let Mark slip down to the deck, and he stepped over the twitching body of his brother, and caught up the two rifles, and dropped them, with the revolvers, over the after rail.

Mark's splendid body had already begun to recover from the blow; he was struggling to sit up, and he saw what Joel did, and cried aloud: "Don't be a fool, boy! Keep them! Hell!" For the weapons were gone.

Joel turned and looked down at him, and said quietly: "While I can help it, there'll be no blood shed on my ship."

Mark swept an arm toward the waist of the ship, and Joel looked and saw a growing knot of angry men there. "See them, do you?" Mark demanded. "They're drunk for blood. It's out of your hands, Joel. You've thrown your ace away. Now, boy, what will you do?"

The men began to surge aft, along the deck.

XVII

THE story of the battle upon the tumbling decks of the *Nathan Ross* was to be told and retold at many a gam upon the whaling-grounds. It was such a story as strong men love; a story of overwhelming odds, of epic combat, of splendid death where blood ran hot and strong.

There were a full score of men in the group that came aft toward Joel. And as they came, others, running from the fo'c's'le and dropping from the rigging, joined them. Every man was drunk with the vision of wealth that he had built upon Mark Shore's story. The thing had grown and grown in the telling; it had fattened on the greed native in the men; and it was a monstrous thing now, and one that would not be denied. The men, as they moved aft, made grumbling sounds with their half-caught breath, and these sounds blended into a roaring growl like the growl of a beast.

To face these men stood Joel. For an instant he was alone. Then, without a word, old Aaron took his stand beside his captain. Aaron held gripped in both hands an adze. Its edge was sharp enough to slice hard wood like cheese. And at Joel's other side, the cook, a round man, with greasy traces of his craft upon his

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countenance. He carried a heavy cleaver. There is an ancient feud between galley and fo'c's'le; and the men greeted the cook's coming with a hungry cry of delight.

Joel glanced at these new allies and saw their weapons. He took the adze from Aaron, the cleaver from the other, and he turned and hurled them behind him, over the rail. And in the moment's silence that followed on this action, he called to the men:

"Go back to your places."

They growled at him; they were wordless, but they knew the thing they desired. The cook complained at Joel's elbow: "I could have used that cleaver."

And Mark touched Joel lightly on the shoulder, and took his place beside him. He was smiling, a twisted smile above the swollen lump upon his jaw. He said lightly: "If it's fists, Joel—I think I'm safest to fight beside you."

Joel looked up at him with a swift glance, and he brushed his hand across his eyes, and nodded. "I counted on that, Mark—in the last, long run," he said. Mark gripped his arm and pressed it, and in that moment the ancient unspoken enmity between the brothers died forever. They faced the men.

One, seeing Mark thus, howled like a wolf. "He's done us! Done us in!"

And another: "They're going to hog it—them two."

The little sea of scowling, twisting faces moved, it surged forward. The men charged, more than a score, to overwhelm the four.

In the moment before, Joel had marked young Dick Morrell at one side, twisted with indecision; and in the instant when the men moved, he called:

"With us, Mr. Morrell."

It was command, not question; and the boy answered with a shout and a blow. On the flank of the men, he swept toward them. And Joel's harpooner and one of Asa Worthen's old men formed a triumvirate that fought there.

They were thus seven against a score. But they were seven good men. And the score were a mob.

IT WAS fists at the first as Joel had sworn. The charging line broke upon them; and old Aaron was swept back, fighting like a cat, and crushed and bruised and left helpless in an instant. The fat cook dodged into his galley and snatched a knife and held the door there, prodding the flanks of those who swirled past his stronghold. Joel dropped the first man who came to him and likewise Mark. But another twined round Joel's legs, and he could not kick them free, and there was no time to stoop and tear the man away.

He and Mark kept back to back a moment; but Mark was not a defensive fighter. He could not stand still and await attack, and when his second man fell, he leaped the twisting body and charged into the clump of them. His black hair tossed, his eye was flaming and his long arms worked like pistons and like flails. He became the center of a group that writhed, and dissolved, and formed again. His head rose above them all.

The man who gripped Joel's legs freed one hand and began to beat at Joel's body from below. Joel could not endure the

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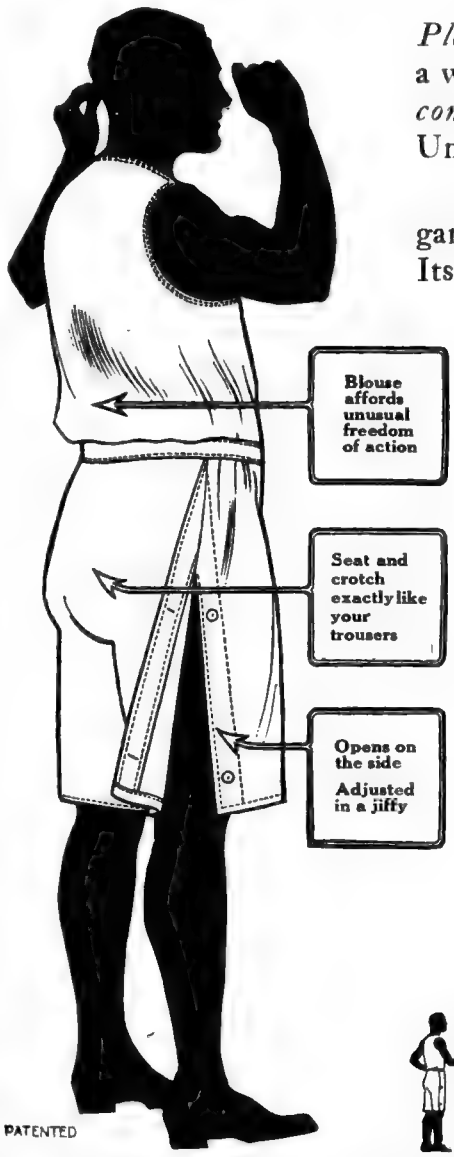
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blows; he bent, and took a rain of buffets on his head and shoulders while he caught the attacker by the throat, and lifted him up, and flung him away. He staggered free, set his back against the galley wall; and when he shifted to avoid another attack, he found his place in the galley door. The fat cook crouched behind him, and Joel heard him shout: "I'll watch your legs, cap'n. Give 'em the iron, sir! Give 'em the iron!"

Once Joel, looking down, saw the cook's knife play like a flame between his knees. None sought to pin him there.

The black harpooner fought his way across the deck to Joel's side. He left a trail of twisting bodies behind him. And he was grinning with huge delight. "Now, sar, we'll do 'em, sar!" he screamed. The sweat poured down his black cheeks and his mouth was cut and bleeding. His shirt was torn away from one shoulder and arm.

"Good man!" said Joel, between his panting blows. "Good man!"

Across the deck, one who had run forward for a handspike came and swept it down on young Dick Morrell's brown head. Morrell dodged, but the blow cracked his shoulder and swept him to the deck. The man who had fought beside him straddled the prostrate body, and jerked an iron from the boats on the davits at his back and held it like a lance, to keep all men at a distance. A sheath knife sped, and twisted in the air, and struck him butt first above the eye, so that he fell limply and lay still.

Mark Shore had been forced against the rail near where Jim Finch was pinned. Big Finch was howling and weeping with fright, and a little man of the crew, with a rat's mean soul, who hated Finch, had found his hour. He was leaping about the mate, lashing him mercilessly with a heavy end of rope; and Finch screamed and twisted beneath the blows.

So swiftly had the tumult of the battle arisen that all these things had come to pass before the harpooners asleep in the steerage could awake and reach the deck. When they climbed the ladder and looked about them, they saw Morrell and his ally prostrate at one side, Joel and the cook holding the galley door against a half-dozen men; and big Mark's towering head amidst a knot of half a dozen more. And one of the harpooners backed away toward the waist of the ship, watchful and wary, taking no part in the affair.

But the other. He was a Cape Verder, black blood crossed with Spanish, and Mark Shore had tied him to a davit, once upon a time, and lashed him till he bled, for faults committed. He saw Mark now, and his eyes shone greedily.

This man crouched, and crossed to a boat—his own—and chose his harpoon. He twisted off the wooden sheath that covered the point, and flung it across the deck; and he poised the heavy iron in his hands, and started slowly toward Mark, moving on tiptoe, lightly as a cat.

Mark saw him coming, and the big man shouted joyfully: "Eh, Silva! Come, you."

He flung aside the men encircling him. One among them held the handspike with which he had struck down Morrell; and Mark smote this man in the body, and when he doubled, wrenched the great club from his hands. He swung this, leaping to meet the harpooner.

They came together in mid-deck. The handspike whistled through the air and down. An egg-shell crunched beneath a heel. Silva dropped.

Mark stood for an instant above him, and in that instant, every man saw the harpoon which Silva had driven home. Its heavy shaft hung, dragging on the deck; it hung from Mark's breast, high in the right shoulder, and the point stood out six inches behind his shoulder-blade. It seemed to drag at him; he bent slowly beneath its weight and dropped, and lay at last across the body of the man whose skull his mighty weapon had crushed.

There were, at that moment, about a dozen men still on their feet; but in the instant of their paralyzed dismay, two forces struck them; two furies: Dick Morrell, tottering on unsteady feet, brandishing a razor-tipped lance full ten feet long, came upon the men from the flank, shouting; and Joel, when he saw his brother fall, left his shelter in the galley door and swept upon them. The fat cook with the knife fought nobly at his side.

The men broke; they fled headlong, forward; and Joel and Morrell and the cook pursued them, through the waist, past the try-pots, till they tumbled down the fo'c's'le scuttle and huddled in their bunks and howled.

A dozen limp bodies sprawled upon the deck, bodies of moaning men with heads that would ache and pound for days. Joel left Morrell to guard the fo'c's'le, and went back among them, going swiftly from man to man.

Silva was dead. The others would not die—save only Mark. The iron had pierced his chest, had ripped a lung.

XVIII

HE DIED that night, smiling to the last. He was able to speak, now and then, before the end; and Joel and Priss were near him, at his side, soothing him, listening.

He asked Joel, once: "Shall I tell you—where—pearls?"

Joel shook his head. "I do not want them," he said. "They have enough blood to turn them crimson. Let them lie."

And Mark smiled, and nodded faintly: "Right, boy. Let them lie." And his eyes shone up at them and he whispered presently: "That was—a fight to tell about, Joel."

In those hours beside Mark, Priss completed the transition from girl to woman. She was very sober and quiet, but she did not weep, and she answered Mark's smiles. And Mark, watching her, seemed to remember something, toward the last. Joel saw his eyes beckon and he bent over his brother, and Mark whispered weakly:

"Treasure—Priss, Joel. She's—worth all. Kissed her, but she fought me."

Joel gripped his brother's hand. "I knew there was no—harm in you—or in her," he said. "Don't trouble, Mark."

WHEN old Aaron had stitched the canvas shroud, they laid Mark on the cutting-stage, and Joel read over him from the Book, while the men stood silent by. Chastened men, heads bandaged, arms in slings. Big Jim Finch at one side, shamed of face. Varde, sullen as ever, but with hopelessness writ large upon him. Morrell and old Hooper.

Joel finished, and he closed the Book. "Unto the deep." The cutting-stage tilted, and the wave leaped and caught its burden and bore it softly down. The sun was shining, the sea danced, and the wind was warm on fair Priscilla's cheek.

And as though, the brief, dramatic chapter being ended, another must begin, the masthead man presently called down to Joel the long, droning hail:

"Ah-h-h! Blow-w-w-w!"

And he flung his arm toward where a misty spout sparkled in the sun a mile or two away. Minutes later, the boats took water, and the *Nathan Ross* was about her business again.

Joel wrote in the log that night, with Priscilla beside him, her fingers in her hair. Priscilla had been very humble, till Joel took her in his arms and comforted her.

He set down the ship's position; he recorded their capture, that day, of a great bull cachalot, and then:

"This day Mark Shore was buried at sea. He died late last night, from wounds received when he fought valiantly to put down the mutiny of the crew. Fourth brother of the House of Shore."

And below, the ancient and enduring epitaph:

" 'All the brothers were valiant.' "

Priscilla, reading over his shoulder, pointed to this line and whispered sorrowfully: "But I—called you coward, Joel." He looked at her and smiled a little. "I know better, now," she said. "So—give me the pen—and close your eyes."

He heard the scratch of steel on paper, and when he opened his eyes, he saw that Priscilla had underscored, with three deep strokes, the first word of that honorable line.

Beginning in the June number—a remarkable new serial

Linda Condon

by the author of "The Three Black Pennys," "Java Head," etc.

Joseph Hergesheimer

The story of a strange and lovely girl against a background of corrupt luxury.

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Wonders of the War

(*Continued from page 70*)

catastrophe and to save many lives by giving immediate surgical service.

Even the business of map-making has been made mobile. Map-making was an exceedingly important part of this war. Almost hourly the air-scouts brought back information about the enemy's guns, his troops and his supply lines. Charted to scale and printed with the least possible delay, copies of these maps were given to the artillery officers in charge of fire control and to the airplane observers who corrected the range. Every feature of the landscape had to be faithfully reproduced upon these maps, so that all of the people who used them could work in perfect harmony.

It was customary to have back of the lines stationary printing plants in which four-color maps could be turned out in from three to four days after receiving the rough sketches. Too slow this for Yankee impetuosity. So Major Wallace W. Kirby of the 29th Engineers, A. E. F., applied the principle of "Handing it to them" to the map-printing business. He invented a three-point-suspension printing plant, mounted it on a motor-truck and proceeded to turn out these four-color maps on the spot in less than twelve hours. It is a bit difficult to predict just how this portable map-printing can be applied to normal peace industry, but, for the next twelve months at least, Europe might perhaps utilize this invention to give its perplexed inhabitants the latest information about their international boundary lines.

What to do with the tanks is rather an intefesting question. In England, they have been putting some of them to use as farm tractors. One ingenious Yankee has suggested that we store our several hundred American tanks on the Mexican border and perhaps hold a tank parade every so often for its moral effect on certain over-enthusiastic banditti.

Seriously speaking, however, great things are coming from this war-time demonstration of mobility of service. We are going to learn through it how to keep our machinery on the job and at work, and if the world ever needed this lesson, it does now after four years of scientific destruction.

During the coming years those of us who travel country roads are likely to see self-propelled machine-shops hastening to the aid of disabled motor-trucks or creeping across fields to succor harvesters or reapers or gang plows that have come to grief. A portable water-works may make the resort its summer abiding place and move back to town in winter. A stamp mill may follow the prospector up the mountain as a whole upon a caterpillar, instead of in parts on mules. Certain it is that the farmer, the lumberman, the miner and the public in general will benefit by the application of the principle of "Handing it to them."

"Linda Condon"

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By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

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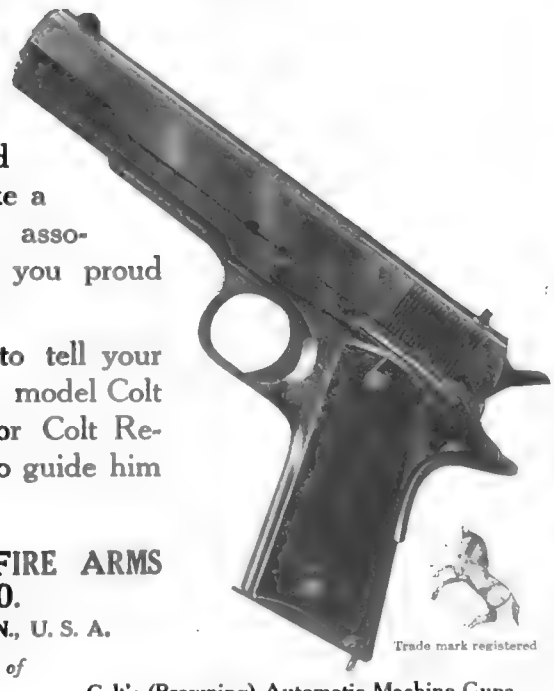

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H. S. V. U. S

FOR BETTER CITIZENSHIP

The National Citizenship Tournament

EVERY year about a million American boys and girls take leave of grammar-school, amid the gentle thunders of leading-citizen orators who try to leave in their chiefly-pleased minds some notion of with what, to what and for what they have been there and are leaving there. Questions worthy all this semi-annual effort, and worthy occasional thought at any time by every citizen, leading or not.

Those million Americans, fortunate enough to continue in school long enough to take part in this affecting climax, have acquired the following principal goods: The three Rs; a few scraps of general knowledge; a few vague notions about our country and its history; perhaps, in these latter days, a little special bread-winning training; and, if a miracle has sent them the teacher, a few elementary dispositions and values of conduct—all primarily and chiefly the rudimentary technical equipment of just *living*.

For this, considering what conquest of difficulties it represents, we should be and are grateful and rejoicing, and so should each American boy and girl be grateful, even in his pleasure of release. The life he goes out to is difficult enough, and every little guiding thread of training or knowledge he has been given for it is an inestimable comfort. But life itself is not nearly so difficult as something else he has to face, not immediately, but in time, and that thing is Citizenship, for it is more apparent to us every day that citizenship, if it is not inclusive of everything in life, is its perfect flowering, its highest and most difficult accomplishment.

Nothing has more clearly appeared in the difficulties and problems of the times than that to regard citizenship as merely an incidental and formal part of life, as, indeed, something apart from life, is soon to make life itself impossible and intolerable. For citizenship means simply that concern with the lives of all which alone makes your own life possible and tolerable. Outside of society, life is not possible for man, and the first concern of a man for his own life must therefore be for the life and strength of the society in which he lives. And the society in which and by which a man lives to-day is not, as it was long ago, merely his family, his town, his state, his class, nor his nation. The social organism which makes his physical and mental life possible has grown beyond and includes all these. It has become the world. Life, to-day, is earth citizenship.

THAT is what citizenship means, and that is why training for citizenship and enthusiasm for citizenship must at least come with the training for life. Not only must it not be forgotten in education, but—what is only beginning to be realized among educators—it must be emphasized particularly and specially in all education. All things, the schools of whatever kind, the home, the church, contribute in some measure to the training for citizenship, but they throw their contributions into the human vessels in the most varied way, some elements lacking, some neutralizing each other, all mixed and their combined potency lost. There must be some agency proceeding from all—the government, the schools, the church and the home and the community—but standing apart from them, which can take their contributions to the building of the citizen and give them organization and direction and force. For citizenship the boy and girl need certain elementary things, good physiques, clear active minds, knowledge, the sense of loyalty, truth, fairness and cooperation, ability and willingness to work. There should be some national institution which, taking these elements which other agencies produce more or less well, will combine and give them meaning and representation in some continuing form.

THE High-School Volunteers of the United States is the first, uncertain step in this direction. It is merely an attempt to unite the boys and girls of America in an organized, uniform activity which in some way will employ, exercise and develop directly the special qualities of citizenship, and represent and embody the idea itself in some permanent manner. We have had to choose as the basis of organization and activity the military cadet corps and military drill. No other material existed or exists in which all the necessary elements may be combined to so well serve the requirements of individual interest, community interest and to so well represent the citizenship idea. But we have never lost sight of the fact that in the idea of citizenship, the military feature is only a part, only the clothes of a bigger idea.

The military atmosphere itself would not suffice to hold the boy and girl to the enthusiasm and the release and development of citizenship qualities we aim at. The competitive activities, games, and the civic and community work all comprehended in the plan of the organization appeal to deeper and more constructive instincts, and it is these we hope to see developed on a national scale. The essential thing is to bring the youth of the country into some active, interesting relation to their community and its life, and to other communities, which will exercise directly their citizenship qualities and build up an interest and enthusiasm which goes beyond their individual lives. Organizations of boys and girls in schools, communities, industrial plants with proper leadership, no matter on what basis their organization and activities are put, so long as physique, loyalty, cooperation are exercised and community interest maintained, will do. Thus far we have found the interschool and intercommunity competitive games of cadet organizations the only available idea which fills these requirements in some measure.

Two years, at the end of school terms, we have tried to bring together the high-school boys and girls of all sections of the country for some formal competitive activity which would arouse their enthusiasms, give an opportunity to display citizenship qualities and symbolize for the whole country the citizenship effort. These activities have been chiefly military and far from complete and representative, but they have in a splendid way drawn the attention of the country to the idea itself. They have been a first crude step toward something that might be made a moving and inspiring festival of the nation—a gathering of its youth and promise to display their strength, honesty, loyalty, cooperation and enthusiasm—an exhibition of the nation's human resource, a Citizenship Olympic.

LAST year the event was clouded and colored by the war. This year, under the sense of the problems hanging over the world whose solution depends more upon other qualities of good citizenship than its military skill, the event may be made a thrilling and inspiring consecration to the task of the times. The events have not been what they should be, partly because of the difficulty of bringing the boys together from all parts of the country under proper conditions, where they could all be together, under discipline, and be carefully safeguarded while participating. This year, under the able direction of Captain F. L. Beals, who is in charge of the High-School Volunteer work in Chicago, the National High-School Volunteer Tournament will be held under conditions which ought to make it the biggest event of its kind.

The tournament will be held at Camp Steever, the annual H. S. V. U. S. training-camp, which, as last year, will be held for eight weeks during the summer under the direction of Captain Beals, beginning July sixth, the place not yet fixed. Those high-school representatives desiring to take part in the tournament will be invited to assemble at the camp on July sixth, to register as members of the camp and to remain for a period of two weeks, though they may register for the entire eight weeks if they desire to do so. The total expense

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involved in this to the student will be one dollar per day for subsistence. The camp, to which many of the high-school boys of Chicago will go, will be under the supervision of the R. O. T. C., and the War Department will furnish all the equipment necessary.

The necessary funds for initiating the camp will be raised locally. The competitions in which those attending the tournament will engage will consist of company, squad and individual competition drills, war-game competition, competition in two-arm semaphore, and wall-scaling competition. They will be under military discipline during the entire time that they are in camp, and when not actively engaged in competition or preparing for it they will be undergoing training. Their health and morals will be most carefully safeguarded during the time they are in camp, they will be given physical examinations and their exercises carefully regulated according to the physical ability of the individual. We want to make it instructive for them as well as a pleasant outing. This will be as much a summer vacation as a training-camp. We are also providing for those who would only go for a period of two weeks. This will give them a two weeks' outing with intensive military - physical training. Twenty-one Army officers will be on duty as assistants, with twenty-one sergeants of the Army also. We plan to have all paraphernalia which is necessary to make a successful camp; Lake Michigan for swimming, Y. M. C. A. secretaries in charge of athletics, and the Y. M. C. A. hut and hostess house, and the interest of other organizations. In addition to the Army officers and sergeants who will be on duty in the camp, some of the teachers of physical education in the Chicago public schools will be on duty.

We plan also to give an opportunity for small boys, from ten to thirteen inclusive, limited to two hundred in number. They will have a director who will be in charge of them, a physician on duty with them all the time, a master of woodcraft and a scout master, as well as a matron who will be a practical nurse. These boys will be given a physical examination every day, and will be safeguarded in every particular.

All high schools or other institutions having cadet corps associated with the H. S. V. U. S. or otherwise are invited to participate. For full information regarding the camp and tournament they should write: Captain F. L. Beals, Board of Education, Tribune Building, Chicago.

THE High-School Volunteers of the United States is a national organization of boys and girls in high schools and other institutions, and in communities, aiming to promote better citizenship by a uniform national plan of specific training, competitions, games, and in other ways.

A High-School-Volunteer Corps may be organized by any group of boys or girls of fourteen to eighteen, in any school, institution or community where the necessary equipment and an instructor or leader can be obtained.

For full information, write Headquarters, High-School Volunteers of the United States, Butterick Building, New York City.

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The BRANDING-IRON

(*Continued from page 65*)

"Ye-es," drawled Betty and looked at him through narrowed lids and she sat with this look on her face and with her fingers locked, when Prosper, not giving her further notice, followed Morena out.

"Jasper," Prosper held his friend back in the middle of a passage that led to the dressing-rooms. "I want very particularly to see Miss West alone. I am very much moved by her performance and I want to tell her so. Also, I want her to express herself naturally with no idea of my being the author of the play and without the presence of her manager. Will you just ask if she will see a friend of yours—alone?"

Jasper smiled his subtle smile, "Of course, Prosper. It's all as clear as daylight."

Prosper did not notice the Jew's intelligent expression. He was too much absorbed in his own excitement. In a moment he would be with Joan—Joan, his love of winter nights!

Morena tapped upon a door. A maid half-opened it.

"Ask Miss West, please, if she will see a friend of Mr. Morenas. Tell her I particularly wish her to give him a private interview." He scribbled a line on a card and the maid took it in.

In five minutes, during which the two men waited silently, she came back.

"Miss West will see your friend, sir."

"Ah! Then I'll take myself off. Prosper, will you join Betty and me at supper?"

"No, thanks. I'll have my brief interview with Miss West and then go home, if you'll forgive me. I'm about all in. New York's too much for a man just home from the front."

Jasper laid his hand for a moment on Prosper's shoulder, smiled, shrugged and turned away. Prosper waited till his friend was out of sight and hearing, then knocked and was admitted to the dressing-room of Miss Jane West.

She had not changed from the evening dress she had worn in the last scene nor had she yet got rid of her make-up. She was sitting in a narrow-backed chair that had been turned away from the dressing-table. The maid was putting away some costumes. Prosper walked half across the room and stopped.

"Miss West," he said quietly.

She stood up. The natural color left her face ghastly with patches of paint and daubs of black. She threw back her head and said "Prosper!" just above her breath.

"Go out, Henrietta," this was spoken to the maid in the voice of Jane the virago and Henrietta fled.

At sight of Joan, Prosper had won back instantly his old poise, his old feeling of ascendency.

"Joan, Joan," he said gently, "was ever anything so strange? Why didn't you let me know? Why didn't you answer my letters? Why didn't you take my money? I have suffered greatly on your account."

Joan laughed. Four years ago she would not have been capable of this laugh and Prosper started. "I wrote again and again," he said passionately. "Wen Ho told me that you had gone, that he didn't know anything about your plans. I went out to Wyoming, to our house. I scoured the country for you. Did you know that?"

"No," said Joan slowly, "I didn't know that. But it makes no difference to me." They were still standing a few paces apart, too intent upon their inner tumult to heed any outward situation. She lowered her head in that dangerous way of hers, looking at him from under her brows. Her color had returned and the make-up had a more natural look.

"Maybe you did write, maybe you did send money, maybe you did come back—I don't care anything for all that." She made a gesture as if to sweep something away. "The day after you left me in that house, Pierre, my husband, came up the trail. He was taking after me. He meant to fetch me home. You told me—" she began to tremble so violently that the jewels on her neck clicked softly—"you told me he was *dead*."

Prosper came closer, she moving back until, striking the chair, she sat down on it and looked up at him with her changed and embittered eyes.

"Would you have gone back to him, Joan Landis, after he had tied you up and branded your shoulder with his cattle-brand?"

"What has that got to do with it?" she asked, her voice lifting on a wave of anger. "That was between my man and me. That was not for you to judge. He loved me. It was through loving me too much, too ignorantly, that he hurt me so." She choked. "But you——"

"Joan," said Prosper, and he laid his hand on her cold and rigid fingers, "I loved you, too."

She was still and stiff. After a long silence she seemed to select one question from a tide of them:

"Why did you leave me?"

"I wrote you a full explanation. The letter came back to me unread."

Again Joan gave the laugh and the gesture of disdain.

"That doesn't matter—your loving or not loving. You made use of me for your

"Good night!" It was a graceful and dignified dismissal.

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own ends and when you saw fit, you left me. But that's not my complaint. I don't say I didn't deserve that. I was easy to use. But it was all based on what wasn't true. I was married, my man was living, and I had dealings with you. That was sin. That was horrible. That was what my mother did. She was a——" Joan used the coarse and ugly word her father had taught her and Prosper laid a hand over her mouth.

"Joan! No! Never say it, never think it. You are clean."

Joan twisted herself free, stood up and walked away. "I am *that*," she said grimly, "and it was you that made me. You took lots of trouble to make me see things in a way where nothing a person wants is either right or wrong. You made me thirsty with your talk and your books and your music and when I was tormented with thirst, you came and offered me a drink of water. That was it. I don't care about your not marrying me. I still don't see that that has much to do with it, except perhaps that a man would be caring to give any woman he rightly loves whatever help or cherishing or gifts the world has decided to give her. But you see, Prosper, we didn't start fair. You knew that Pierre was alive."

"But, Joan, you say yourself that marrying——"

She stopped him with so fierce a gesture that he flinched. "Yes. Pierre did rightly love me. He gave his best as he knew it. Oh, he was ignorant, a savage, I guess, like I was. But he did rightly love me. He was not trying to break my spirit nor to tame me, nor to amuse himself with me, nor to give me a longing for beauty and easiness and then leave me to fight through my own rough life without any of those things. Did you really think, Prosper Gael, that I would stay in your house and live on your money till you should be caring to come back to me—if ever you would care? Did you honestly think that you would be coming back—as my lover? No. Whatever it was that took you away, it was likely to keep you from me for always, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said Prosper in a muffled voice, "it was likely to. But, Joan, Fate was on your side. Since I have been yours, I haven't belonged to any one but you. You've put your brand on me."

"I don't want to hear about you," Joan broke in. "I am done with you. Have you seen this play?"

"Yes." He found that in telling her so he could not meet her eyes.

"Well, the man who wrote that knew what you are, and, if he didn't, every one that has seen me act in it, knows what you are." She paused, breathing fast and trembling. "Good-by," she said.

HE WENT vaguely toward the door, then threw up his head defiantly. "No," he said, "it's not going to be good-by. I've found you. You must let me tell you the truth about myself. Come, Joan, you're as just as Heaven. You never read my explanations. You've never heard my side of it. You'll let me come to see you and you'll hear me out? Don't do me an injustice. I'll leave the whole thing in your hands after that. But you must give me that one chance."

"Chance?" repeated Joan. "Chance for what?"

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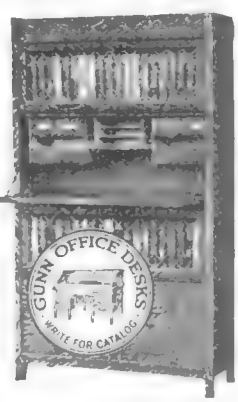

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"Oh"—Prosper flung up his lithe, long hands—"Oh, for nothing but a cleansing in your sight. I want what forgiveness I can wring from you. I want what understanding I can force from you. That's all."

She thought, standing there, still and tall, her arms hanging, her eyes wide and secret as he had remembered them, in her thin, changed, so much more expressive face.

"Very well," she said, "you may come. I'll hear you out." She gave him the address and named an afternoon hour. "Good night!"

It was a graceful and dignified dismissal. Prosper bit his lip, bowed and left her.

As the door closed upon her he knew that it had closed upon the only real and vivid presence in his life. War had burnt away his glittering, clever frivolity. Betty was the adventure, Betty was the tinsel; Joan was the grave, predestined woman of his man. For the first time in his life he found himself face to face with the cleanness of despair.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Aftermath

JOAN waited for Prosper on the appointed afternoon. There was a fire on her hearth and a March snow-squall tapped against the window-panes. The crackle of the logs inside and that eery light sound outside were so associated with Prosper that even before he came, Joan, sitting on one side of the hearth, closed her eyes and felt that he must be opposite to her in his red-lacquered chair, his long legs stuck out in front, his amused and greedy eyes veiled by a cloud of cigaret smoke.

Since she had seen him at the theatre she had been suffering from sleeplessness. At night she would go over the details of their intercourse, seeing them, feeling them, living them in the light of later knowledge, till the torment was hardly to be borne. Three days and nights of this inner activity had brought back that sharp line between her brows and the bitter tightening of her lips.

This afternoon she was white with suspense. Her dread of the impending interview was like a physical illness. She sat in a high-backed chair, hands along the arms, head resting back, eyes half closed, in that perfect stillness of which the animal and the savage are alone entirely capable. There were many gifts that Joan had brought from the seventeen years on Lone River. This grave immobility was one. She was very carefully dressed in a gown that accentuated her height and dignity.

And she wore a few jewels. She wanted, pitifully enough, to mark every difference between this Joan and the Joan whom Prosper had drawn on his sled up the cañon trail. If he expected to force her back into the position of enchanted leopardess, to see her "lie at his feet and eat out of his hand," as Morena had once described the plight of *Zona*, he would see at a glance that she was no longer so easily mastered.

In fact, sitting there, she looked as proud and perilous as a young Medea, black-haired, with long throat and cold, malevolent lips. It was only in the eyes, those gray, unhappy, haunted eyes, that Joan gave away her eternal simplicity of heart. They were unalterably tender and lonely and hurt. It was the look in them that had prompted Shorty's description: "She's plum movin' to me—looks about half-way between 'You go to Hell' and 'You take me in your arms to rest.'"

Prosper was announced, and Joan, keeping her stillness, merely turned her head toward him as he came into the room.

She saw his rapid observation of the room, of her, even before she noticed the very apparent change in him. For he, too, was haggard and utterly serious as she did not remember him. He stood before her fire and asked her jerkily if she would let him smoke. She said "Yes," and those were the only words spoken for five unbearable minutes, the seconds of which her heart beat like a shaky hammer in some worn machine.

Prosper smoked and stood there looking now at her and now at the fire. At last, with difficulty, he smiled. "You are not going to make it easy for me, are you, Joan?"

For her part, she was not looking at him. She kept her eyes on the fire, and this averted look distressed and irritated his nerves.

"I am not trying to make it hard," she said; "I want you to say what you came to say and go."

"Did you ever love me, Joan?"

He had said it to force a look from her, but it had the effect only of making her more still, if possible.

"I don't know," she said slowly, answering with her old directness; "I thought you needed me. I was alone. I was scared of the emptiness when I went out and looked down the valley. I thought Pierre had gone out of the world, and there was no living thing that wanted me. I came back, and you met me, and you said—" she closed her eyes and repeated his speech as though she had just heard it, "'Don't leave me, Joan.'"

HER voice was more than ever before moving and expressive. Prosper felt that half-forgotten thrill. The muscles of his throat contracted. "Joan, I did want you. I spoke the truth," he pleaded.

She went on, with no impatience, but very coldly, "You came to tell me your side. Will you tell me please?"

For the first time she looked into his eyes and he drew his breath at the misery of hers.

"I built that cabin, Joan," he said, "for another woman."

"Your wife?" asked Joan.

"No."

"For the one I said must have been like a tall child? She wasn't your wife? She was dead?"

Prosper shook his head. "No. Did you think that? She was a woman I loved at that time very dearly, and she was already married to another man."

"You built that house for her? I don't understand."

"She had promised to leave her husband and to come away with me. I had everything ready, those rooms, those clothes, those materials, and when I went out to get her I had a message saying that her courage had failed her and that she wouldn't come."

"She was a better woman than me," said Joan bitterly.

"By God, she was not! She sent me down to hell. I couldn't go back to the East again. I had laid very careful and

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elaborate plans. I was trapped out there in that horrible winter country."

"It was not horrible," said Joan violently; "it was the most wonderful, beautiful country in all the world," and tears ran suddenly down her face.

But she would not let him come near to comfort her. "Go on," she said presently.

"Before you came, Joan," Prosper went on, "it was horrible. It was like being starved. Everything in the house reminded me of—her. I had planned it all very carefully, and we were to have been—happy. You can fancy what it was to be there alone."

Joan nodded. She *was* just and she was honestly trying to put herself in his place. "Yes," she said, "if I had gone back and Pierre had been dead, his homestead would have been like that to me."

"It was because I was so miserable that I went out to hunt. I'd scour the country all day and half the night to tire myself out so that I could get some sleep. I was pretty far from home that moonlight night when I heard you scream for help."

Joan's face grew whiter. "Don't tell me about that," she pleaded.

He paused, choosing another opening. "After I had bandaged you and told you that Pierre was dead—I honestly thought he was—I didn't know what to do with you. You couldn't be left, and there was no neighbor nearer than my own house; besides, I had shot a man, and, perhaps—I don't know, maybe I was influenced by your beauty, by my own crazy loneliness. You were very beautiful and very desolate. I was in a fury over the brute's treatment of you."

"Hush," said Joan, "you are not to talk about Pierre."

Prosper shrugged. "I decided to take you home with me. I wanted you desperately, just, I believe, to take care of, just to be kind to—truly, Joan, I was lonely to the point of madness. Some one to care for, some one to talk to, was absolutely necessary to save my reason. So, when I was leading you out, I—I saw Pierre's hand move——"

Joan stood up. After a moment she controlled herself with an effort and sat down again. "Go on. I can stand it," she said.

'AND I thought to myself—'The devil is alive and he deserves to be dead. This woman can never live with him again. God wouldn't sanction such an act as giving her back to his hands.' And I was half mad myself. I'd been alone so long. I stood so you couldn't see him, Joan, and I threw an elk-hide over him and led you out."

"I followed you; I didn't look at Pierre. I left him lying there," gasped Joan.

Prosper went on monotonously: "When I came back a week later I thought he would be dead. It was dusk, the wind was blowing, the snow was driving in a scud. I came down to the cabin and dropped below the drift by that northern window, and the second I looked in I dropped out of sight. There was a light and a fire. Your husband was lying before the fire on a cot. There was another man there, your Mr. Holliwell; they were talking; Holliwell was dressing Pierre's wound. I went away like a ghost, and while I was going back I thought it all out, and I decided to keep you for myself. I suppose," said Prosper

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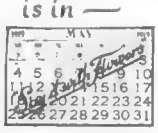

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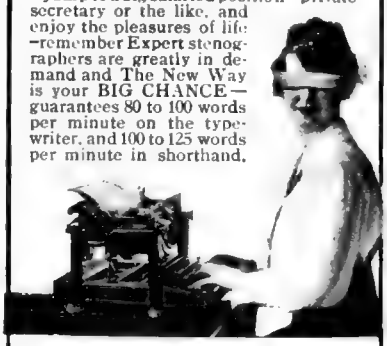

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dully, "that was a horrible sin. I didn't see it that way then. I'm not sure I see it that way now. Pierre had tied you up and pressed a white-hot iron into your bare shoulder. If you went back to him, if he took you back, how was I to know that he might not repeat his drunken deviltry, or do worse, if anything could be worse! It was the act of a fiend. It put him out of court with me. Whatever I gave you, education and beauty and ease, would be better and happier for you than life with such a brute as Pierre!"

"Stop!" said Joan between her teeth; "you know nothing of Pierre and me; you only know that one dreadful night. You don't know—the rest."

"I don't want to know the rest," he said sharply; "that is enough to justify my action. I thought so then and I think so now. You won't be able to make me change that opinion."

"I shall not try," said Joan.

He accepted this and went on. "When I found you in your bed waiting for news of Pierre, I thought you the most beautiful, pitiful thing I had ever seen. I loved you then, Joan, *then*. Tell me, did I ever in those days hurt you or give you a moment's anxiety or fear?"

"No," Joan admitted, "you did not. In those days you were wonderful, kind and patient with me. I thought you were more like God than a human then."

Prosper laughed with bitterness. "You thought very wrong; but, according to my own lights, I was very careful of you. I meant to give you all I could and I meant to win you with patience and forbearance. I had respect for you and for your grief and for the terrible thing you had suffered, Joan, but now you know better what the world is. Can you reproach me so very bitterly for our—happiness, even if it was short?"

"YOU lied to me," said Joan. "It wasn't just. We didn't start ev n. And—you knew what you wanted of me—I never guessed."

"You didn't? You never guessed?"

"No. Sometimes, toward the last, I was afraid. I felt that I ought to go away. That day I ran off—you remember—I was afraid of you. I felt you were bad and that I was bad, too. Then it seemed to me that I'd been dreadfully ungrateful and unkind. That was what began to make me give way to my feelings. I was sorrowful because I had hurt you and you so kind! The day I came in with that suit, and spoke of—her as a 'tall child' and you cried, why, I felt so sorrowful that I'd made you suffer. I wanted to comfort you, to put my hands on you in comfort; like a mother I felt. And you went out like you was angry, and stayed away all night as though you couldn't bear to be seeing me again in your house that you had built for her. So I wrote you my letter and went away. And then—it was all so awful cold and empty. I didn't know Pierre was out there. I came back."

They were both silent for a long time and in the silence the idyl was relived. Spring came again with its crest of green along the cañon, and the lake lay like a turquoise drawing the glittering peak down into its heart.

The next instalment of ***"The Branding-Iron"*** *will appear in the June number.*

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POETRY *of the* WAR

"Unknown"

By Private Paul G. Smith

NOBODY knowed where he come from, er why
(Not that it mattered a bit).
A feller in blue asked him, "Ready to try?"
An' he simply answered, "I'm it."

Nobody cared when the train pulled out
(Not that it mattered much).
Nobody shot him a chummy shout—
"Come home when you've beat the Dutch."

Nobody missed him while he was down
At the camp, l'arnin' to fight,
An' there wasn't a line in the mail fer him,
When he come in, tired, at night.

Nobody waved no hankychief
When his boat put out to sea,
An' nobody yelled, "You lucky stiff!
Be sure and write to me."

Nobody sent him boxes of truck
When he lit on the other shore,
An' when he went sloggin' along in the muck,
No one cared if his carcass was sore.

An' when they found him—face down in the mud,
With his mitt still grippin' his gun,
An' the front of his jacket all gummy with blood,
They just says: "Well, this bird is done."

An' no tears was shed when they published his name
In type that was pretty blame small.
He was just one guy more who had finished the game;
Another man less—that was all.

But I reckon God seen him—an' stooped from above,
Picked him out o' the slime where he lay,
An' put back the gun he was grippin' so tight,
An' brushed all the bloodstains away,

An' then sized him up—all the things that he did,
All the goodness, an' badness, an' sin—
An' He smiled on this chap, that was nobody's pal.
An', taking his hand, led him in.

The Veterans

By Clarence Elmer

DAD used to sit and tell "Our Jim"
Of the things that were "done" and "seen" by him—
At Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville,
Williamsburg and Malvern Hill—
When he "fit" in the Civil War.
And the kid would thrill at the tales he'd weave
And his hand would steal toward the empty sleeve,
Then he'd whisper, "Gran'dad, 'fore you leave,
Please tell about *this* once more."

Well, things are just the reverse to-day.
Dad listens, and "*Our Jim*" tells of the fray
And the havoc wrought by shot and shell—
At Bellecourt and Mont Kemmel,
St. Quentin, Cambrai and Champagne—
And Dad just sits with his eyes aglow
And takes Jim's crutch and holds it—so—
Then he says in a voice quite husky and low—
"Jim, tell about *this* again."

From a Full Heart

By A. A. Milne

The following, reprinted by the courtesy of Punch, seems to us the best example of the poems that show with a saving humor the horror of war.—The Editors.

IN DAYS of peace my fellow men
Rightly regarded me as more like
A bishop than a major-gen.,
And nothing since has made me warlike;
But when this age-long struggle ends
And I have seen the Allies dish up
The goose of Hindenburg—oh, friends!
I shall out-bish the mildest bishop.

When the war is over and the Kaiser's out of print,
I'm going to buy some tortoises and watch the beggars sprint;
When the war is over and the sword at last we sheathe,
I'm going to keep a jellyfish and listen to it breathe.

I never really longed for gore,
And any taste for red corpuscles
That lingered with me left before
The German troops had entered Brussels.
In early days the colonel's " 'shun!"
Froze me; and, as the war grew older,
The noise of some one else's gun
Left me considerably colder.

When the war is over and the battle has been won,
I'm going to buy a barnacle and take it for a run;
When the war is over and the German fleet we sink,
I'm going to keep a silkworm's egg and listen to it think.

The captains and the kings depart—
It may be so, but not lieutenants;
Dawn after weary dawn I start
The never-ending round of penance;
One rock amid the welter stands
On which my gaze is fixed intently—
An after-life in quiet lands
Lived very lazily and gently.

When the war is over and we've done the Belgians proud,
I'm going to keep a chrysalis and read to it aloud;
When the war is over and we've finished up the show
I'm going to plant a lemon-pip and listen to it grow.

Oh, I'm tired of the noise and the turmoil of battle,
And I'm even upset by the lowing of cattle,
And the clang of the bluebells is death to my liver,
And the roar of the dandelion gives me a shiver,
And a glacier, in movement, is much too exciting,
And I'm nervous, when standing on one, of alighting—
Give me peace; that is all, that is all that I seek—
Say, starting on Saturday week.

Returned Refugee

By Corporal Ralph Linton
149th Field Artillery, U. S. A.

THEY fought like hell around the place,
But, when we had cleared out the Huns,
A thin old man with eager face
Went up there, heedless of the guns.

Horses and men and guns all day
Streamed northward past the shattered farm:
But he sat staring far away,
A cracked gilt mirror 'neath his arm.

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Broadway

By W. D. McCrackan

WAY down in Bowling Green
I learn to toe the mark,
I dip my feet in the bay
And lose my head in the Park.

Good-by, O quiet spot!
So long, O smell of salt!
I sha'n't get any rest
Till Harlem calls a halt!

Ah, why am I a street
Where people buy and sell?
I want to be a road
And with the hayseeds dwell!

Move up forward!
Hear the gong.
Step up lively!
Push along!

At first I'm just a cañon,
Where buildings fence me in;
They're mostly bare outside,
But full of gold within.

I reach a spire and street,
And watch their little games.
It's Trinity Church and Wall
That call each other names.

Move up forward!
Hear the gong.
Step up lively!
Shove along!

I pass the City Hall,
My bones begin to crack,
For lines of cable-cars
Creep up and down my back!

If I am very good
And bear my heavy load,
When I get out of town
I'll be a country road.

Then come hotels and shows,
Apartments by the Park,
Where "all the rooms are light,"
But most of them are dark.

Ah, why am I a street?
My heart for nature sighs.
I want to be a road
And feel the open skies.

I want to see the trees,
To hear the birdies sing;
I want to smell the grass
And make the forest ring.

If I am very good
And bear my heavy load,
Perhaps I'll go to heaven
And be a country road.

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Behind the Extras

By Brenda Ueland

WHEN a great man lies dying, two strangely conflicting scenes take place at his mansion. One is at his death-bed where his distracted wife presses his cold hand. At the same time, lounging on the front steps of his house, or asking questions of the kitchen maids at the back door are a great number of newspaper reporters; smoking, talking, cursing the winter night, bribing the great man's butler with cigars, kidding the great man's nightwatchman, and every half-hour running over to the nearest telephone to give their city editors the latest news. They are the death-watch, waiting with fairly good-humored impatience for the great man to die. Do the aged great realize the ghoulish interest that every newspaper takes in their slightest ache or pain?

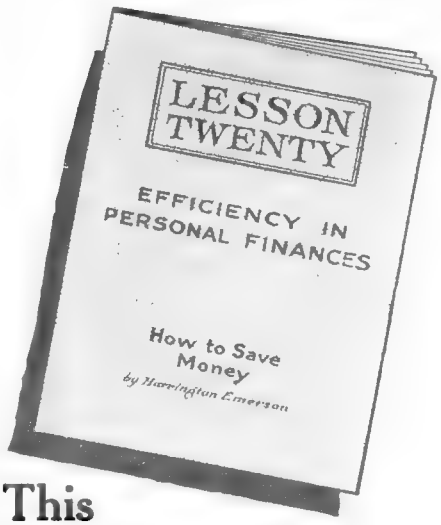
This is what happens: A great financier does not appear at his office for a few days. It is learned that he is "slightly indisposed." The city editor of every newspaper and the editors of the various news services tell a man to call up the financier's doctor. "Only a slight cold," says the doctor the first day. "He is resting well."

"Only a slight cold," says the doctor the second day. "He will be well enough to attend the directors' meeting to-morrow." But city editors are on to the professional optimism of doctors, so a cub reporter is sent out to the financier's house. He talks to the doctors, the nurses, the servants. He watches all night long and never leaves his post until relieved in the morning by another man. In the meantime, in every newspaper office, the financier's obituary, written years and years ago, is taken out and dusted, brought up to date and made ready to shoot to press the instant the G. M. breathes his last.

The death-watch does wonders toward developing the resourcefulness of young reporters. A certain such youth, now president of a big publishing company, was watching with the most scrupulous care the slowly declining health of a famous old man. The young reporter, who had a great deal of charm and adaptability, struck up an acquaintance with his unwitting charge and called on him every few days. The old man was pleased and complimented; the bright young chap took such an interest in his views and experiences! But the old man declined so gradually that the reporter was forced to make other arrangements. The old man's butler had a brother who was a druggist on the corner. The three fixed up a signal system. If the old man was worse, the butler told the druggist, and the druggist put a light in the big blue vase in the window. If the old man was doing better, he put a light in the red vase; if the old man was dead, both vases would be dark. As the reporter's street-car went by the drug-store, he had nothing more to do than yawn and make a memo once a day.

There was an extraordinary death watch for General Grant. His was a terrible and epic death. For the last two years of his life he was slowly dying of cancer of the throat; at the same time he was writing his memoirs, which were to save his family from disgrace and poverty, and he was the center of a noisy political tumult. For months and months, literally, a crowd of newspaper men sat outside his house day and night, waiting for his death, expecting it hourly. They formed a society, a fraternity—these watchers, so long and close had been their association. Then to everybody's surprise, the dying man seemed to get better. He got up and walked. He worked vigorously. He ate solid food. The newspaper men were irritated, not necessarily because Grant was going to live, but because the doctors who were taking care of him didn't seem to know what they were talking about, and several embittered reporters began issuing fake bulletins, making fun of the doctors. "Grant Thinks Doctors Will Pull Through." "A Bad Day for the Doctors—General Grant Watching Them Closely," and so forth. The doctors lost their temper and refused to issue any more of their regular bulletins. But in the end they were right, for he did die a few weeks later.

Before the war and the present days when all the big news from abroad comes over the cables, a scoop was a scoop. And sometimes an adroit death-watcher was able to pull one off. When President McKinley was dying, for several days it was believed that he would recover. A certain reporter won one of the many doctors attending the wounded man. One day when the physicians came out of the sick man's chamber, this particular physician mopped his forehead with his handkerchief. The innocent-looking gesture meant that the President was dead. While the group of physicians passed on into an adjoining room to fill out the formal announcement, our hero, the reporter who had understood the signal, slipped out, grabbed a telephone and told his city editor. This fifteen-minute lead over the others constituted a scoop—an Extra, meaning money and prestige for the paper and—for the reporter—a raise!



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TWENTY PER CENT. POTTER

(*Continued from page 48*)

they'll promptly put the screws to him."

"Will they?" sneered Petersen. "And have Potter come out with a page telling about it? Where would we get off?"

Mr. Drew dodged the question, for, in truth, he was not sure where they would get off. So he remarked, to fill in the gap: "The way Potter figures he really makes a forty-four per cent. gross profit, though the odd four doesn't show to the customer. He can get by on that. Yes, and make money—if he can stick."

"We got to see he don't stick, not if he keeps on like he's started," was the growled retort. "What's the matter with the blasted fool anyway? Everybody's soaking everybody else these days, and nobody putting up any great holler. What does he want to start 'em beefing for? Is he crazy?"

"Perhaps we are," Drew offered with a weak grin. "Perhaps all this prosperity has gone to our heads."

"O Lord!" Petersen scanned him in disgust. "Potter's ad is working on you, too! See here, Drew. I'm as good an American as the best of 'em. I'd like somebody to tell me to my face I ain't. Liberty Bonds, War Stamps, Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., I'm in on 'em all. And why? 'Cause I'm making money. I can afford it. It don't pinch me none. Potter calls it profiteering. All right, call it what you damn please. They are doing it all down the line from Washington to Waycross. Why shouldn't I? When everybody stops I'll stop. But you can bet your life that while the plums are falling I'm going to hold my hat under the tree."

Mr. Drew appeared to derive comfort from this stout avouchment of faith. He brightened. "I reckon you are right," he said. "How are you going to handle Potter?"

Petersen hitched his chair closer.

"WE CAN'T fight him in the papers, Drew; it would give our hand away. And we won't cut prices here, not yet. We'll go at him where he lives—in Anderson. It's his store there that's supporting this. I been looking into things in Anderson ever since I knew Potter was going to open up here, and there's a place—been vacant a long time—we can get across the street from him on short-term lease——"

"What's all this? I don't understand," interjected Drew blankly.

Petersen checked an irritable gesture, and proceeded with a patience that in him was saintly. "I'll slip down there quietly in a day or two and get that place. I haven't seen Izzy Ficklestein, but it's a sure thing he'll go in with us. We'll hide behind a coined name and stock up with a few leading lines for show, but most of it will be leftovers we've got on our shelves. We'll open up with a big sacrifice sale, and cut prices till Potter will look like an extortionist to his trade. Perhaps we can pull out whole; anyway, the loss divided among the three of us will be small. Are you in on it, Drew?"

The little man hesitated. "I'll think it over. It looks good, but—ah—um—I want to think about it."

Petersen pushed back his chair with a grating noise, and got to his feet. He glowered down at his companion.

"You've got to be in on this, Drew," he enunciated with cold severity. "You can't afford to be out of it. It's your fight as well as mine. And it ain't a think-it-over matter; it's a hair-trigger one. Yes or no—what's your answer?"

The question carried a veiled threat, and Drew was aware of it. He attempted a placating laugh. "Oh, well," he said, "you can count me in, Charley. As you say, it's my fight too. Yes, you can count me in."

He sat wiggling in his chair a while after Petersen was gone. Then he seized his pen, and wrote a letter to Billinger, agent at Atlanta for a string of men's-wear manufacturers. Perhaps it wouldn't be necessary to make that fight in Anderson. Perhaps Billinger would settle Potter here, and save them all a lot of money.

IV

POTTER expected that his competitors would come back at him in the papers. It was what he wanted—a fight in the press. People read that sort of thing and enjoy it. And unconsciously they take sides. Potter believed he could win over the majority, for he had a locker full of hot shot he felt confident he could score with. He had set aside fifteen thousand dollars, all he could spare, for newspaper advertising, and he intended doing some intensive work with it.

He let loose another broadside on Tuesday, in the *Evening News* this time. But nothing happened, no return fire on Wednesday, as he had hoped. It intrigued him, this silence. Something was going on under the surface. A torpedo would be coming his way if he didn't keep a sharp watch. Meanwhile trade was picking up, due naturally to his presswork, and to word-of-mouth publicity. Even now, so he heard, they were referring to him on the street as "Twenty-Per-Cent. Potter."

On Thursday morning he looked up from a customer who was standing with him before the bulletin-board, and saw Rufus Painter, his Anderson manager, coming in. Matters had taken a wrong twist or Painter would not have left his post.

Mrs. Carter, attending on a man across the shop, smiled and nodded at Painter. Potter, after a swift glance of inquiry at him, which drew a portentous gesture in reply, went on calmly explaining to his client his profit system, and finally bowed him out. He turned, then, and motioned Painter to follow him.

"Trouble?" he questioned quietly when they were seated by the desk.

"Looks like it, sir. I learned that Charley Petersen of the Quality Shop was gumshoeing around town yesterday. Got a tip he was after that store over the way from us in the Foraker Block. For the 'People's Profit Store'! He gave out——"

"Did he get it?" Potter broke in crisply. Painter's methods were not as direct as could be wished at times.

"No," the manager answered. "Foraker is off on a fishing-trip somewhere. He won't be back till Saturday. Petersen left a note for him and sneaked home. It was little Ben Tillotson in Foraker's office who put me on. Bread on the waters. I did him a favor once."

Potter absently slid a pencil back and forth in his fingers.

" 'People's Profit Store,' " he remarked to the pencil. "They had me guessing up to now." He turned his gaze on Painter. "It's a combine to undersell us, Rufus. That's the game."

"Sure! Petersen, Joyner and Ficklestein. They are going to strike at you in your home town. I've been wondering why they haven't hit back at you here."

Potter was silent for a bit. At last he said: "It's the only strategic site for them. Could we locate Foraker, do you think?"

"Down the coast somewhere was all Ben knew. Hold on, though! Maybe Foraker's wife can tell."

"Try her," said Potter. He wrote a twenty-four-word message on a telegraph blank, and passed it to his manager. "Wire that to Foraker if you can locate him."

Painter read the message and grinned. "I get you," he cackled. "But—suppose Foraker won't do it?"

"Haven't you ever heard, Rufus, of a concern cursed with too much business?" Potter asked. "A bank, for instance, when there's a run on it? It depletes their reserves so that they've got to shut up or blow up. Well, if we have to, we'll start a run on that Profit Store."

"How?" Painter groped for the connection. "What's the idea?"

"You are dense to-day, Rufus." Potter's mouth curled in the way it had when he was amused. "Think a minute. We've a lot of friends in Anderson. Suppose we could line them up to rush the Profit Store and help along the sales—buying for us, understand? We would sell the goods from our own windows at 10 per cent. under Petersen's price, and advertise it in the Anderson *Times*."

Painter's grin spread till it flattened his ears. "By George! Why, it would laugh 'em out of town." He sobered suddenly. "But it would pinch us some—every sale a loss."

"We may not have to do it; but better a quick death than a lingering one," Potter replied. He closed the interview. "Glad you came up, Rufus. Now get home and see Mrs. Foraker. Telephone me what you do. After hours, unless it's vital."

FOR several days Timothy Rugg's parting injunction to stock up had nagged at Potter's consciousness. The man might be of the kind who would bet a fortune on the color of a horse, but that by no means summed him up. It was a trait of character, not the essential whole. He possessed clear vision and a nice sense of values.

To stock up was the thing to do, Potter knew, for with the combined buying power of three strong competitive stores set in operation against his two, and one of them as yet a doubtful quantity, his chance for terms was not any too hopeful. And there were the big shops, the department stores with their lines of boasted bargains in men's furnishings. It would take them longer to put their ponderous machinery

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in movement to crush him, but it would be done presently. He hadn't a doubt of it.

He bent to his desk and did some intricate figuring, frowned over the result, then with a resolute hand penned a rush delivery order to J. J. Billinger, Atlanta. It footed up to one thousand and thirty-seven dollars.

"I reckon it will show me how the cat jumps anyway," reflected Potter as he sealed the envelope.

That night after nine o'clock his room telephone in the Grant Hotel rang. It was Painter on the long-distance.

"I located our man," he announced. "He's in camp on Lake Crescent. He will be coming back through Lake City early Saturday, and I've wired him there."

"Good," commended Potter. "Anything new?"

"Don't know whether this amounts to anything or not," Painter answered, "but there was a party hanging about our store to-day while I was away, Miss Stanley says, asking questions. About you mostly; the kind of man you are, things like that. She saw him coming out of the bank later."

"Did she get his name?" Potter asked.

"No. Never thought of it."

"What was he like?" cut in Potter. "She could tell that, couldn't she?"

"Oh, su-r-re!" Painter drawled the word derisively. "Middle-aged, well-dressed and kinder stout. Pick him out of ten thousand at election. Anyhow I thought you ought to know about it. Might be somebody from the P. F. and J. bunch."

"Anything else? We are running into money."

"No, sir."

"Good night."

Potter hung up. The news he had received did not perturb him overmuch. Somebody was spying out the land for Petersen probably, as Painter had guessed. It was in the game. He prepared for bed, putting aside his cares with his clothes as he had schooled himself to do. It is a poor general who fights his battles in his sleep.

V

A BOY from the *Herald* came into the store Saturday noon with revised proofs of an ad. Potter had written for the Sunday issue. Quite a drive of business was on. Potter and Mrs. Carter were striving to attend to two men at once, with three others idling about waiting their turn.

"Leave it," Potter bade the boy. "Come back in an hour."

Mrs. Carter and a customer crossed to the glove counter near which Potter was standing. In passing behind him the saleswoman whispered:

"Isn't that Mr. Billinger at the board? He went straight to it."

It was Billinger, big and florid, bald and bland. He had called once at the Anderson store on a tour of good-will, and Mrs. Carter remembered him. Potter had seen him several times in his office at Atlanta, but had failed to recognize him now, if indeed he had noticed his entrance.

He was university bred, Billinger, and in middle life had not altogether put off the superb aplomb of an upper classman. He stood inspecting the posted invoices through nose-glasses harnessed to a black silk ribbon with the air of a mildly interested spectator at the zoo.

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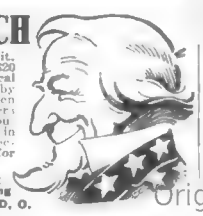

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"They've made a holler to him, but his excuse is that order of mine," commented Potter inwardly. "If I could hear from Foraker now!"

He finished with his customer and took on another. Mrs. Carter was equally busy. Then in order came Billinger's turn. Potter picked up his proofs and walked over to him. Billinger swung about and extended a hearty hand. He bulked large beside the merchant's slight figure.

"Ah, how-de-do, D. P.? Delighted to see you again," he hailed sonorously. "Doing business, eh? Forging right to the front. What?"

Potter exclaimed in perfect surprise: "Why, it's Mr. Billinger! I didn't know you at first. When did you get in?"

"This morning. I have been up North for a week. Just home yesterday. I discovered I had a small matter to attend to here, and thought I'd run over and fix it up."

"Heard an S. O. S. and answered it." Potter's eyes twinkled. "I was looking for you sooner. That's why I delayed my order. When may I expect shipment?"

Mr. Billinger smiled as on a brother. He twirled his glasses and surveyed the store. But a single customer was in sight, waited on by the saleswoman. Billinger hooked his arm in Potter's.

"Let us go back out of the way and have a confab, old chap," he suggested winningly. "You've been raising Cain in the trade, I hear. That board now—it's a mistake, dear boy, really. Make all kinds of trouble if you keep on with it."

"For the other fellow," agreed Potter promptly. "Look here, Billinger. I've done a two hundred and ninety-eight dollar business up to last night. A span-new shop! What's done it? My ads and that board."

"Ah! Those ads. That's another thing."

"Yes, another thing. Go on. Read the riot act to me. That's what you are here for."

They faced each other intent on the issue between them. "The riot act!" Billinger was hurt by the unfriendly implication. "My dear D. P.," he went on silkily, "I dropped in only to advise with you. We have been doing business, you and I, for a matter of six years. I have an interest in you aside from dollars and cents, 'pon my word. I want to see you get on, and here, hang it, you are chucking bricks in your own path to stub your toe on."

"You think so? Let's take a look along the path. It may reach farther than beyond your nose, Billinger." Potter's words held not a particle of heat, only a measured energy. "I wouldn't have started up this store if I could have got into the Army. I tried, but was rejected on physical grounds. But there was a way in which I could serve, a small way, perhaps, but in the compass of my ability: I could stick a pin in one line of shameless robbery of an overburdened community. That was right here in this town——"

"Yes," interrupted the agent in his blandest manner. "You proclaimed yourself a patriot in your introductory bow in print, I believe. Good business."

"Precisely that," affirmed Potter. "The soundest business that ever was, Billinger, for it is founded on fair dealing. But I didn't come in here on any sudden impulse of patriotism; it wasn't in my mind at

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first. That came afterward. I'd been looking for a place in Jasonville for a year and more. It's a big town and a growing one, and I wanted to get into it. Well, I'm in. This war is not going to last forever. They'll sober down when it's over—and then who will they remember?"

Potter paused, but not long enough for the other to make him an answer. He pushed on:

"I'll tell you. It will be the man who through all this profiteering gave them a square American deal—an honest run for their money—not the thugs who sandbagged them when they could, and laughed to see them squirm. Who will have bricks in his pathway then, Billinger? Whose trade will look best to you? I'm building now for the future, but—and don't you forget it—I'm not going to starve while I'm doing it. It won't be the scraps these other fellows leave I'll feed on either; it will be good sound bread of my own making."

"Why not have some butter also, dear boy?" Billinger with an imaginary knife dressed unctuously a fictitious slice of bread.

"Don't worry; I'll have that too," Potter told him. He made a sharp beckoning motion. "Come out in the open, Billinger. You know what they're aiming to do to me in Anderson. You know what they'd like to do to me here. They've talked with you. Speak up—are you going to fill my order, or are you not?"

"It's excessive. You are overstocking. Why?" Billinger's mellow voice was shot through with a tiny shaft of steel now. The game of pretense was drawing to an end. Potter countered instantly:

"I'll answer that if you will answer this: What is your exact errand here with me to-day?"

"To see that you scrap that board and tone down those ads of yours. They give offense all up the line," the agent stabbed back at him.

"My answer," said Potter, his eyes darkening curiously, "is found in that remark of yours—anticipated when I mailed the order. Spell it out at your leisure. Am I to get those goods, or am I not?"

Billinger regarded him heedfully. He was aware that to refuse the order solely on the ground of Potter's advertising methods was a dangerous step. Potter would publish it unpleasantly in the papers; also, there might be legal complications. On the other hand, if he filled the order, Petersen and his crowd would place the major share of their future business with Crous & Seligman of Atlanta. They had told him so, told him in words to which profanity was linked in hot emphasis. The one alternative was that he bring about forthwith the abolition of that bulletin-board and put a brake on Potter's press propaganda.

Billinger decided to try another tack. He had a Bradstreet's special on Potter in his pocket. He swung his glasses to and fro on his finger as he lingered purposely in his reply.

"The market is short," he said at length, "and you've whittled down your credit pretty fine lately, D. P. I must keep that in mind, you know." Then, in a burst of candor: "Confound it, man, I want to see you get ahead. Why do you stand in your own light? The world is full of money. Get your share."

"Go on," urged Potter. "Somebody will

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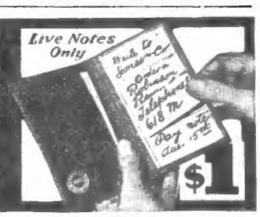

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be coming in, and I'll have to leave you. Get through. The market is short and my credit is low. What's the play you want me to make?"

"I have stated it, D. P." Billinger's voice was smooth as ironed starch. "Be one of the boys. Don't antagonize 'em."

"If I don't, I get five off in ninety days as usual?"

Billinger enveloped him in a broad and beaming smile.

"I fancy we can arrange it, old fellow. I'll try to stretch a point in your favor."

"And if I run this to-morrow, what then?"

Potter shook loose the rolled *Herald* proof in his hand and spread it out on the desk. It was another attack on profiteering. Billinger leaned over, took a long look at it through his glasses, and raised up with a slow majesty of demeanor.

"In that case, Mr. Potter," he pronounced, "our terms are spot cash. I am not warranted in taking risks on you."

"At last," Potter, instead of taking umbrage at the slur, indulged for perhaps the fourth time in recent years in a grin that discovered two rows of wholesome teeth to the molars. "I thought I glimpsed your nigger in the woodpile, Billinger. Thanks for producing him. Perhaps another agent hasn't got one. I'll see. . . . Now tell this up the line, will you? I'll print that ad. And others like it also; I'll keep that board standing till hell freezes or I'm tired of it. Maybe you and Petersen can put me out of business—maybe—but, by the Lord, I'll go out fighting. And I'll leave some scars behind it won't need a searchlight to find. Good morning and good-by."

Billinger shrugged, then bowed in elaborate mockery. "Good-by, Potter. I—ah—will send flowers if I am unable to attend in person."

He strolled away twirling his glasses jauntily. Potter under his brows watched him go. It might not be an easy matter to make connection with another jobbing house—his "reputation" would precede him.

As the agent reached the bulletin-board a chubby form stepped into view from the farther side. Potter exclaimed softly and moved forward. At the same moment a telegraph boy slouched in from the street. Mrs. Carter went to meet him.

"Rugg!" ejaculated Billinger. He stopped short and stared. "What—ah—I didn't see you come in."

Rugg chuckled dryly. "You were busy. I'm just in from down the state—Lorrimer, Clayton, Anderson, Tifton. You claim to be a sport at the club, Billinger. Bet you five hundred dollars to a nickel you'll fill that order of Potter's. Heard your talk. Couldn't very well help it."

He nodded to Potter as he passed them to receive the dispatch Mrs. Carter had signed for. Billinger laughed humorously.

"What is your interest in this shop, Rugg? Thinking of buying it?"

"I'm thinking of a lot of things. Just now I'm thinking of backing a losing card, according to your say. Five hundred to a nickel—afraid to take a chance?"

Rugg balanced a coin on his thumb and forefinger. They had the store to themselves, the four.

"Call the turn," he challenged. "Up she goes!"

He spun the silver disk ceilingward.

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Spring and Macdougal Streets

New York City

Billinger's face had flushed at the other's taunt.

"Heads!" he called out before he was aware of it.

The coin clinked on the floor and rolled off toward the door. Potter was in the way and he put his foot on it.

"Hold it there!" directed Rugg. And to Billinger: "Come on, let's see."

Potter waited until they arrived. Then he spoke. His gray eyes were alight with a concealed emotion.

"It is no bet, gentlemen. I wasn't consulted in it. Mr. Billinger can fill that order on the usual terms, if he cares to, or he can pass it up. One or the other before he goes. Perhaps this will help him to reach a decision."

He handed the telegram he was holding to Billinger. It was from Lake City, and signed by William D. Foraker. The agent read it audibly, and in a voice that grew strangely flat as he proceeded:

Option granted. Thirty days from this date. Price one hundred dollars. Privilege of renewal on same terms.

"It's on that place opposite mine in Anderson," Potter explained suavely. "You might say to Petersen, if you wish, that I'm open to negotiations for the option at any time."

"A-a-hem." Billinger cleared his throat. Words did not come easily to him at the moment. Rugg claimed attention.

"Potter, take your foot off that half-dollar, please. Let us see what it says, just for fun."

Potter removed his foot.

"Tails, by hokey! I told you so!" exclaimed Rugg. "See it, Billinger? See it, Mrs. Carter? I win!"

Billinger glanced from him to Potter. A strong team if by chance fate should hook them up together. And, any how, he had lost to Rugg; it offered him a facile way out of a difficult dilemma. He summoned an expression of amiable submission.

"I lose," he said. "Immediate shipment, D. P.—and no flowers."

"Thank you, Billinger," said Potter pleasantly.

The agent nodded, beamed, and sauntered debonairly out into the street. Potter turned to engage his customer. Rugg spoke aside to Mrs. Carter. His tone was whimsical and darkly secret.

"I looked him up in Anderson—Potter. Liked the man. Found he didn't have a blot on his record unless"—he chuckled—"it's in invisible ink. You may tell him that. I couldn't lose with Billinger on such a proposition, now could I?"

"No," she said in quick response. "And I'm glad."

Rugg put out his hand. "I've got to be off. Train to Atlanta. But I'll be back. Say good-by to Potter for me."

When Potter, alone in the store, counted up that night, after hours, his receipts were eighty-seven dollars on the day; three hundred and eighty-five dollars on the week.

"If I can hold it to that, I'll win out," he murmured. "I wonder how Petersen is feeling about now?"

His mouth was lifting at the corners as he put on his hat to go home. Based on his first week's business he would do twenty thousand dollars a year. It meant a net return of forty seven per cent on his investment. Pretty good for a new store in a new town.

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